





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





THE
WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS,

PERFORMING AT
THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

FROM THE
GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.

BY
MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW
BY S. HAMILTON, FALCON-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

1799.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

THE

WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

THE WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

OF KOTZBURG.

THE COMEDY.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The production of the Wise Man of the East.

has in this year been the subject of the

GERMAN OF KOTZBURG.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

and the production of the Wise Man of the East.

PK
1269
P69
V.3

ADVERTISEMENT.

"*THE Wise Man of the East*" is an alteration of Kotzebue's comedy, called "*The Writing Desk*;" a literal translation of which is at the same time published.

The purchaser of "*The Writing Desk*" will not find in that play the family of the Quakers; the intended seduction of Ellen; or any of the consequent distress which is produced by that incident, and which constitutes the effect of the interview between Metland and Claransforth in the fifth act. But, in place of those scenes, the critic and admirer of German literature will, probably, meet with others more worthy of his approbation. He will also find in Kotzebue an incident relating to a fraudulent bond, which was originally in the altered play, but which has been omitted since the first night of representation.

PROLOGUE.

BY 'A FRIEND.

A MUSE, who oft, by favour's cheering light,
Hath trod secure thro' many an anxious night;
Who oft hath su'd to you, in suppliant tone,
For a poor progeny, confess'd her own;
Now, for a German offspring, asks your blessing,
And begs to answer only for it's dressing.
E'en this she dreads, and does not hope to rouse
The kind applause that crown'd her last-year's Vows *.
But still she trusts, behind great Kotz'bue's shield,
By your protecting aid, to keep the field.
Tho' here no gorgeous decorations try,
Regardless of the mind, to catch the eye;
Tho' not one flourish, or of trumps or drums,
To the charm'd ears, proclaims a hero comes;
Be ours the hope, that passion, well express'd,
In plainest garb, will reach the feeling breast.

Ne'er will your hearts the mean distinction know,
That scorns to sympathise with humble woe:—
The generous impulse yours which laughs outright,
Nor waits till fashion stamps the jest polite.
Perchance, to-night, some critics, stern and cold,
May think our drama's features much too bold;
May think our incidents, with truth at strife,
Too widely deviate from the path of life:—
But say, shall Genius, in her warm career,
Be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And her free efforts find no licence here?

Say, do events in such nice order run,
That true and probable are *always* one?
If, whilst we trace the passions to the source,
We swerve a little from the common course;
Yet, should we win, by no immoral art,
Spontaneous smiles, and melt the pitying heart,
Blush not to yield to Feeling's gentle sway,
Nor doubt 'tis Truth commands when you obey.

* "Lovers Vows," performed last year.

PROLOGUE

BY A FRIEND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR RICHARD CHANCES	-	<i>Mr. Clermont.</i>
AVA THOANO	-	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
CLARANSFORTH	-	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
MR. METLAND	-	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
ENSIGN METLAND	-	<i>Mr. H. Johnstone.</i>
TIMOTHY STARCH	-	<i>Mr. Knight.</i>
LAWLEY	-	<i>Mr. Waddy.</i>
BANKWELL	-	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
WAITBY	-	<i>Mr. Klanert.</i>
QUAKER SERVANT	-	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
SERVANT TO AVA	-	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
SERVANT TO LADY MARY	-	<i>Mr. Curtis.</i>

WOMEN.

LADY MARY DIAMOND	-	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>
Mrs. METLAND	-	<i>Mrs. Johnson.</i>
ELLEN METLAND	-	<i>Miss Murray.</i>
RACHEL STARCH	-	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
RUTH STARCH	-	<i>Mrs. H. Johnstone.</i>

Servants, &c.

SCENE, London.

WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment at Claransforth's.*

Enter Sir Richard Chances, followed by Waitby.

WAITBY.

I SHOULD be very glad to announce you Sir; but when Mr. Bankwell went into the next chamber, he said he was going to transact business, and desired my master and he might not be interrupted.

SIR RICHARD.

And do you obey your master's clerk?

WAITBY.

He is, I assure you, Sir, a man of importance in this house. All the money to supply our wants comes through his hands; and he is for ever warning my master against extravagance, and most particularly against gaming.

SIR RICHARD.

Then, perhaps, he will not come to our party to-night: but be sure to tell him he is expected at Lady Mary's in the evening, and that Sir Richard Chances himself left this card.

WAITBY.

I will, Sir. [*Laying it on the table and listening.*] I hear them very loud—my master flies from one room to another to get rid of Bankwell,—

B

but

but the old man will pursue him. Come into this room, Sir.

[*Exeunt Sir Richard and Waitby.*]

Enter Claransforth, followed by Bankwell.

CLARANSFORTH.

I think, Sir, I am too old to be lectur'd for my indiscretions.

BANKWELL.

Too old, perhaps, to profit by admonition; and certainly too old for youthful excesses.

CLARANSFORTH.

Sir, I was robb'd of my early pleasures. The time of youthful happiness and folly was seiz'd from my eager grasp by the severity of a rigid father:—Why not let me have my follies at a proper age? But it was your wise master's management to invert nature; to force me to be a man while I was a child;—consequently, I am a child now I'm a man.

BANKWELL.

A counting-house was surely a proper academy for the son and heir of a merchant.

CLARANSFORTH.

But, why so strict, that I was not permitted to live in my native country;—but shipp'd to a gloomy town across the Atlantic, where there was no such thing as folly or misdemeanor in the whole place.—Was it not beyond all doubt, that, when I return'd to London, the charming novelty of doing wrong wou'd overbalance all the force of habit?

BANKWELL.

It was your early propensity to pleasure which induc'd your father—

CLARANSFORTH.

To forbid my tasting it.

BANKWELL.

BANKWELL.

His first wish was for your happiness.

CLARANSFORTH.

And don't I make myself happy?

BANKWELL.

Through improper means.—Let me intreat you to forsake your present companions, and seek out some pretty girl——

CLARANSFORTH.

—My dear friend, with all my heart.—This is a piece of advice I highly approve.—Hah! I perceive your notions and mine don't differ so very widely.

BANKWELL.

Psha! Psha! I mean, seek out some sober, modest young woman, and marry.

CLARANSFORTH. [*Walks about.*]

Marry! marry!—You distress me. It's singular Bankwell;—but so it is, that of all the women I have seen, since the few months I have been in England, the woman I should prefer as a wife I *cannot* marry.

BANKWELL.

Because she is married already I suppose.

CLARANSFORTH.

No;—but she is not worth a guinea.

BANKWELL.

So much the better, since you are worth a million.

CLARANSFORTH.

Would you have me marry a servant-maid?

BANKWELL.

Sooner than I'd have you betray a servant-maid.

CLARANSFORTH.

Betray!—What you call *betraying* is only saying a few things, to a woman, that are not to

4 WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

be relied upon as truth, any more than when your servant tells an impertinent visitor you are gone out, while you are at home.

BANKWELL.

I can talk no more, and keep my temper; yet there are other subjects on which I trust we may agree.—Your heart was formerly open to compassion.

CLARANSFORTH.

Formerly, Bankwell! [*With reproach.*]

BANKWELL.

When a school-boy.

CLARANSFORTH.

Suppose me, in the instance of compassion, a school-boy still;—and you shall be my tutor.

BANKWELL.

I have been inform'd that old Mr. Metland is in great distress.

CLARANSFORTH.

How can I relieve him?

BANKWELL.

Poor man! You recollect him?

CLARANSFORTH.

I recollect he was my father's intimate friend.

BANKWELL.

You recollect also in what manner this unfortunate man lost his all?

CLARANSFORTH.

I have heard you say, in our house.

BANKWELL.

The sudden death of your father has thrown a veil over the event, which heaven alone can see through; but for my part I am convinced myself of Mr. Metland's deposition.—He never told a lie.

CLARANSFORTH.

What can I do for him?

BANKWELL.

BANKWELL.

I think it an act of duty that you support him: in what manner, I leave to your own discretion.

CLARANSFORTH.

I will remember your advice, and determine what to do in a few days,—but at present I have such a number of petitioners, and applications of every kind.

BANKWELL.

There is another subject on which I have to speak to you.—Your father passed his youth in India, and had many friends there. One of them, a native of a remote country, beyond our settlements, has been in London these four months; and at various places where he and I have met, he has given me testimony of the warm affection which, in their youth, subsisted between him and your father: he even says, he came over for the purpose of paying him a visit, when he found him in his grave. He has requested the favour of being introduced to you. He came with me now to your house, and is waiting in hopes of an interview.

CLARANSFORTH.

Let him instantly be admitted: a friend of my father's must always be welcome.

BANKWELL.

He speaks English very well; but he is dressed in his country's fashion, and assumes the rough manners of a philosopher. [Exit.

CLARANSFORTH [*taking a card from the table*].

"Pharo this evening at Lady Mary Diamond's,"—A more than usual solicitation to be present—superfluous invitation! Where my Ellen resides, I could, with equal warmth, sue for admission.

Re-enter

Re-enter Bankwell, introducing an elderly gentleman, who has a dark Indian complexion, a long beard, and is dressed after the Eastern manner.

BANKWELL.

Ava Thoanoa, a native of Cambodia, beyond the Ganges.

CLARANSFORTH.

Sir, you do me honour; and I only lament that your reception here is by a representative wholly unworthy of your deceased friend, my honoured father.

AVA.

If you speak as you think, why not make yourself worthy of him?

BANKWELL.

Ava Thoanoa uses no ceremony: he soon becomes acquainted; and, by your permission, Sir, I will leave him with you, while I step to the counting-house.—I will return immediately.

[*Exit.*

[*Claransforth draws chairs, and Ava and he sit.*]

AVA.

But, perhaps, Sir, it is to the little resemblance you have to your father, except, indeed, in person, that you owe what you are pleased to call the honour of this visit; for I am an unsociable man, and seldom go into company, but for some particular purpose.

CLARANSFORTH.

Your visit to me, I understand, was merely in compliment to my father's memory.

AVA.

In duty to his memory.—But this is not the first time you and I have met.

CLARANSFORTH.

I beg your pardon:—I never remember having seen you before.

AVA.

Because I have generally met you where there were

were pretty women, and they took up all your attention.

CLARANSFORTH.

But, then, I shou'd conceive you took up all theirs—and consequently I shou'd attend to what they did.

AVA.

I engag'd their attention while I had money left. When I came first from India, I was rich, and welcome every where—but now that I am poor——

CLARANSFORTH.

My father's friend—and reduced to poverty in a strange country! What can I do to oblige you?

AVA.

Reform!

CLARANSFORTH.

How do you know that I want reformation?

AVA.

Because I know more than you are aware of—more than I wish to know—[*passionately*]. I have follow'd you from the pharo-table to the tavern: [*mildly*] and sometimes from the mansions of the rich to the huts of the poor.

CLARANSFORTH.

Has that offended you?

AVA.

No; alternately I approve and condemn you: [*passionately*]. You game, you lose large sums of money: but, when I look into your heart, I find it free from avarice.

CLARANSFORTH.

Are you a mortal, and pretend to see my heart?

AVA.

You drink hard—you are frequently intoxicated: but you do this to oblige your companions.

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

That's true again.

AVA.

You gallant and toy with young women: but 'tis frequently to indulge their depravity more than your own.

CLARANSFORTH.

Extraordinary, by heaven!

AVA.

You profess to love a young maiden, whom you hope to rob of her virtue.

[Claransforth *starts*.]

AVA.

And yet, no longer ago than yesterday, you sav'd an unfortunate tradesman from destruction by the gift of an hundred guineas.

CLARANSFORTH.

I did it in secret.

AVA.

I was near you.

CLARANSFORTH.

The man himself did not know me.

AVA.

I knew you.

CLARANSFORTH.

Astonishing! My clerk said you were a philosopher. I pronounce you a magician. The art of magic, in the country where you were born, I know is term'd a science. I have heard my father speak of wonders he has known produced there by a certain cast of Indians. My father was rather superstitious—

AVA.

And his son is rather self-sufficient.

CLARANSFORTH.

Nay, I mean to say, my father was a very good, and, in most respects, a very wise man. But he had more singularities than any English-

man

man I ever knew. I absolutely think he believ'd in ghosts.

AVA.

He had then cause—no doubt.

CLARANSFORTH.

“Cause”—Ha! ha! ha!—my dear Sir, I see the close acquaintance that subsisted between him and you at once; and, probably, it was to your early friendship he was indebted for some of his opinions on this subject—ha! ha! ha!

AVA.

No irreverent jests, Sir, on my dead friend's opinions.—Yours, if they shou'd improve, will be such as his were.

CLARANSFORTH.

Yes—if I cou'd see a ghost.

AVA.

Wou'd you believe it was one, if you did?

CLARANSFORTH.

No!

AVA.

Yet you will own, wiser people than you have believ'd in the return of departed spirits.

CLARANSFORTH.

I own it.

AVA.

And on the word of one, whom you may believe has no wish to deceive you, I once saw the spirit, the appearance of a man, whose death his friends had long lamented.

CLARANSFORTH.

Deception! Be assur'd, deception.—We are more wary in this country; and, my good friend, depend upon it, you wou'd never think you saw such a thing in England.

C

AVA.

AVA.

It was in England that I saw the apparition.

CLARANSFORTH.

Oh ! ho ! In what part of England ?

AVA.

London.—It was in my own lodgings, here in London, that the spirit came while I was merely reciting a few words, to see if I remember'd the charm my Indian friends reveal'd to me : and I had proofs that I did remember it, with all the ceremony belonging to the spell, by the form that appear'd.

CLARANSFORTH.

A jocose bottle-companion I hope.

AVA.

Throw off this levity. The figure which appear'd to me—on the word of an old man, and a man of honour, I speak—was that of my late friend, your father.

CLARANSFORTH [*starts—then resumes his carelessness*].

And, pray, when he came, what did he say to you ?

AVA.

Very little.

CLARANSFORTH.

Did he ask for *me* ?

AVA.

He mentioned you.

CLARANSFORTH.

And can you remember what he said ?

AVA.

Perfectly.

CLARANSFORTH.

A secret, perhaps ?

AVA.

He did not forbid me to tell it.

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

Then, prythee, tell it me. [*with some degree of anxiety.*]

AVA.

He said, that in the last hours of your mother's sickness, on her dying bed, she conjured him never to abandon you for any vice that your youthful frailty might commit.

CLARANSFORTH.

Indian, you amaze me; for certainly my mother did leave this injunction, and my father revealed it to me as a secret he would tell to no one else, lest it might give the world reason to suppose that my mother fear'd I *deserved* to be disinherited.

AVA.

You now then believe all I have uttered?

CLARANSFORTH [*hesitating*].

No—no—still, I can't—I won't believe it.—Would you make a child of me? No!—no—you have only dreamt a dream, that has by chance revealed—though faith 'tis singular. But be that as it will, I don't believe a word of the ghost—not a word—no—no—not a word.

AVA.

To prove my veracity [*warmly*], will you behold the spectre which I saw? Say, but yes, and name the hour, I'll raise it to your view.

CLARANSFORTH.

Living, though my father stript me of my wealth, and sent me back to plod on a wretched spot, where all society is banished, still I should rejoice to see him. But dead—I wou'd not that my folly should disturb, or my curiosity even treat with irreverence, his honoured dust.

AVA.

You speak with propriety.

C 2

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH [*after a pause*].

But do you pretend that he said any thing further?

AVA.

He was beginning another subject, when he was interrupted—as we are now.

Enter Bankwell.

BANKWELL.

I beg pardon, if I have left you too long, Ava Thoanoa. I have some business which takes me away instantly—shall I attend you?

AVA [*bows gravely to Claransforth*].

Good day, Sir.

CLARANSFORTH [*with reserve and coolness*].

Good day, Sir.

[*Exeunt Bankwell and Ava.*]

Now is he a wise man, or a mad man—a knave, or a fool. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in Mr. Metland's house—Mrs. Metland alone knitting—A book open on the table before her, in which, at the same time, she is reading.*

Mrs. METLAND.

When I was young, poets wrote their sonnets of love under a thatched roof, and were contented with bread and milk. Twenty years later this sweet contentment is turned into ridicule: but with me it remains, and I revere it.

Enter Ensign Metland, with a pocket-book in his hand.

ENSIGN.

Good morning, dear mother.

Mrs. METLAND.

Welcome, dear Charles! What do you bring me?

ENSIGN.

My whole heart, and the half of my pay. [*Giving her a bank-note.*]

Mrs.

Mrs. METLAND.

Dear boy, how can you content yourself with the other half?

ENSIGN.

Were not you contented, mother, when, with your small income, my father purchased my commission?

Mrs. METLAND.

We can live sparingly; but you must do honour to your rank as an officer.

ENSIGN.

And if ever my general shou'd ask me why my regimentals look rusty, my answer will not, I think, disgrace the service.

Mrs. METLAND.

You are young, and should enjoy life.

ENSIGN.

I do:—By putting these little monthly savings into your hands, I am thus furnished each time with four weeks' enjoyment of life.

Mrs. METLAND [*clasps him in her arms*].
Dear Charles!

Enter Ellen.

Ellen here also! [*embracing her.*] My dear Ellen, 'tis so long since I have seen you! Children, you give me a cheerful morning.

ELLEN.

Dear brother, we have not seen each other this great while!

ENSIGN.

Is that my fault? Why do you forbid my coming to see you?

ELLEN.

I only wish to keep my mean situation a secret, to prevent you from being sneered at in the honorable one you hold. "Ensign Metland

land is brave" I often hear your old colonel say, when he visits my lady. My eyes immediately become moist with tears, and the work I am about trembles under my hand—I am reproved for my negligence; but that I do not mind, while I listen to my brother's praise.

ENSIGN.

But Lady Mary Diamond already knows——

ELLEN.

Her ladyship has too many concerns of her own, and too much pride, to trouble herself about my family. She knows I have a father and mother, and where they live—and that is all: therefore I shall pursue my usual course; and in the house of lady Mary Diamond I shall always drop a curtsy to Ensign Metland; while, in this house, he will ever be my dear brother Charles.—And now, my dear mother, here is a small portion [*whispers*] of my savings. [*Puts into her hand two pieces of gold.*]

Mrs. METLAND.

This is too soon again, my child—I fear you deprive yourself.

ELLEN.

No, indeed, dear mother.

Mrs. METLAND.

But I entreat you both not to make known to your father the assistance you give us. His mistaken pride wou'd rather let him perish than live on your bounty.—Hush!—I hear him coming. [*Conceals the money she had received.*]

Enter Mr. Metland, with a bundle of papers under his arm.—When he comes in at the door, he starts.

METLAND.

Hey-day! I have just left a fine furnish'd house; but my own hut is more finely ornamented.

[*His*

[*His son and daughter meet, and Ellen kisses, him.*]

Welcome! children, welcome! How do you do?

ELLEN.

Very well, dear father.

METLAND.

And you?

ENSIGN.

Tolerable.

METLAND.

Why but tolerable?

ENSIGN.

You know, Sir, that I want——

METLAND.

A good and courageous heart is all that a soldier wants; and that I am sure you possess.

ENSIGN.

It is my paternal inheritance.

METLAND.

If that is true, you are a rich heir, although my purse is empty, and these walls almost bare.

ENSIGN.

But—inconveniences at your time of life.

METLAND.

What do you call inconveniences? Those who can supply their wants are well supported.

ENSIGN.

Can you do that?

METLAND.

Oh yes, for I am content.—Do you think your mother and I go fasting to bed? No—no—What my industry daily produces, her dear hands daily prepares; and our homely fare is made delicious by her constant cheerfulness and serenity. If ever you perceive tears in her eyes, the smoke of the kitchen fire is the cause of them.

Mrs.

Mrs. METLAND.

Yes, my dear husband, I should be contented ; quite satisfied, if only—

METLAND.

No one lives whose contentment is not, at times, crossed by an “if only.” Let us hear the tendency of your “if only.”

Mrs. METLAND.

If only—Ellen were not obliged to be a servant.

METLAND.

And what is her servitude? Your daughter is a waiting-maid, and obliged to humour the whims and caprices of another woman, which prevents her having leisure to indulge her own.

Mrs. METLAND.

It grieves me to think she is as a stranger in in our house.

METLAND [*pressing Ellen's hands*].

She will never be a stranger in our hearts. No! never, never!

Mrs. METLAND.

You have again brought home a large heap of papers, Mr. Metland.

METLAND.

Yes; heaven be thanked! there is work for a whole month; and, “if only”——There, now, I have caught myself at an “if only.”

Mrs. METLAND.

Explain it—intrude its meaning to your family.

METLAND.

I was going to say, “if only” my debts were paid—then anxiety would not alone be cast from my heart, but, what would please me much more, from the hearts of my creditors. [*Sighing.*]

ENSIGN.

How was it possible, my father, that, with your industry

industry and temperance, you should have creditors?

ELLEN.

How can you ask, brother? Consider the expense of our education.

METLAND.

The expense of your education, children, has been defrayed from a capital which is inexhaustible—Parental care accomplished it.—No, my dear, a misfortune that befel me a year ago has impoverished us so much, that, at my advanced life, it will be impossible for my labour to retrieve me.

Mrs. METLAND.

We were both poor when we married; but we had, through care, saved up a handsome fortune.

METLAND.

Twelve thousand pounds.

Mrs. METLAND.

Which your father took to the rich merchant Claransforth.

ELLEN.

Claransforth! [*In confusion.*]

Mrs. METLAND.

The present young merchant's father.

METLAND.

He was my friend.

ENSIGN.

And ranged you?

METLAND.

That would have hurt me much more than the loss of my money.—No; he meant me well, and was to have given me a share in his flourishing business. But it happened, that, on the very even-

D

ing

ing when I took to him my long-collected store; he was overwhelmed with letters and papers by the sudden arrival of a foreign mail, and could not at that moment give me a receipt for what I placed in his hands.

Mrs. METLAND.

That very night part of Claransforth's house was burnt to the ground, and Claransforth himself perished.

METLAND.

I lost a proved friend.

Mrs. METLAND.

And the indefatigable earnings of twenty years.

ELLEN [*in agitation*].

And could his son be so base as to deny the debt?

METLAND.

His son was abroad at the time, and a total stranger to me. On his arrival, he proves to be a man of pleasure—a fine gentleman, who neglects all kind of business. The executors judged of my case, and did their duty. I had no vouchers.

ENSIGN.

But Claransforth's books—your word—your oath?

METLAND.

None of his books were lost by the fire, and the sum was not entered in any of them. Bankwell, his trusty clerk, was questioned on the subject: he spoke to the fairness of my character; but could say no more. Every place was searched.—I described the notes, the cords they were tied

tied with. All was in vain—nothing could be found, and I was ruined.

Mrs. METLAND.

Enough, and already too much, of a luckless hour. I count my good fortune by years.

ELLEN.

Dear father and mother, I fear I must be gone. My lady expects company to breakfast, about three this afternoon; and ordered me to return in time to dress her.

METLAND.

I don't like such irregular hours for meals. I hope there is nothing else irregular in your lady's family. You blush.—At what hour do you go to bed?

ELLEN.

Immediately after her ladyship.

METLAND.

There's an equivocation in that reply.—I asked you the time ye went to bed—the exact time.

ELLEN.

Do you mean the rest of the servants, or only me?

METLAND.

Again equivocation?

Mrs. METLAND.

Dear husband! she comes scarcely more than once a month to see us; and, then, do not be too hard upon her—She has no meaning in her answers.

METLAND.

So it seems.

Mrs. METLAND.

I would say, no design to deceive you: she is a good girl. [*Shaking her hand kindly.*]

METLAND.

I take her to be such, or she would have no business here, though she is my daughter.

ENSIGN.

No tears, Ellen—you will anger my father still more.

METLAND.

What! does she weep?—Ellen, I love you dearly; and your person, as a female, and my child, I am bound to protect. But your *mind* you must guard yourself. Over that I have no controul, but such as you are pleased to bestow by your confidence; and when you so trust and empower me, I'll be its guardian, or depute my son with my authority. These affectionate terms I offer, supposing you all that's amiable and good.

Mrs. METLAND.

She is; I am sure she is.

METLAND.

Who suspects she is not? I am only adverting to what it is possible she may hereafter be.—And, then, neither to her mind or person am I a protector, or is this house her home.

Mrs. METLAND [*supporting Ellen, who flies to her in terror*].

You are a harsh man; a very good, honest man; but too austere with those of less fortitude than yourself. [*Exit with Ellen.*]

METLAND.

Charles, I have spoken something warmer to your sister than I intended. I did not mean to make her weep, especially as she comes so seldom to see us. Follow her, Charles, and your mother, and say I was a little hasty. Go—it does not become me to own myself to blame. But invite Ellen to stay, and take some dinner with

with us, and I'll come in by the time you are all fat down. You know, Charles, I am often harsh with you; and yet I love you.—You know I am sometimes even severe with your mother; yet, heaven is my witness! this world would be nothing to me without her mild society.—You know my temper, Charles—you know, too, that irritable temper has met with some sharp trials.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT. II.

SCENE I. *A room in the house of Timothy Starch.*

Enter Rachel Starch and Timothy Starch, followed by Ruth Starch.

RACHEL.

TIMOTHY, Timothy, I say unto thee, that Claransforth, the merchant, is the man whom I have chosen, from amongst all other of her suitors, to be the spouse of thy daughter Ruth.

TIMOTHY.

What will our elders say to such a marriage? For neighbour Claransforth is not one of the faithful.

RACHEL.

But he is one of the rich.

TIMOTHY.

It is asked by pious speakers, "Of what value are riches?"

RACHEL.

And it is answered by other pious speakers, "Of a great deal."—How can a man give to the poor, while he is poor himself?

TIMOTHY.

Thou art right. What can a man give who possesseth nothing? What produceth alms but money?—Verily, what doth money not produce? And, that my daughter shall be wedded to a rich husband, maketh me content.

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

It maketh me glad ; and it should cause thee, maiden, to rejoice with exceeding great joy.

RUTH.

Verily, verily, thou has often instructed me, not to rejoice with over much gladness for that which passeth away.

TIMOTHY.

And it is a precept thou art bound to follow, in imitation of thy father, who has never, since he came to man's estate, suffered himself to feel either joy or sadness, grief or merriment ; but has passed his life in an uniform dullness, and insensibility to all around.—And I am thankful that it is so ; for, though I never felt love, I have likewise never known hate. Though I am steel-ed to pity, I am also proof against anger : and I never in my life did any harm, though I never did any good.

RACHEL.

Ruth Starch, when wilt thou boast thus ? And I say unto thee, Ruth, when the merchant, Claransforth, shall offer to take thee in marriage, wilt thou reject or accept him ?

RUTH.

Peradventure he may never offer.

TIMOTHY.

Then why cometh he here to smile and to simper ; to gaze and to sigh ; to bow to thy mother, and shake hands with me ?

RUTH.

Doth it follow, that a young man must marry in every house where he gazeth and shaketh hands ?

RACHEL.

Ruth, Ruth, thou art not inclined to wed Claransforth ; neither any of the friends that frequent

frequent our meeting-house.—To what am I to ascribe this coldness?

RUTH.

Verily, to the cold of which my father is composed; for I liken him unto a *snow-ball*, and myself unto a *snow-drop*.

RACHEL.

But it is ordained that thou should'st marry.

RUTH.

It is also ordained that I first be wooed.

RACHEL.

And canst thou say that Claransforth has not wooed thee?

RUTH.

I can affirm that he hath never asked me to become his wife.

RACHEL.

He will ask thee.

RUTH.

Then I will answer.

RACHEL.

How—in what manner?

RUTH.

As the spirit moveth.

Enter a Quaker Servant.

SERVANT.

A man bedecked in scarlet, he whom thou hast long ago desired me to watch, slyly put this letter into my hand, and required of me to give it as slyly to Ruth, whom he called my young mistress.

TIMOTHY.

Give the letter to me. [*Servant gives him the letter.*]

RACHEL [*to the Servant*].

And go thou back to the man in scarlet,
and

and say unto him, Follow me to Ruth, who wisheth to commune with thee. [*Exit Servant.*]

RUTH.

I want not to commune with any man.

RACHEL.

But I and thy father do.

TIMOTHY [*after reading the letter*].

Yea;—it behoveth us to rebuke this man, who is, I perceive, by his subscription, he whom we suspected—the son of the ruined Metland; and when he cannot behold Ruth by besetting the house, writes unto her foolish epistles, called love-letters.

[*Enter Servant, showing in Ensign Metland, who starts.*]

Thou art surprised to be brought before the parents, when thou didst only expect to see the maiden, whom thou affrontest by thy wanton love.

ENSIGN.

I am, I own, amazed at the deceit by which I was allured hither;—but I deny the epithet which you have given to my passion;—for it is sincere, it is pure, it is honorable.

TIMOTHY.

And, in answer to all thy pretensions—I say unto thee, young man, thou wearest a red coat.

ENSIGN.

I scorn illiberal reproaches, or else I would say in return——

TIMOTHY.

What!—what would'st thou say?

ENSIGN.

That you—wear a brown one.

TIMOTHY.

Is there any repoach in that?

E

ENSIGN.

ENSIGN.

Surely not.—Who but reverences the modes of your sect, the sober decency of your habit and manners; the steady sobriety of your men, the modest demeanour of your women; that timed retiring disposition, that simple cloathing, tending to form the humble handmaid, the obedient wife, the meritorious mother.

TIMOTHY.

What importeth thy elocution? It is not only I, and my spouse, who dislike thee; but that damsel hath natural fear and terror of a soldier.—Hast thou not, Ruth?

RUTH.

Yea, verily, I have fear and terror of an army of soldiers; but of one, all alone by himself, I am not much afraid.

RACHEL.

Thou speakest unwarily:—one foldier alone, in a young maiden's apartment, is more dangerous than ten thousand in the field.

RUTH.

Thou fillest me with astonishment!—To be in the midst of a swarm of bees is perilous; but if one bee hums and buzzes about me, I think, with a little watching, I could suffer it to sip honey even from the nosegay in my bosom.

TIMOTHY.

Daughter, do not compare a foldier to a harmless bee;—he is a lion.

RUTH.

The terror of the lion is in his fangs and his paws; that of a foldier in his firelock and bayonet; but when he lays aside his arms, peradventure, he is as gentle as any other of his fellow creatures.

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY.

Ruth! Ruth!—thy sayings are unwise.

RACHEL.

And I command thee to depart from among us.

RUTH.

I will show obedience to my mother,—even such obedience as I would show to the husband of my choice. *[Exit.]*

TIMOTHY.

Come, Rachel, we will also retire.—And now, friend, being left alone, I trust thou wilt likewise depart. *[[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II. *A room at Lady Mary Diamond's.*

Enter Claransforth, met by a Servant.

SERVANT.

Lady Mary will wait on you immediately.

[Exit.]

CLARANSFORTH.

I leave this house of a night, vowing never to return to it again; and, in the morning, the first visit I pay is here. It is in vain to resist—I cannot keep away; but, not like other gamesters, I come.—The cards and dice, which I seem to love, and are placed in my reach, are my abhorrence; while the woman, whom I must not seem to love, and is out of my reach—

Enter Ellen.

ELLEN.

Her ladyship is busy at present, Sir, and desired me to say—

CLARANSFORTH.

How fortunate! One would suppose she knew the blessing she bestowed on me, in deputed you, instead of coming herself.

ELLEN.

She desired me to say, Sir, that if you cannot now wait till she comes, she begs you will not disappoint her of your company in the evening.

CLARANSFORTH.

In the evening I shall not perhaps see you; but I owe her my company *then* for the pleasure she has given me *now*. Therefore, assure her I will be here. [*Ellen is going.*] Stay, stay, a moment!—or, by heaven! I'll not come.—Do you not know that you are my sole attraction to this house; that, but for you, I should never enter it?

ELLEN.

Then you have me to blame for all your ill luck at cards.

CLARANSFORTH.

And for all my good fortune in society; for it is the impression on my mind, of your sweetness, which makes other things pleasing to me; of your worth, that makes other things worthy.—You smile with incredulity; but, remember, I am a merchant, and value truth and fair dealing beyond my life.

ELLEN.

You mean to say, your conscience is your book-keeper.

CLARANSFORTH.

I mean, that my heart I consider as the most valuable among all my goods.

ELLEN.

Would you make merchandize of your heart?

CLARANSFORTH.

No; but I would give it away.

ELLEN.

Men and children give things away; but soon take them back again.

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

Put me to the trial.

ELLEN.

Sir, your conversation degrades you.—You forget what I am.

CLARANSFORTH.

You are not what you ought to be.

ELLEN.

Do not persuade me to think so.—I would fit my sentiments to my situation.

CLARANSFORTH.

Rather alter that which fate has thrown you in.—You serve, and might command.

ELLEN.

I am content, while I enjoy command over myself.

CLARANSFORTH.

Why not be the mistress of me, and of all that is mine? Why not confer happiness, while you would secure your own? Why these doubts and suspicions of a man who loves you?

ELLEN.

Why this ridicule of one who has never offended you?

CLARANSFORTH.

Ridicule!—If you could see my heart, Ellen, you have too much justice to insult my passion.—Indeed, I love you!—I adore you!

ELLEN.

Oh, Mr. Claransforth! [*in great agitation.*]

CLARANSFORTH.

For heaven's sake! you alarm me.—What's the matter?

ELLEN.

I am not eighteen—you are almost twice my age, and nature has given you an understanding
which

30 WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

which education and intercourse with the world has rendered far superior to mine. Can it be wondered that your attentions have flattered my vanity; that your professions captivate my heart? Your addresses have the same weight with me that similar addresses have with similar young women; and I tremble lest the event should be the same. If I fly from you, you will pursue me; if I vow never to submit, you will determine to conquer: but here, without another struggle for victory, I claim your protection.—Weapons of resistance I have none; yet do not take advantage of my weakness.—Yielding, I beg for mercy—Let me live with honour! [*Kneeling.*]

CLARANSFORTH [*aside*].

She has fixed on the only method;—she agitates me beyond bearing. [*To her*] You know not how you distress me. I cannot in this house explain all I wish, to prove my love to be real, my friendship lasting:—leave this place, throw yourself solely on my protection.—The name of wife is but a vain appendage to the union of hearts; and under my roof—

ELLEN.

You make me shudder—Can such an offer be the result of my candid declaration? But I thank you, Sir.—You have no mercy, no pity for me,—and you change my love to hate. [*Exit.*]

CLARANSFORTH.

Would mine could be so changed! But that, I fear, is fixed. Hark! she is returning. Provoking! her lady is with her.—Now, there I could hate most cordially, without one effort.

[*Exit on the opposite side.*]

Re-enter Ellen, followed by Lady Mary Diamond.

LADY MARY.

Do you suppose I took you into my house for the

the employment I pretended? to take care of my dresses, and fix them becomingly about my person? Do you imagine, that with those soft engaging manners, formed to seduce the other sex, I would have had near me a rival such as you, but for some more important use?

ELLEN.

Dreadful! [*aside*].—What use?

LADY MARY.

That which you have already been to me.—Why do you think I suffered you to ride by my side through London streets, but that you might be followed by unthinking fools, who enrich our pharo-bank?—You are the allurements of half those madmen who lose to me their fortune; but of all those, Claransforth is by far the richest and the least suspicious of our aim:—him, then, you must manage artfully; and beware how you quarrel with him.

ELLEN.

But, if he quarrels with me——?

LADY MARY.

Then make it up—kiss, and friends. Why do you start? Tears!—then I suspect—Idiot! Fool! Now, you have no further power, and we have lost him as a visitor. Is this your prudery? I thought, notwithstanding your poverty, you were of a virtuous, honorable family.

ELLEN.

And so I am.

LADY MARY.

I thought that you, yourself, were nicely delicate.

ELLEN.

And so I am.

LADY

LADY MARY.

O! I give you joy; for then your power may not be over;—but if so, of what have you to complain?

ELLEN.

That his behaviour first gained my affection, and now excites my hatred.

LADY MARY.

Are you sure you hate him?

ELLEN.

His very name gives me torture.

LADY MARY.

I understand—he planned your ruin.—In return, I will instruct you how to accomplish his.

ELLEN [*starts*].

Not for the world!

LADY MARY.

You love him, it seems, then, still. So much the better. I'll point out the way you shall become his wife. Our party entertain the hope that, in an honorable way at the game of pharo, we may, perhaps, soon make him poor as you are. On this very evening's play some considerable bets are laid, that he'll not be a rich man to-morrow morning. A select company sup here this evening.—You must be present; and take care that Claransforth be of the party. In the mean time, guard safely these instruments of wealth and articles of transfer between us gaming jobbers. [*Gives dice and a paper to Ellen.*] Only, my dear Ellen, draw Claransforth here to night; and by to-morrow, reduced to poverty, he will offer you his hand in marriage.

ELLEN.

That would be triumph indeed!

LADY

LADY MARY.

I knew you would think it so.—And there will be yet, perhaps, some wreck of his fortune left, that may allow you both a comfortable support. And you, I know, with a hundred a year, and half a dozen children, will be completely happy.

ELLEN.

I could be happy on a less income.

LADY MARY.

But you must write to Claransforth immediately; and, seeming to make all up with him, persuade him to keep his appointment, else he'll not be here. Come, be cheerful—he shall be your husband still; and, with him and virtue, you'll be as rich as an empress.—Go, write to him.

ELLEN.

No, madam; as I have preserved myself from his designs, I have no malice towards him, and will not be an accomplice in his ruin.

LADY MARY.

I thought you wished him every ill.

ELLEN.

I thought so too.

LADY MARY.

Ay, you relent.—But have a care; do as I have ordered you; and see he comes to meet the company that expects him; or, when all hopes of his joining us are over, I will send you home to your parents, as unworthy of staying a moment longer in my family—as one devoted to Claransforth: and the very degradation which you dread shall be the stigma with which I will return you to your parents. [Exit.]

ELLEN. [Alone.]

I do not think of myself.—Ruin! beggary! poverty! perhaps distraction!—To see Clarans-

F

forth

forth reduced to these—The very apprehension has awakened all the tenderness I thought for ever gone.—No! it would be my duty to save any of my fellow creatures from such calamity:—and to save him, I find, will be my delight.—But how? He would not believe, were I merely to send him a letter on the subject, stating my suspicions. He would consider it as some new artifice, my love had contrived, to draw him back to me.—Unprincipled as he is himself, he is wholly unsuspecting of the wicked gamesters who visit this house. How, then, can I convince him without proof? And proof is, perhaps, here—[*examines what Lady Mary has put in her hand.*]—Dice! loaded, false dice, perhaps—and a paper signed by Sir Richard Chances, Lady Mary, and others.—A wicked plot for Claransforth's destruction.—I will take all these—Yes, I will take them all; and with my own hands safely place them in his—then, bid him farewell for ever. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Berkeley Square.*

Enter Claransforth, reading a letter.

CLARANSFORTH.

IT is her hand, or else I could not have believed she would have acted so inconsistently.—Ah! Woman! Woman!—Not three hours ago she drove me from her sight for ever, and now appoints a meeting in this square, almost at twilight.—If I should have miss'd her:—for whether she meant to be on this, or that side, she was in too much haste to tell me.

Enter Ava, who passeth Claransforth.

CLARANSFORTH [*turns and calls after him*].

Ah! my Indian friend! How do you do?—I am glad to meet you once again. You didn't see a young woman pass any-where here lately—did you?

AVA.

A young woman!

CLARANSFORTH.

Ay, a young woman.

AVA.

What sort of a woman?

CLARANSFORTH.

Why, zounds, if you must know—a pretty girl.

F 2

AVA.

AVA.

I take no notice of pretty girls;—especially in the streets of London.

CLARANSFORTH.

No—you would prefer them at your lodgings:—and 'tis better—more prudent for a man of your age.

AVA.

No, Sir, I don't mean——

CLARANSFORTH.

Don't be in a passion.—I shall take mine to lodgings, as soon as I can find her.—But you must get out of the way when she comes, for she is so timid—so bashful, and so innocent!

AVA.

Innocent! Then do not *you* be guilty.

CLARANSFORTH.

Psha!—an appointment like this.—But tell me, my honest friend;—you, who can penetrate her thoughts, my thoughts, and every body's thoughts! who can converse with spirits, and learn all their secrets!—tell me, when my mistress arrives, will she be kind, or cruel?

AVA.

Both!

CLARANSFORTH.

Equivocation!—But oracles never speak in direct terms.—However, my dear friend, as you once made the offer to show me my dead father, I'll change the mode of the obligation, and, instead of him, bring me, immediately, the girl I am waiting for.

Enter Ellen.—AVA bows, as if he had done what he was desired, and immediately walks away.

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH [*calling after him*].

Lucky rascal! Thank you a thousand times.—
My dear Ellen!—I have been so anxious——

ELLEN.

—And so have I—and so frightened!—I have
been prevented coming till now—and now 'tis
almost dark, and I tremble so!

CLARANSFORTH.

My dearest Ellen!—my charming love!

ELLEN.

No flattery; but hold your hand; and let me
be sure you have them safe.

CLARANSFORTH.

What?

ELLEN.

Oh! I fear'd to trust any other person; lest by
some accident you shou'dn't receive them; or not
attend to the warning given by other means than
my word.

CLARANSFORTH.

Dice! [*looking at what she gave him.*]

ELLEN.

False dice made for your ruin, which was to be
accomplish'd this very evening.—Read this paper
—Instructions to the party, sign'd by Sir Richard.
—You'll find I have no malice to you, Mr. Cla-
ransforth; although I have formed my resolution,
that we now, on this spot, end our acquaintance
for ever.

CLARANSFORTH [*reading the paper*].

“Credulous dupe, Claransforth. When I
“throw fixes, be sure to bet—Our different
“shares not less than fifteen thousand pounds,
“besides Lady Mary's demand.

“Richard Chances.”

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

—Sir Richard too! my pretended friend!—And would nothing but my whole fortune content them?—My escape is miraculous—Dear lovely being—My guardian angel!

ELLEN.

But my lady threaten'd, should I not be accessory to this combination against you, she would send me home to my father's in disgrace.

CLARANSFORTH.

Contemn her threats.—This paper, these instruments of fraud, and my word, shall vindicate your fame.—But you faint—suffer me to convey you—

ELLEN [*in a tremulous voice*].

To my father's instantly; and let my lady's bad word follow me, if it must be so. I will plead my own cause to my dear parents—tell them I have only done my duty to you; then promise them faithfully never to see you more.

CLARANSFORTH.

Never see me more! Oh, Ellen! impossible—You do not mean it. Where is your father's house? I'll take you to him myself, and tell him all your wond'rous worth.

ELLEN.

Oh! not for the world.—I would not, for the world, you should accompany me. My father is a most severe man, nicely suspicious.—Only put me in a coach, and direct me home.

CLARANSFORTH.

Suffer me, at least, to go with you part of the way.—Where do your parents live? Now, I hope, you will no longer refuse to let me know your father's name?

ELLEN.

My reasons for concealment are at this time more strong than ever. I cannot—will not disclose

close my name.—Only desire the coachman to drive towards the City-road.

CLARANSFORTH.

Her father a severe man, nicely suspicious! If I resign her now, she is lost to me for ever.—I cannot—'tis impossible [*aside*]. I see a coach—It's coming this way—I'll secure it, and be with you instantly. [*Exit*.

ELLEN.

Oh! grant my mother may be at home, and not my father, when I first go in.—To her I can better account, than to him, for my unexpected return, the necessity of quitting my service, and all I have done.

Claransforth returns with a Hackney-Coachman.

CLARANSFORTH [*aside to the Coachman*].

I shall tell you "the City-road;" but drive to the corner house—[*Whispers and gives him money.*]
[*Exit Coachman.*

ELLEN [*going to Claransforth*].

You are very good. I thank you for your trouble. Oh! that my parents may receive me kindly.

CLARANSFORTH.

Lean on me—don't tremble so——. [*Aside, as he leads her off*] Oh, passion! passion! what a fiend art thou!—While I practice cruelty, my heart is torn with pity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in Mr. Metland's house.*

Enter Metland, and sits.—A knocking at the door.

METLAND.

Come in.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk.

CLERK.

A letter, Sir.

METLAND.

From Mr. Lawley, the attorney?

CLERK.

CLERK.

Yes, Sir!

[Exit.]

METLAND.

Why this dread of breaking the seal?—I am prepared for the worst.—[*Opens the letter.*]—“ I am sorry to inform you, that all your intreaties have proved fruitless. This moment I have received orders from your creditors to seize your goods:—I hasten to give you notice, that you may not feel the blow wholly unprepared, and that you may take advantage of the night to let your furniture be removed, in order to avoid all impertinent observations in the neighbourhood.”——I thank you, friend.——“ In half an hour’s time I shall be with you”——[*After a pause*] Well, then, come and take all!—My wife, my children, and my heart, you cannot take from me! [*Throws himself into an arm-chair, and covers his face with his hands.*]

Enter Mrs. Metland.

Mrs. METLAND.

What is the matter, dear husband? [Metland turns himself towards her, and holds out his hand.] Good heaven! what thus affects you?

METLAND.

I was considering what you would do, should I fall sick.

Mrs. METLAND.

How came this into your mind?—I hope you are not ill?

METLAND.

No; but I am growing old; and that thought makes me melancholy.—How would you be able to maintain an infirm man? What would you do?

Mrs. METLAND.

I would sell all, except your bed, and one chair—on which I would sit by your bed-side.

METLAND.

METLAND.

And sleep yourself on straw?

Mrs. METLAND.

Why not? It is a bed on which thousands repose.

METLAND.

And were I to get well again?

Mrs. METLAND.

We would resume our usual work: and, when we had earned sufficient to buy the first pillow—oh! how softly should we rest!

METLAND.

My faithful, my good wife! we have now, at this moment, nothing left.—This very night we sleep on straw.—In a few minutes these few goods will be seized by my creditors.

Mrs. METLAND [*alarmed*].

This evening!

METLAND.

I expect their attorney every moment. The evening is an advantage that his humanity grants to the delicacy of our situation.

Mrs. METLAND [*In great agitation, but recovers herself by force*].

Well, well; I now thank you for the sad introduction to this disclosure. [*Drys her tears.*] It would have been much worse, had I been obliged to sell all, to nurse a dearly beloved husband.

METLAND.

Thus, I expected to find you;—and thus I do find you. Yes, Eleanor, we are the persons best able to bear misfortunes; for we have done what we could to avert them.—We have been diligent and frugal, and we now dare fold our hands, and pray with confidence, that heaven will assist us.

G

Mrs.

Mrs. METLAND.

Suppose you go to your son Charles for a few months, and I to my dear Ellen.

METLAND.

Would you part from me? rob me of my only comfort?—When Providence cast poverty into one scale of my life, she threw into the other the bliss of matrimony, and the last scale sunk.—We, therefore, will live together “till death do us part.” [*Embracing her.*]

Enter Lawley.

LAWLEY [*speaking to some one without*].

Wait in the outer-room till I call you. [*Goes to Mr. and Mrs. Metland.*] Believe me, dear Mr. Metland, that, during the thirteen years I have been in my profession, I never practised it so unwillingly as to-day.

METLAND.

To show compassion is a benefaction. Do your duty—We are prepared.

LAWLEY.

I am glad to find you so. I admire your fortitude; and could almost call you happier than the rigorous men in whose names I now appear.

Mrs. METLAND.

Here are the keys to all which our house contains.

LAWLEY [*to Mrs. Metland*].

You will have the goodness to point out to me what is *your* particular property.

Mrs. METLAND.

Nothing, Sir.

LAWLEY.

In presents—plate, linen, and so forth.

Mrs. METLAND.

I was but a poor girl when my husband married

ried

ried me, and brought him nothing except my heart.

LAWLEY.

Consider, you are both now verging into years; and if deprived of every convenience—

METLAND.

Under what pretence should we keep any thing back as presents from men who have already lost too much by us; or as gain, from a known fraud?

LAWLEY [*moved*].

I perceive that you are richer than the world supposes. Well, then, let us make a beginning.—Is this writing-desk open? [*Metland opens it.*] Won't you take out your papers?

METLAND [*while he takes out the papers*].

You must know, that, of all I possess, the loss of this writing-desk grieves me most.

LAWLEY.

One gets accustomed to a favourite piece of furniture,

METLAND.

It is not that. This writing-desk once belonged to my old friend, the late Claransforth. He sat before it when I saw him for the last time. After his death, I wish'd to keep something for his sake; and this desk was given to me by his executors, at the request of his old clerk, Bankwell.

LAWLEY.

It was but little to give, considering the great loss which, as it is said, you had just sustained.

METLAND.

It is now empty—Here is the key.

LAWLEY.

Have you taken out every thing?

G 2

METLAND.

METLAND.

Yes, every thing.

LAWLEY.

Why, here is a spring and a secret drawer.

METLAND.

Not that I know of.

LAWLEY [*touching a spring, which throws forth a drawer*].

A drawer, and full of papers.

METLAND [*surprised*].

They don't belong to me.

LAWLEY.

A whole parcel of bank-notes.

METLAND [*looks at them*].

Gracious Power! that is my money.

LAWLEY.

Is it possible?

METLAND.

Those are my twelve thousand pounds, tied just as I left them.

Mrs. METLAND.

God! thou art near us in the hour of trial.

METLAND.

Mr. Lawley, [*examining the notes*] this is the same money which I carried to old Claransforth the evening before he died.

LAWLEY.

I understand.—Now all is cleared up: the old man put by his friend's money safe enough.

Mrs. METLAND.

He was just then busily employed, and, certainly, put it hastily out of his hand into this drawer.

LAWLEY.

It is clear, it is clear! And I am fortunate that

that heaven has chosen me for the instrument of this recovery.—Mr. Metland, I wish you joy, with all my heart, [*shakes him by the hand*] and return home a far happier man than I came.

[*Going.*]

METLAND.

Stop, Mr. Lawley. Dare I make use of this money?

LAWLEY.

Why not? It is your own.—Is it not found, exact, as you have always described it?

METLAND.

But have I not just said, that the papers which this writing-desk now contains do not belong to me?

LAWLEY.

They do belong to you.

METLAND.

When the executors of my old friend made me this present, did they know of its contents? And dare I call that my own, which, by chance, remained in the desk of a deceased person, whose inheritor I am not? Dare I keep silent on this occurrence? May not some other thing be in the drawer, besides these bank-notes?

LAWLEY [*casts a look*].

Very true.—And there lays a letter sure enough, which, on our first joy, escaped our notice.

METLAND.

A letter!—To whom?

LAWLEY [*reads the direction*].

“To my son, Edward Claransforth. Not to be opened till after my death.”

METLAND.

METLAND.

Now—what now!—Must I embezzle that letter too?

LAWLEY.

What has this letter to do with your money?

METLAND.

I shall carry both to young Claransforth.

LAWLEY.

Take my advice—Young Claransforth is unthinking and dissipated. Who knows but that he is capable of accepting the money, and, in a very easy manner, returning you thanks?

METLAND.

In fulfilling the duty of an honest man, I do not, therefore, renounce my right. Yet, to invest myself with this property, without an explanation, I will not.

LAWLEY.

I see you are determined; and I shall say no more—Do as you please: and, if Claransforth is not dishonest, you may now pay all your debts, and live in comfort the rest of your life.—So I shall tell those who sent me, and my business here will be over; for which I shall be heartily glad. With a heavy heart I came into this house; with a light one I leave it. [Exit.

METLAND.

You do not say a single word to all this.

Mrs. METLAND.

I will not deny, that to me your virtue appears rather too strict.—Is the money not unquestionably yours?

METLAND.

This is enough for my conscience, but not for example sake.—In a word, my dear Eleanor, I feel that I could not enjoy it without the full consent of young Claransforth. Early to-mor-
row

row morning I will hasten to him, and put an end to our suspense and argument at once. [*A loud rap at the door.*—A loud rap at this house!—Can it be my son!

Mrs. METLAND.

No; for he took leave of me, going out of town on duty till to-morrow noon.

LADY MARY [*without*].

If Mr. and Mrs. Metland live here, I must see them immediately. [*Enter Lady Mary*]. My dear, good, worthy people, how do you both do? I beg pardon for disturbing you at this late hour; but I could not go to rest without seeing, and speaking to your daughter Ellen.

Mrs. METLAND.

Is she not at your ladyship's?

METLAND.

She is not at home, madam.

LADY MARY [*affecting surprise*].

Not at home!—Are you sure of it? Both sure of it?

METLAND.

Yes; both.

LADY MARY.

Why, then, I have only to say, Heaven bless you, good people!—and good night.

Mrs. METLAND.

Dear madam, stay and relieve my mind.

METLAND [*going up to her*].

Tell me the worst.

LADY MARY.

The task is too difficult.—Excuse me—No, I cannot.

METLAND.

Look at my poor wife.—Kill her at once, or relieve her.

LADY

LADY MARY.

Why, then, your daughter not being at home, where I did hope, (though I must own I feared I should not find her), confirms me that she is——

Mrs. METLAND.

Not dead?

METLAND.

Not worse than dead?

LADY MARY.

Why, that is as you may consider it. Life to most people is precious—And yet, life, with loss of honour—[*They start.*]—But don't suppose I come to acquaint you with any thing of this kind for *certain*. All I know is, that your daughter, in tears, confessed to me, this morning, her love for a gentleman who occasionally visits at my house; and who had plainly declared to her, as she informed me, that his intentions towards her were not such as her friends would approve.—Yet, knowing this—and after all the good advice I gave her—she was seen this very evening, since dark, with that self-same man, in a hackney-coach; and not returning to me by the hour my doors are always locked, I thought it my duty to come and state all this to you, her parents, that no-reproach may rest on my character.

METLAND.

Tell me the villain's name with whom she is fled!

LADY MARY.

There I must beg to be excused. He is a gay man: but all men are gay now-a-days.—And your daughter is a young woman: but all women are young now-a-days.

METLAND.

But, Madam—the name of the libertine?

LADY

LADY MARY.

I trust, Mr. Metland, as a man of honour, you will not compel me to divulge that part of my story. Consider, you have a son in the army; and were I so indiscreet as to reveal names, a duel might ensue, and you, by to-morrow, be childless.

Mrs. METLAND.

I thank you for your foresight.

METLAND.

And I submit.—She is not worth the hazard of a brother's life. Even I would not expose myself for her, such as she *is*!—though, to have preserved her what she *was*, I would have died with joy!

LADY MARY.

I am sincerely glad to find you both so rational; and, as it very late, and a very dreadful night, and I have great compassion for my horses—(one should be kind to dumb creatures), I'll take my leave.—Adieu! I hope you think I have done my duty.—Good night! [Exit.

METLAND.

“Good night!”—Can we have a good night?

Mrs. METLAND.

No! The repose we promised to ourselves, from the contents of that desk, is gone for ever.

METLAND [*laying hold of her hand*].

Our daughter is gone for ever—and all the gold and gems contained in the whole world, would not repay us for her loss. [Exeunt.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I. *The lodgings of Ava Thoanoa.*

Enter Ava, followed by a Servant.

Ava.
WHO do you say has called, since I have been out?

SERVANT.

Only this gentleman. [*Gives a card.*]

Ava.

Claransforth!—What could bring him here?

SERVANT.

The gentleman seemed very sorry you were not at home; and said, He would call again.—Here he is, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter CLARANSFORTH.

Ava.

Good morning, Mr. Claransforth!

CLARANSFORTH.

Good morning, Ava!—I hope you are very well? [*Throws himself in a chair.*]

Ava.

You do not seem as if you were.

CLARANSFORTH.

Why, yes, pretty well—I can't say I am very well.

Ava.

The honour of a visit from you is totally unexpected.—How came you to know where I live?

live? I don't remember your having asked me for my address.

CLARANSFORTH.

Bankwell, my clerk; he who introduced you—I asked him for it. [*Sighs heavily.*]

AVA.

But, from the company I left you in last night, I could scarcely have expected to see you abroad thus early.

CLARANSFORTH.

Ha! What you mean the pretty girl.—True: after you were gone, we went to a house together.

AVA.

I know you did.

CLARANSFORTH.

And to a house of ill-fame.

AVA.

I know it.

CLARANSFORTH.

Ay, to be sure, you know every thing!—And 'tis this very knowledge which you boast of that has brought me to you this morning, to ask your assistance.

AVA.

I will serve you in any thing that is honorable.

CLARANSFORTH.

'Sdeath, Sir! do you think I would require of you any thing else?

AVA.

You are out of humour—displeased, uneasy.—What's the matter?

CLARANSFORTH.

Why do you ask? Don't you know without my telling you?

H 2

AVA.

AVA.

Perhaps I do.—But there are some things I must be told, before I hazard giving an affront by mentioning them.

CLARANSFORTH.

Why, this is, to be sure, an affair of some delicacy; and pardon me, if, in what I am going to say, I am guilty of a breach of delicacy towards you.—I suspect you are mending a broken fortune, by being the spy of some great man, or some foreign power: but, be this as it will, you certainly do possess yourself of most excellent intelligence concerning others,—as I am a proof. Now, whether this knowledge comes by natural or supernatural means, that I will not dispute with you,—it shall be as you choose: only have the friendship to take some little trouble, either through your human or your infernal agents, to find for me something I have lost.

AVA.

And what is the thing which you are so earnest to recover?

CLARANSFORTH.

It is a person.

AVA.

A person!—And who is he?

CLARANSFORTH.

It is not *he*; it is *she*.

AVA.

And who is *she*? [*roughly.*]

CLARANSFORTH.

Whenever an old man talks of *she*, how cross he speaks!—In short, it is the girl you saw with me last night.

AVA [*with contempt*].

And would you employ my art to recover her?

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

Sooner than any thing in the world.

AVA.

A pretty girl is easy to be found, without the art of conjuration.

CLARANSFORTH.

But what is another man's taste may not be mine; and her you saw with me last night I would give twenty thousand pounds you could see with me again to night.

AVA.

Without applying to me, a slender part of that sum, I should conceive, would fulfil your wishes.

CLARANSFORTH.

No!—she is virtuous, and not to be purchased.

AVA.

And do you pretend that the girl who accompanied you to such a house as you have mentioned—

CLARANSFORTH.

In that she was deceived. She thought I was going to take her to her parent's house.—And, oh! what aggravates my grief, my remorse, her father was *my* father's friend—a man of the strictest honour, who lost his fortune in our house—His name is Metland.—This I only learnt an hour ago from the servants of Lady Mary Diamond.—The daughter, from motives of prudence, had concealed from me the name of her family.

AVA.

And instead of taking her to this honored parent's house, you took her to one devoted to purposes vile as your own.

CLARANSFORTH.

From whence, insulted by my passion, she found

found means to escape, while I left her for a few moments to the care of one of the family.

AVA.

And do you wish to pursue her to her present asylum?

CLARANSFORTH.

What asylum?—I have sent spies to her father's, and have been myself at the lady's with whom she lived. She has returned to neither place—and where, in the midst of a cold stormy night, she could shelter——

AVA.

No matter where, since she was sheltered from you.

CLARANSFORTH.

The moment I found she had escaped me, I put pistols in my pocket, and, like a madman, ran half the town over, resolute to regain her.—My emissaries have been through the other half.—In vain all our efforts to find her.—And now, despairing, I am come to you—You, who can search the grave, and bring forth the dead, cannot you discover the abode of the living?

AVA.

No! for my art is harmless.—The dead are beyond your power to injure;—the living you would destroy.

CLARANSFORTH.

I waste my time in talking to you.

AVA.

Still 'tis but wasted.—Your time would, probably, be worse spent in occupation.

CLARANSFORTH.

Ava Theanoa, in what have I offended you, that you persist in your malignity towards me?—As my father's friend, I received you kindly, bore all your reproaches with patience, and from my heart

heart forgave you ;—nay, for that venerable face and solemn accent, I half believed the falsties you uttered.

AVA.

Falsties!

CLARANSFORTH.

Submit to the reproach, or raise me spectres.—This is the very time.—My feelings are so painful, I want them expelled by others still more acute.—And if you have any arts to play, any tricks to show, begin instantly. I'm in a humour to fear nothing.

AVA.

This is not a humour for me to act upon. You must be prepared, properly prepared by calmness and reflection, before your sensual eyes can behold an airy form—a departed spirit.

CLARANSFORTH.

Why, then, I have an appointment within an hour that will better than any thing else prepare me ; for it is at one of the most retired and pious houses in town, where nothing is seen but the purest manners.

AVA.

And what could induce you to visit at such a house?

CLARANSFORTH.

A pretty girl.

AVA.

Another pretty girl?

CLARANSFORTH.

Oh yes—I have a thousand—but they are none of them to compare with her I have lost ;—and yet they must be my relief from the poignant sense of my misfortune. And so, when I have been at the Quaker's, and composed myself, I'll
come

come back to you—And you engage to show me what you have promised?

AVA.

I do.

CLARANSFORTH.

I thank you.—Any amusement, my dear Ava, to keep me from reflection. *[Exit.]*

AVA.

No! rather will I bring you to reflection.

[Exit, on the opposite side.]

SCENE II. *The House of Timothy Starch.*

Enter Ruth and Ensign Metland.

ENSIGN.

At length I have watched your father and mother from the house.—And now, Ruth, answer me—Is the report true of their intention to marry you to Mr. Claransforth?

RUTH.

It is their intention, but not my will.

ENSIGN.

Can you then condemn all the riches of Claransforth, and prepare to take a long journey, one that will last for life, in company with a poor man? Will you not be peevish, and lament, when the roads are bad, and the ups and downs of marriage cares jolt and jostle you?

RUTH.

Not if they cast me against the man I love;—for I would cleave unto him for support; yea, verily, I would—and think hills and dales more pleasant with him, than a smooth beaten way with any other.

ENSIGN.

Hark! I hear some one coming.—Perhaps your father! Let me retire into this room. *[Exit.]*

Enter

Enter Claransforth on the opposite side.

CLARANSFORTH.

Beloved Ruth! I am not in spirits;—but your charms will revive me.

RUTH.

Neighbour Claransforth, I am in spirits;—but your presence will depress them.

CLARANSFORTH.

My dear, enchanting, prim Ruth, where is your mother? where is your father? I hope they are well!—Where are they? [*Presses her hand.*]

RUTH.

I wish they were here, that they might reprove thee for thy impertinence.

CLARANSFORTH.

Impertinence!—Why, that's my love, my adoration of you.

RUTH.

Why dost thou come to me, neighbour, to make professions of thy affection? For thou dost not love me, I can perceive by thy vacant eye, thy absent thought, and careless manners.—Verily, these are no arguments of the lover.

CLARANSFORTH.

“Verily,” what maketh thee such a connoisseur in judging of love.

RUTH.

That which maketh a connoisseur in all the arts,—practice.

CLARANSFORTH.

Indeed!

RUTH.

Yea, friend.—Verily, from the first dawn of my understanding, I have had an ear for music, an eye for painting, a taste for poetry, and a heart for love.

CLARANSFORTH.

I rejoice to hear it.

I

RUTH.

RUTH.

But not to love thee, friend.

CLARANSFORTH.

Whether me or not, the picture of yourself, which you have drawn, is so enchanting, it animates me to vow upon your lips. [*As he is going to salute her—*

Enter Rachel Starch.

RACHEL.

Neighbour Claransforth, neighbour Claransforth, is this neighbourly, thus to assail my daughter?

CLARANSFORTH.

Friend Starch, friend Starch, is this friendly, thus to come unwarily upon me?

RACHEL.

Dost thou mean to make my daughter thy spouse?—Say, instantly, yea or nay.

CLARANSFORTH.

Nay.

RACHEL.

And dost thou mean, after thus dallying, to forsake her?

CLARANSFORTH.

Yea.

RACHEL.

Surely thou can'st not leave a maiden, whose grief at thy perfidy will continue all the days of her life.—She loves thee, Edward Claransforth, and has sacrificed to thee her hopes of marriage with a man of fortune.—Who is now to become her support? For her parents are poor, and can give her no portion.

CLARANSFORTH.

'Sdeath! [*Aside, and moved.*]

RACHEL.

Would'st thou destroy all the prospects of an innocent woman?

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

No, faith, I would not! I might, perhaps, love to do a little mischief; but not a great deal, upon my honour, without thirsting to make atonement.—I have plunged in misery one young woman—a repetition of the crime would be execrable. *Aside.*] Neighbour Starch, if I have, by any incoherent expressions, misled your daughter into an error, which has lost her the prospect of marrying a wealthy man, I will make all the atonement in my power, by giving her a fortune with any other whom she may choose.—And I here pledge my word, that when you call upon me——

Enter Ensign Metland.

ENSIGN.

Hold, Sir!—make no rash promises. That young woman has suffered no disappointment on your account; but she is constrained to silence.—Nor had she ever a man of fortune for her suitor.—I am her only lover; and I am not worth a guinea.—Ruth! do you love this gentleman?

RUTH [*warmly*].

No.

ENSIGN.

Whom do you love?

RUTH.

Thee.

CLARANSFORTH.

Sir, you ennoble poverty.—I am most extremely obliged to you for the information you have given me; and I entreat you will favour me with your address.

ENSIGN.

Pardon me—I wish the present meeting and conversation to be, from this day, forgotten;

I 2

parti-

particularly the part I have taken in it. This prejudiced woman will, I hope, soon perceive her mistake; and that young woman will, I hope, soon be happily married. *[Exit.]*

CLARANSFORTH.

But, Sir—*[calls after the Ensign—then turns to Rachel]*—Grant me the only favour I shall ever ask of you—Tell me the name of that gentleman.

RACHEL.

He hath offended me, and I will not.—Follow me, Ruth Starch. *[Exit Rachel—Ruth following.]*

CLARANSFORTH.

He mentioned his poverty: and if it were in my power to supply his wants—

Enter Timothy Starch.

TIMOTHY.

I met the military man now coming forth from this house?—What means he by still visiting—

CLARANSFORTH.

I forget that young officer's name—Pray, can you tell it me?

TIMOTHY.

Dost thou mean the Ensign Metland, whom I now passed at my door?

CLARANSFORTH *[starting]*.

Metland! Metland!

TIMOTHY.

Yea; son to old Metland, who lately failed in trade, and now lives in a cottage in the City-road.

CLARANSFORTH.

Is he his son? *[Aside.]* Oh! Oh! I had rather any one than him.—*[To Timothy.]* Are you sure, certain, he is a son of Metland's?

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY.

Certain!—Metland has but one son, and one daughter.

CLARANSFORTH [*anxiously*].

And where is she?

TIMOTHY.

That is not at the present time known. The damsel hath fled from one Mary Diamond, with whom she lived, and has gone away with some vile man, who frequented that great and wicked house.

CLARANSFORTH.

Heavens! [*Aside.*]—And, pray, when did you hear this strange account?

TIMOTHY.

But now—at my own door.

CLARANSFORTH.

The brother did not seem acquainted with the news.

TIMOTHY.

He knew it not till this instant—when his weeping mother met him, and, in my hearing, requested him to go in search of his sister, and bring her home to her bosom, whether sullied by the embraces of a seducer, or folded in the arms of death.

CLARANSFORTH.

Oh, dreadful!—And the mother lamenting in the streets!

TIMOTHY.

Yea; it would have made thee weep to have listened to her lamentation. For my part, I seldom cry—and as seldom laugh.—I keep my passions cool and steady, as I keep my countenance.—What is the matter with thine?

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

Quaker, I am a murderer.—If the daughter of Metland be dead, as her mother apprehends, it is I who have caused her dissolution.—It is I who seduced her from her home, and have been her murderer.—Where shall I hide myself from the load that oppresses me?

TIMOTHY.

Neighbour, thou must not hide thyself in my house. Why tarriest thou?—Depart!

CLARANSFORTH [*inattentive to Timothy*].

Yes; I'll add suicide to murder, and end my remorse at once.

TIMOTHY [*going calmly up to him*].

And where would'st thou be buried, friend? Before thou committest the rash act, to whom dost thou bequeath the vast sums of which thou art possessed? Whom dost thou appoint thy pallbearers? and what kind of tomb-stone would'st thou have erected to thy memory?

CLARANSFORTH.

Your iron heart brings me to myself.—While there is a hope my Ellen lives, I will live for her. Quaker, farewell! and, notwithstanding all the agony I at this moment endure, I would not exchange my sensibility for your indifference.

[*Exit.*]

TIMOTHY.

Verily, he speaketh foolishness.

[*Exit.*]SCENE III. *An apartment at Lady Mary's.**Enter Lady Mary, followed by Ellen.*

ELLEN.

If I have ever been a trusty servant—if, during the whole time I have lived in your house, this
is

is my first offence—if I have always paid attention to your orders, and shown tenderness when sickness took from you the power of command—if, till a fatal passion seized my heart, my duty to you was as strictly fulfilled as that to my parents—if, repentance for my past fault, and promise of amendment, can make any atonement—oh! receive me again, and hide my failings from my father's knowledge!

LADY MARY.

Failings, indeed! A pretty soft term for robbing your mistress, and passing the night with a professed libertine.

ELLEN.

I did not.—I passed it under a shed, in sight of my father's door, where I dared not rap. See—my cloaths have been drenched with rain, and my hair is still damp.

LADY MARY.

And so your lover turned you out?

ELLEN.

No; he did not turn me out;—he meant to keep me secure—but I escaped.

LADY MARY.

Then return to him again; for, be assured, no one else will receive you.

ELLEN.

No; there is my last night's habitation still left, and I will return there. [*Loitering.*] Yet, madam, though you refuse to trust me again yourself, you may not wholly despair that, in another service, I may give proof of contrition, and retrieve my character. You will, then, perhaps, be so compassionate as not to reveal my indiscretions; particularly not to complain of them to my family; but suffer me, as I am now
weak

weak with fatigue and sorrow, to go home, as discharged by you this morning on account of sickness.

LADY MARY.

A mighty pretty plan, and a very proper contriver you are, for the embellishment of a falsehood!—Would you have me impose you on your father and mother as innocent?—No! So far am I from such imposition, that, at midnight, when I found you did not come home, I went to them, to let them know you were gone off with a gentleman.

ELLEN.

Oh!

LADY MARY.

You may well sigh and mourn!—If you had seen your poor mother—and if you had heard your father—he vowed never to pardon you—and said, “Were you ever to come into his presence”—

ELLEN.

I never dare.

LADY MARY.

And your poor mother!—She——

ELLEN.

Oh! tell me what my father said!—I can bear his anger, his threats;—I can bear that they be put in execution—I can bear all—all things, but my mother’s tears.

LADY MARY.

And you will not have them to bear long, if I may judge by her present grief.

ELLEN.

Madam, I take my leave—gladly go—for the piercing winds, storms of hail and thunder, or the

the hooting of the rabble to a discarded wanderer, would not be half so wounding to my ears as your piercing words! [*Exit Lady Mary.*] Shall I follow, and kneel to her?—No! her heart is hard—every heart is hardened to me—and I, who never in my life did wrong to another, am myself loaded with injuries—that will drive me to distraction! [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *An apartment at Claransforth's.*

Claransforth discovered, leaning disconsolately on a sofa.

Enter Bankwell, and goes slowly to him.

BANKWELL.

I AM sorry to see you so out of spirits.—
Surely something very particular!

CLARANSFORTH.

Yes, it is.

BANKWELL.

Lost a great sum, perhaps?

CLARANSFORTH.

I wish I had.

BANKWELL.

I am glad you have not.

CLARANSFORTH.

Sir, you know nothing of my concerns beyond the counting-house; nor will I suffer you to be a spy.—

BANKWELL.

I beg your pardon.—I did not come as a spy upon your sorrows. I come merely to deliver a message.—A person, who is waiting below, requests a few minutes' conversation with you.

CLARANSFORTH.

Not now.—I can see no one at present.

BANKWELL.

BANKWELL.

I was afraid so—And I would not have asked at this time for any one, except the person in question.—But I was sorry to give the old man the trouble of coming again.

CLARANSFORTH.

Oh, if it's the old Indian, you may admit him.

BANKWELL.

No, Sir—it is old Mr. Metland.

CLARANSFORTH [*Starts*].

He!—Old Metland. [*Fearfully.*] What does he want?

BANKWELL.

That he wishes to tell you.

CLARANSFORTH.

No, I can't see him. I won't see him. I am ashamed to see him—[*Aside.*] Ashamed to see a man! Then am I degraded beneath one.—I will have courage, and endure his reproaches.

BANKWELL.

Did you give me an answer, Sir?

CLARANSFORTH [*affecting indifference*].

Yes—desire Mr. Metland to walk in.—Show him in.

While Bankwell goes out, Claransforth shows marks of extreme embarrassment and confusion.

• Bankwell re-enters, with Metland, and retires immediately.

Metland bows humbly to Claransforth.—Claransforth's confusion increases.

CLARANSFORTH.

Mr. Metland; you do me much—Will you please to sit?

METLAND.

No, I thank you, Sir. The business on which I come will soon be over. I do not mean to detain

tain you, Sir, more than a few minutes; therefore I will proceed without ceremony. [*Takes from his pocket the notes, just as they were found in the private drawer, and lays them on the table which is standing before them.*] This money is yours.

CLARANSFORTH.

Mine! [*Surprised.*] You to me,—money!

METLAND.

You may, perhaps, have heard, that, on the day your father died, I brought him a sum of money which could not be found.

CLARANSFORTH.

I heard so, with concern.

METLAND.

After the fatal accident, which at that time we had to lament, I received, as a keep-sake, in memory of my friend, your father's writing-desk.—Your clerk, Bankwell, remembers the circumstance.

CLARANSFORTH.

Probably.

METLAND.

In this writing-desk, a secret drawer was, yesterday, by mere chance, discovered.—It contained twelve thousand pounds, which, conformable to my conscience, I deliver up to you.

CLARANSFORTH.

To me!—Mr. Metland!—to me!—Why to me?

METLAND.

Because the writing-desk belonged to you; and because your trustees and executors, when they gave it me, were unacquainted with the treasure it contained.

CLARANSFORTH.

Twelve thousand pounds.—Is not that the amount

amount of the sum which you entrusted to my father?

METLAND.

Exactly.

CLARANSFORTH.

It must then, of course, be your own money.

METLAND.

Mr. Claransforth, I know it to be my own;—and yet the manner in which I recovered it imposed a restraint upon my duty, not to consider it such, till you had acknowledged it mine.

CLARANSFORTH [*aside*].

Good heaven! what a family have I wronged.—Dear Sir, hesitate not a moment to take it back! [*returning the money.*]

METLAND.

You are then convinced, upon the word of an honest man, that this is my property.

CLARANSFORTH.

I am convinced—I could not think otherwise.

METLAND [*putting the notes up*].

I thank you!

CLARANSFORTH.

And be assured, Mr. Metland, that I rejoice; and am more happy at this event than if I had saved my most valuable ships from wreck.

METLAND.

I see my old friend is still alive.—Once more I sincerely thank you, dear Sir, for your generosity—although I am not, from some family afflictions, exactly in the state to enjoy it.

CLARANSFORTH [*trembling*].

What afflictions!—may I venture to ask?

METLAND.

Ah! you are a young man, and an unmarried man!—You have never yet experienced either the

the joys or the sorrows of a husband and father.
[*Struggling to conceal his tears.*]

CLARANSFORTH.

But I can sympathise.

METLAND.

No doubt you can.—But sympathy to one, like me, cast down—wounded in the tenderest part.—But I beg your pardon, I have no right to trouble you with my griefs.—Yet they will, at times burst forth, in defiance of resistance, in defiance of good manners.—And now they have almost made me forget part of my errand.—Here is a letter, Sir, I found in the secret drawer of which I have been speaking. It is your father's hand-writing, and addressed to you. [*Gives it, and is going.*]

CLARANSFORTH.

A letter in my father's own hand! It may relate to the money you have brought.—Stay, and hear me read it.

METLAND.

If it's your pleasure.

CLARANSFORTH.

With reverence I break the honored seal, and will faithfully perform whatever he has commanded.—[*Reads*] “My dearest son—this letter you will not receive till you have lost your father, and I write to point out to you where to choose another.—Metland the elder has been my friend for many years. I wish him to be yours by the tie of relationship:—His daughter, in every endowment, resembles your deceased mother.—I was happy in the marriage state—That you may be so, I recommend to you Ellen Metland for a wife. [*He shows great emotion.*] Accept of this, my last ad-
“vice,

“vice, as you wish me peace in my grave.—
“With the hope that you will, I give my blessing to you both.

“Edward Claransforth.”

[*After reading the letter, Metland and Claransforth stand for some time fixed and silent.*]

METLAND [*after an effort*].

—Mr. Claransforth, you see before you a poor old father, sunk to the earth with shame, disappointment, and sorrow.—When your beneficent parent wrote that letter, I had a daughter—now I have none.—[*Bursting into a fit of tears*] For she has abandoned me and her mother—abandoned herself.—Oh! good young man! [*taking him by hand*] she is unworthy of you—A villain has seduced her—has destroyed that virtuous being who was the pride of her parents, and might have been the happiness of a husband.

CLARANSFORTH.

He!—that villain!—falls on his knees before you, and entreats for mercy.—Metland, I saw your daughter, and, not knowing her to be yours, by my arts seduced her from her friends; but in vain all my attempts to allure her from virtue.—Wherever she is, she is pure as her guardian angel. She fled my caresses—And, on the oath of a repentant libertine—she is virtuous.

METLAND.

Audacious profligate!—But tell me where she is, that I may fly—Where is my child?

Enter Ava Thoanoa.

AVA.

Thy child lies on a sick bed, attended by physicians, who despair of restoring her to health, so powerfully has affliction visited both mind and body.

METLAND.

METLAND.

And yet I trust she will not die!—Heaven is all merciful, and will preserve mine and my poor wife's senses!—What friend to me has opened his door to a hapless wanderer?

AVA.

I—in my pursuit of the afflicted, I met her in a state of sorrow, bordering on distraction, and had her instantly conveyed to my apartments.—This is the address where you will find her. [*Gives a card.*] Keep it private, except to your own family.

METLAND.

Bless you, kind Sir, the way is short, and yet, it will seem tedious. [*Going.*]

CLARANSFORTH [*who had thrown himself distractedly on a sofa during the last speech*].

Metland!—do not leave me without your forgiveness!

METLAND.

Villain! dread an injured father's wrath!

[*Exit.*]

CLARANSFORTH [*to Ava*].

Read that letter—You know the hand.—In aggravation of my guilt, it is my wife, the wife to whom my father secretly betrothed me, that I have thrown an outcast on the world.—Indian, I believe you—I now firmly believe all you have told me! My father's spirit cannot rest while his last will is directly violated, and I have the curses of those pious parents whom he hoped would bless me.—I am this instant at the crisis of my fate; and, if thou hast spoken truth, precipitate me at once to better or worse, by showing me my father.

AVA [*after a pause*].

You are unworthy of the promise I made you;
but

but my word has more weight with me than your offences.—Follow me to my lodgings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The lodgings of Ava Thoanoa.*

Enter two Servants, meeting.—One with lights, which he puts down.

FIRST SERVANT.

Is my master returned?

SECOND SERVANT.

No; but I expect him every moment—and I hope he will come soon, for we have had such a number of cards and visitors. [*Putting cards on the table.—A rap at the door.*]

Enter Ava and Claransforth.

AVA.

Who have called since I have been abroad?

[*Servants whisper him, and exeunt.*]

Your masculine vice is joined to feminine weakness:—You have prated of the art which I communicated to you, as a secret, and every gossip and adventurer in town apply to me, as a conjuror, to resolve their questions.

CLARANSFORTH.

I own I mentioned your pretended art at Lady Mary Diamond's, and, I believe, at the house of one Starch, a Quaker.—But I would have been secret, had you enjoined secrecy.

AVA.

Truth requires none.—But here's Lady Mary Diamond, and two or three more, my servants inform me, shut up in separate rooms, till I have done with you:—they do not seek truth, but falsehood.

CLARANSFORTH.

But come, before you undeceive them, satisfy my curiosity.

L

AVA.

AVA.

Are you prepared? [*Solemnly*] Do you think your courage will not fail you at the sight of your father?

CLARANSFORTH.

I should sink to the earth were I to behold him:—But, confident that I shall not—I defy both him and you.

AVA.

Then to the trial.—Stand firmly, and keep your eye fixed on that entrance—that door.

CLARANSFORTH.

Very well—I do.

AVA.

Would you see him alone, or shall I stay with you?

CLARANSFORTH.

Alone!

AVA.

I'll send him to you, then, immediately.

CLARANSFORTH.

No, hold!—you shall stay by me. I'll have no imposition.—You shall not go, and move a puppet from behind a curtain.—Stay by me, and call him to come forth.

AVA.

I must repeat the words of the charm in private: then I'll return, and he shall follow me.

[*Exit.*]

CLARANSFORTH.

How powerful is the effect of imagination!—The harassed state of my mind—my remorse—night—and, above all, the venerable aspect of this man, and the solemn language of his fictions, put me in a tremor.

Enter a person, who, in appearance, exactly represents

Ava Thoanoa.

CLARANS-

CLARANSFORTH.

Well!

The supposed Ava holds up his hand to enjoin silence: then turns towards the door, on which he and Claransforth fix their eyes, with an anxious watchfulness, when Claransforth (the father) enters slow and stately—The younger Claransforth appears amazed, and shocked.—The elder Claransforth stands fixed.

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger* [after a pause].

It is the exact figure of my father—Exact—and almost makes me tremble.—Admirable deception!—surprising ingenuity!—wonderful art!—Detain him—don't let him disappear—let me survey him nearer first. [Claransforth *the Elder walks forward*] Excellent piece of mechanism!—I could even talk or kneel to that form.—'Tis most surprising! and childish prejudices will cling about me.—Yet, that you are not a ghost, I am certain.—But what, in the name of wonder, are you?—

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder.*

I am he whom you mistook for Ava, the Indian.

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger.*

Ah! my good friend Ava, himself, in the shape of my father.—Then what is this figure? He must be a ghost for certain?—[Goes up to the person who represents Ava.—This person takes off his beard, &c., and discovers himself to be Bankwell.]—Bankwell engaged in a trick upon me! Then I see, I understand it all.—That is not the Indian in my father's form.—It was my father who put on the Indian's—my living father, who-but feigned to die, that he might have the means to search into all the frailties of his son.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder.*

Your conjecture is right—and he will punish those frailties. For do not think, because I have descended to practice an idle deception on you, that I mean to fool on.—This trifling was but to fulfil the promise I was provoked to make by your sceptic discourse. [Claransforth *the Younger falls on his knees.*—No, Sir! no pardon from me—

[*Enter Metland, and Ensign Metland*]
—till you have received it here.

METLAND.

I am in astonishment—Is it possible?—Do I behold Claransforth, my former friend?

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder.*

Say your *present* friend—more firmly yours than ever.

METLAND.

Amazement!

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder.*

My friend, I have watched you and your family, through all your sorrows, all your meritorious conduct, beneath the wrong I did you, and which it shall be now my happiness to repair.—I have watched all those, too, whom I equally loved; and I have found the far greater number, such as make this world more dear, than when, in the midst of my house, in flames, my danger brought to my recollection a secret passage, by which I preserved my life—yet preserved it with such hazard, that you all thought me dead. This gave, to my curious and suspicious nature, an opportunity which I could not resist.—Bankwell alone has been my confidant;—by his means, I have been enabled to prove all your hearts; and, I rejoice to say that, except in one instance,

instance, I have been delighted by the experiment.

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger*.

I am the exception.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

You are.

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger*.

And, yet, how I have sinned against my duty to my father is, to myself, unknown;—for the inmost recesses of my heart cannot reproach me with the want of filial love.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

You have sinned against heaven and your neighbour.—I take those injuries on myself.

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger*.

But heaven is merciful.—So sometimes is man. [*Enter Ellen, leaning on her Mother.*]—Ellen, would'st thou forgive me?

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

Dar'st thou ask it?

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger*.

Is there any other way to obtain forgiveness?—If you will instruct me in any other, whatever is the penalty, I will submit to it.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

Metland! my friend—can you ever look on this man as your son?

METLAND.

I can look on him as *yours*—and, as such, forgive him.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

But the rest of your family—

MRS. METLAND.

I love, by my husband's example.

ENSIGN.

ENSIGN.

And I will regard him by my sisters.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder.*

Young woman, whom I have retrieved from desperation, and whom, from your childhood, I have loved as my own—do not deceive me.—Can you forgive this man? Can you be thoroughly reconciled to him? Could you take him for a husband?

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger goes to her, and kneels.*

ELLEN.

While heaven remits its punishment on my offence, can I be rigorous to others?

CLARANSFORTH *the Younger.*

I will deserve the confidence you place in me.—I will deserve to be related to this family, whose virtues I have proved.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder.*

And now take my hand.—For while you retain all your virtuous dispositions, and will banish all your vicious ones——

Enter Ruth Starch.

RUTH.

Doth one Ava Thoanoa abide in this house?

ENSIGN.

Ruth!—What can bring you here?

RUTH.

I came to ask the fortune-teller, If I should ever be thy wife?

Enter Rachel and Timothy Starch.

RACHEL.

Timothy! It is as I have said unto thee; here is the foldier and thy daughter in close communication.

RUTH.

RUTH.

Mother, I came not here to see the soldier, but to hear tidings of him from the forcerer who keepeth the house.

RACHEL.

A forcerer! Woe be unto him! Which is he?

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

If I may assume the mystery of fortune-telling, this young man and woman [*pointing to the Ensign and Ruth*] would be happy in marriage, if they could gain their friends' consent.

METLAND.

Whatever will render my son happy, I shall not oppose.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

My neighbour Starch, what say you?

TIMOTHY.

Neighbour Claransforth, they told me thou wert dead!—but thou art not, I find.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

I am permitted to revisit this world, to dispose of my riches worthily; and I mean to give this young Ensign a fortune, in addition to that which his father will give him.

TIMOTHY.

But, Ruth, what say'st thou to this man?

RUTH.

Verily, I should like to become unto this man such as my mother became unto thee.

TIMOTHY.

Then, take her, young man.—But I say unto thee, love her only with that discreet love with which I have lov'd her mother—and which made me content to marry her, and would have made me equally content if I had not.

RACHEL.

RACHEL.

And, verily, this is the sort of prudent love which I bear unto thee.

CLARANSFORTH *the Elder*.

What various manners and passions have I witnessed since my disguise gave me the power of judgment on the failings of my neighbours!—I now, in my turn, am to be judged;—and, in order to support the title of a Wise Man, I most humbly submit my character to the approbation, or censure, of—Wiser Heads than my own.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE, in the Character of RUTH.

FRIENDS, peradventure, ye may deem it strange,
That, from my peaceful sect, I thus should range,
And chuse to join in wedlock, undismay'd,
A suitor in terrific red array'd.
But, verily, my feelings to confess,
I trust when marry'd he'll put off that dress.
And when my loving helpmate shall require,
I, too, perchance, may cast off this attire.
Besides, as he expounds his martial creed,
True heroes are of Nature's noblest breed,
Who hazard all to crush the foes of Peace,
That wicked strife 'twixt human-kind may cease.
If so, this soldier well my hand may claim—
Our modes may differ, but our view's the same :
And tho' in marriage he should hold a truce,
And turn his sword to some domestic use,
Yet since his purpose with my doctrines suits,
I e'en may give him leave to raise recruits.
But there are beings who in war delight,
Blest when a poet's blooming hopes they blight,
Like their old sire, the serpent, prone to hiss,
And always on the watch to poison bliss—
Critics, I think, they're call'd,—a restless crew,
Who strike, instinctively, at all that's new.

Now, tho' our tribe, averse to hostile harm,
Bids man in ire ne'er lift his fleshy arm ;
Yet if these critics come to damn the play,
'Twill be but right to buffet them away.

There's a kind rule of action, as I hear,
Term'd Gallantry, which generous minds revere ;
Meaning, no doubt, when stript of vain parade,
That manly strength should female weakness aid.
Oh ! may that courteous rule each bosom move
Our sister author's labour to approve :
For since to mend the heart that labour tends,
Ye all, to-night, should prove a SECT of Friends.

EPICURE

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

LONDON: Printed by W. H. JOHNSON, in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church, 1794.

FRANKS, peremptorily, ye may deem it strange,
That, from my pencil's hand, I thus should range
And chide to you in words, and numbers,
A soldier in retirement array'd.

But, verily, my reasons to confess,
I write when married, he'll put off that dress.

And when my loving helmsman shall retire,
A too, partance may call off this air.

But, as he expounds his martial creed,
The heroes are of Nature's nobly bred.

Who hazard all to gain the face of France,
That wretched thing, 'twixt human-kind may cease.

If so, this soldier well my hand may claim—
Our needs may differ, but our view's the same:

And tho' in marriage he should hold a truce,
And turn his sword to some domestic use,

Yet since his pupils with my doctrine suit,
I can may give him leave to raise recruits.

But there are beings, who in war delight,
Gleef when a poet's blooming hopes they blight.

Like them old are, the serpent, prone to bite,
And always on the watch to poison spite.

Crimes, I think, they're call'd, a relief crew,
Who strike, indifferently, at all that's new.

Now, tho' our epic, averse to hostile harm,
Bids men in the next life his belly arm;

Yet if these critics come to damn the play,
I will be too tight to buffer them away.

There's a kind rule of action, as I hear,
Term'd 'Colossus', which generous minds adore;

Meaning no doubt, when spirit of vain parade,
That manly strength should temper weakness and.

Oh! may that courteous rule each bosom move
Our sister author's labour to approve:

For she to mend the heart that labour tends,
To all, to-night, should prove a sect of friends.

MANAGEMENT:

A C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed by A. Strahan, Printers Street;
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1799.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON,

A Well-known Muse, who labours once a-year,
And oft has found a safe Asylum here,
Though Critic storms a Mother's fears excite,
With her new Offspring ventures forth to-night.
Conscious the features must betray the Sire,
She seeks for no disguise of vain attire ;
What honest Nature gave she brings to view,
And for a kind adoption rests on you.
Yet haply now with reason she appears
Oppress'd with more than e'en maternal fears.
For since she last enjoy'd your soft'ning smile,
A German Rival's charms have caught our Isle.
And though she knows that Rival's favor'd race,
With daring force combine a soft'ning grace,
She knows, besides, that one of native breed
May always hope with Britons to succeed :
And hence, though fashion call her bigot-fool,
She takes no lessons from a foreign school—
But with a patriot pride she lets you know,
“ 'Tis English ! English, Sirs ! from top to toe ! ”
While on your liberal candour we rely,
And Fashion's rage with patriot zeal defy,
Think not our Author sees with jealous pain
Exotic merit British laurels gain—
No—when to ALBION's hospitable shore
MISFORTUNE flies protection to implore ;
Or GENIUS darting from a distant sphere,
That mental Comet spreads its radiance here ;
May Britons glow with philanthropic fire,
Eager alike to cherish and admire !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN LAVISH	- - -	MR. LEWIS.
MIST	- - - - -	MR. FAWCETT.
WORRY	- - - - -	MR. MUNDEN.
SIR HERVEY SUTHERLAND	-	MR. POPE.
ALLTRADE	- - - - -	MR. FARLEY.
FRANK		MR. KLANERT.
STOPGAP	- - - - -	MR. SIMMONS.
GEOFFRY	- - - - -	MR. DAVENPORT.
MRS. DAZZLE	- - - - -	MRS. DAVENPORT.
BETTY		MISS LESERVE.
JULIANA	- - - - -	MRS. POPE.

SCENE—*The Country.*

MANAGEMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE — *A View of Sutherland-house, Park, Gardens, &c.*

Enter GEOFFRY and two other Servants.

GEOFFRY.

COME, bustle, bustle—all to your several occupations.—Bless me, who'd have thought of Sir Hervey coming home:—go—enter the house, and prepare for his reception—I'll wait his arrival here.
[*Servants exeunt.*]

Enter JULIANA.

Juliana. Good morning, good old Geoffry.—I have once more eluded the vigilance of my persecutor—once more stolen forth from the castle, purposely to visit this spot; and if my father hears of it, I hope he won't be angry with me:—though he denies me his protection, surely he will not preclude me from contemplating scenes that remind me of him and my dear Mother!—why, what's the matter? you seem agitated.

Geoffry. Well I may, Miss Juliana—your father

is arrived from Italy, and I expect him here this very day.

Juliana. Expect my father!

Geoffry. Ay; after an absence of thirteen years, I expect Sir Hervey once more at Sutherland-house:—look, here's his letter.

JULIANA (*snatching the letter, reading and kissing it*). Oh, I'm so happy!—I shall at last behold, perhaps embrace him.

Geoffry. Nay, I fear otherwise; Sir Hervey is of a most unforgiving disposition, and the wrongs your mother put upon him were of a nature not easily to be forgotten.

Juliana. Wrongs!—what wrongs, Geoffry? is the dark tale for ever to be concealed from me?—I am deserted by my father, and not to know the cause!—Come, good old man! remember, you promised you would one day tell me, and since we are alone, and may not have another opportunity, come now—unveil the mystery—how, how did my mother wrong him?

Geoffry. Well then, to keep my word—Sir Hervey ever was, and I fear ever will be, a dupe to fashion and its follies:—he gamed, he intrigued—and though in his heart devoted to Lady Sutherland, he forsook her and his home for scenes of riot and dissipation.

Juliana. Unfortunate infatuation!

Geoffry. Lady Sutherland a long while bore this with fortitude and resignation; but young, beautiful, and accomplished, surrounded by admirers and neglected by her husband, she at last listened to the addresses of an artful and designing villain, who convinced her of Sir Hervey's infidelity, and, by means of forged letters and other artifices, persuaded her to elope with him.

Juliana. Indeed!

Geoffry.

Geoffry. 'Tis too true, madam;—but her guilt was of short duration:—in a few days she came back to that house, all penitence and shame.—I shall never forget the day.—I told Sir Hervey of her return, and he in a fit of rage and madness bid me shut the door against her; this she overheard: 'twas too much for a tender nature like hers:—she fled, and soon after died—died of a broken heart!

Juliana (bursting into tears). Oh, for mercy!—my poor, poor mother!

Geoffry. You were then but eight years old, and till that hour the idol of Sir Hervey:—but your likeness to your mother soon making him wish to avoid you, you were removed to the castle; where he invested Mrs. Dazzle with the unlimited power of a guardian over you, and which I fear she has exerted like a tyrant.

Juliana. Yes.—Sir Hervey could not mean that I should be her prisoner!—But go on: he went abroad—

Geoffry. He did — to Naples, where he has ever since resided: and now, what think you, madam? do you blame the living or the dead?

Juliana. I have no right to condemn either—but in my mind the husband who neglects an amiable wife is responsible for all the evils that ensue.—Died of a broken heart!—oh, that he had but pardoned her!—then he had had a wife, and I a mother to console me!—but now——Do I indeed resemble her?

Geoffry. You do—you do.

Juliana. Thank Heaven!—I may forgive her, though my father never can.

Worry (speaking without). This way, my lad—this way.

Juliana. Ha! there's Sir Hervey!—though I wish, you don't know how I dread to see him: let me be gone.

Geoffry. No, 'tis only Worry, his old faithful follower; honest soul! he and your father were fostered by the same nurse; and, though long since in easy independent circumstances, he still follows Sir Hervey from motives of affection.—Suppose you ask him to be a mediator for you.

Juliana. Not now—another time, another time—I must return to my prison:—but though I shed tears over the fate of my mother, don't fancy I upbraid my father.—No! I feel for both—and let him still avoid, still punish and abandon me, I know his motive: and the fond hope that he will one day prove a parent to me, will make me bear even greater ills with patience.—Oh! may that day be not far off! for 'twill be the proudest and the happiest of my life. [Exit.

Enter Worry and a Servant.

Worry. Mind, do as I order you; when the baggage arrives let me know. (*Exit Servant.*) What Geoff!—give me your hand, old Geoff!—Sir Hervey is but a stage behind.—'Slife! I thought we should never shake hands again.

Geoffry. So did I; 'tis thirteen years (*shaking hands and looking hard at Worry*); but, heyday! how you are altered, Master Worry!

Worry. Yes, I'm not the same man I was.

Geoffry. So I see; but how has it happened?

Worry. I don't know—I lead a different sort of life—I think; and I'm afraid I drink a great deal.

Geoffry. You drink! you that used to be the most temperate, sober—

Worry.

Worry. Ay ; and I used to hate cards, you know ; now I could play all day :—I used to break appointments ; now I come an hour before my time ;—and I that always laid in bed till noon, now constantly rise with the crowing of the cock.

Geoffry. Why, what the deuce, are you mad?

Worry. No—I'm married.—I've got a loving jealous wife !—and whilst Sir Hervey is continually miserable because Lady Sutherland ran away from him, here am I—I tell you what, Geoff—if Mrs. Worry were to run away from me, I'm sure I should be too much of a philosopher to repine on the occasion.

Geoffry. What ! and is Sir Hervey likewise altered ?—or does he still go on rioting in dissipation and extravagance ?

Worry. Worse and worse—only yesterday he employed Mr. Alltrade to raise five thousand pounds for him on his bond—offered a premium of fifty *per cent.* and the moment he receives the money, away it will go in galas or at the gaming table—No, I beg pardon—not at the gaming table—now-a-days no money ever goes there.

Geoffry. What ! have they left off playing ?

Worry. No—but they've left off paying ;—and that's the reason the faro banks are knocked up—when people only play for love, friendship won't induce them to keep open house.—But Miss Sutherland—there's Sir Hervey's greatest plague. A meeting with her was his chief motive for leaving Italy, and now we understand she vindicates her mother, and takes part against him.

Geoffry. She is belied, cruelly belied !

Worry. Nay ; we have it from the best authority, —Mrs. Dazzle—the lady who brought her up, and for whom I have a message—but of this be
B 3 assured,

assured, Geoff; Sir Hervey's case isn't half so desperate as mine:—he's only tormented by a daughter who will try to break his heart, but I've got a jealous wife, who will actually break my head, heart, and purse strings.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, the baggage is come.

Worry. You hear—Mrs. Worry is arrived.—Come, will you go and be introduced?

Geoffry. With all my heart—but mind now—you'll one day find that Mrs. Dazzle has traduced Miss Sutherland, and only because she was a great favourite of her late husband's. He was a distant relation, you know, and I did hope would have remembered her in his will—but no—he, like the rest of her family—he—has forgotten her!

Worry. To be sure; who ever got any good by these distant relations? Mrs. Worry has a little thousand; and do you know my apartments are so constantly cram'd with cousins, neices, uncles, aunts, and grandmothers, that at dinner-time I never get a chair to sit upon—I eat flying!—And talk of the comforts of a fire-side, curse me if I've been within ten yards of mine since the day I was married:—not that I complain of cold though—my house is warm enough, I promise you:—but come along; and sorry am I to be convinced of Miss Sutherland's ingratitude.—Were she the girl you describe, I would not only be her friend and advocate, but if Sir Hervey refused to protect her, I would myself be a father to her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Mrs. DAZZLE and BETTY.

Betty. Even so, ma'am; Miss Juliana first robbed you of your husband's friendship, and now of the Captain's love.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the little viper!—but I know how to be amply revenged:—the great object of her life is a reconciliation with her father;—this I have already prevented, and will still prevent.—But the Captain, Betty—do you think he has serious views?

Betty. He serious! what Captain Lavish prefer Juliana Sutherland without a shilling, to the widow Dazzle with a nett estate of five thousand a-year!

Mrs. Dazzle. That's true:—I married little Jerry for his fortune, and I am certainly sole heiress—to be sure I hav'nt yet seen the will, because he died in London:—but I expect his agent Mr. Alltrade with it every moment, and then, Betty!—poor Juliana!—I hope the Captain will allow her half pay.

Betty. Oh you're too liberal, ma'am—but see! here comes Mr. Alltrade with the will.

Enter ALLTRADE.

Alltrade. Well! madam, as good as my word, you see:—this moment arrived with my friend Sir Hervey.

Mrs. Dazzle. You are very kind, Mr. Alltrade; but there was no occasion to be in any hurry—every body knows how little Jerry loved me.

Alltrade. Oh, there's no doubt that the will is completely in your favour; but you had better open it, lest there should be any small bequest or legacies—

Mrs. Dazzle. Well, to oblige you I'll just cast my eye over it—*(takes the will from ALLTRADE)*.

Poor Jerry!—he used to say he should fall a martyr to love. (*Reads will*): “By this my last will, I
 “Jeremiah Dazzle give and bequeath all the pro-
 “perty of which I die possessed unto that most
 “lovely and accomplished of her sex”——Spare
 me—spare a poor widow’s blushes, Mr. Alltrade.

Alltrade. Nay! it’s not more than you deserve.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, Sir! (*curtseying—then reads on*):—“unto that most lovely and accomplished of her sex, Juliana Sutherland”—Juliana!—why, Mr. Alltrade! (*Half crying.*)

Alltrade. Go on.

Mrs. Dazzle (*reads on*). “Juliana Sutherland, whom being deserted by her father, I take
 “a pride in adopting. But my will further is, that
 “she hold the said property no longer than she re-
 “mains unmarried. In case she marries, I give the
 “same to my widow Deborah Dazzle. And my
 “only motive for thus tying up my cousin Juliana,
 “is to save her from entering into a state to which
 “I fell a martyr.”——Why it’s a forgery! he
 could not—dared not!

Alltrade. Nay—there’s no doubt that it’s genuine—but be composed—doesn’t Miss Sutherland live in this house?

Mrs. Dazzle. She does.

Alltrade. Then it dawns! it glares upon me!—Mark—if she marries, the estate devolves to you—are not these Mr. Dazzle’s words!

Mrs. Dazzle. They are: and I only wish I had been behind him when he wrote them!

Alltrade. Well: be patient—don’t destroy the will, because that’s a serious business (*pulling up his neckcloth*):—only conceal it till you get Juliana a husband—then she forfeits the legacy, and you become heiress to a hundred thousand pounds.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Why that looks well—but how? —the Captain won't marry her.

Alltrade. No, but I will; in the first place her being in this house will give me numberless opportunities; and in the next I am employed by Sir Hervey to raise five thousand pounds for him on his bond—now if we can get Juliana to join in it, I shall have them both so completely in my power, that if I fail in the character of a lover, I may succeed in that of a creditor:—you understand.

Mrs. Dazzle. I do—excellent!—and as a reward for your trouble—

Alltrade. I only ask a third of the estate.

Mrs. Dazzle. Granted—it is a bargain.

Alltrade. Say you so?—then let's to work instantly—and look here comes one who, from his influence over Sir Hervey, we must secure as a confederate.

Enter WORRY.

Mrs. Dazzle. Worry, my old acquaintance!—I give you joy of your marriage, and sincerely wish you may never know the pangs of widowhood.

Alltrade. And so do I with all my heart, Worry.

Worry. And I wish with all my soul you'd both keep your wishes to yourselves. (*Aside.*)—But I wait upon you, madam, from Sir Hervey:—from your account of Miss Sutherland's undutiful and indiscreet conduct, he persists in not seeing her, and therefore while he stays in the country, he begs she may be more closely confined than ever.

Mrs. Dazzle. I'll do all I can; but she is so artful and designing, that for my part I don't think she'll ever be safe till she gets a husband to protect her.

Alltrade.

Alltrade. Nor I; and I'll tell you a secret, Worry—I love her, and wish to be that husband; and since, from my humble birth and inferior situation, I cannot aspire to gaining Sir Hervey's consent, will you aid and assist the marriage?

Worry. With all my heart—the more matches the better.—When one's in a scrape oneself, nothing's so consoling as to see all one's friends in the same situation. (*Aside.*) I'll assist you—but about the bond—have you raised the five thousand pounds.

Alltrade. No; and I despair of success—the friend I applied to wants Miss Sutherland to join.

Worry. She join! why she's as poor——

Alltrade. I know—but he says she has rich relations—may have a handsome legacy—in short, it will mend the security:—therefore let Sir Hervey know this, and he will see the necessity of commanding her to sign instantly. (*Worry is going.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Good day, Worry—I shall be always glad to see you: and because there's a hatchment over my door, don't fancy this is absolutely the house of mourning.

Worry. No, ma'am;—I—I—(*laughing and trying to conceal it*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, what do you laugh at?—speak out—you won't offend me.

Worry. Shan't I, ma'am?—then begging your pardon, you need'nt have caution'd me; for I always look on a hatchment outside of a widow's house like a sign over an inn—a certain emblem of revelry and good cheer.—And when I'm a widower—oh! oh! oh! (*shakes his head, sighs, and exit.*)

Alltrade. So far, so well; he's in our interest—but to get this bond out of Sir Hervey's hands, we must at least advance a few hundreds, and where to raise even those—for my part I haven't a guinea.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nor I now a shilling!—(*sighing*) nor do I know where to raise one?

Alltrade. No!

Mrs. Dazzle. No; unless indeed Mr. Mist the manager of our country theatre—

Alltrade. What! the quondam silversmith of Cheapside!—he's an old friend of mine,

Mrs. Dazzle. Is he?—then you may aid my suit.—You must know, smitten with the love of fame, eager to acquire the reputation of wit and genius, I have written a most magnificent play, which of course I am all anxiety to see acted; he has already promised to come and read it, and if it meets with his approbation, very likely he may advance the money necessary to pay Sir Hervey.

Alltrade. True—suppose I hasten his visit—I'll seek him instantly; and whilst you keep Juliana out of sight, I'll keep the will out of sight—(*putting will in his pocket*).—And with regard to the play, if you get money by it, depend on't you'll get reputation also; one generally follows the other.

Mrs. Dazzle. So it does—and how the case is alter'd?—formerly wits had no money, and now he that has no money has no wit; for whilst a bad joke will be applauded from the head of a great able, a good one will be lost if spoken by him who has nothing but wit to recommend him!—but away to the manager—let the war begin, and doubt not our victory!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Outside of the Theatre.**Enter STOPGAP (from the Box-office).*

Stopgap. Pooh—I'll sit there picking my teeth no longer;—stay for ever, there won't be a place taken; for well as Mr. Mist might understand conducting a shop, he knows so little how to manage a theatre, that during the time I have been prompter, treasurer, box-book-keeper, and deputy manager, there have been only three boxes taken—and they were by particular friends, who thought they did him an honour by coming in with orders——psha!—I'll go——heh?—who's here?—aha? a flat at last!

Enter ALLTRADE.

Stopgap. This way, Sir,—there's the office—have a front row in any part of the house, Sir—

Alltrade. Sir, I want to speak to Mr. Mist—where is he? (*STOPGAP holds down his head*).—Why don't you answer me?—where can I find him?

Stopgap. He's walking on the London road—you'll find him there, all anxiety, looking out for the new Harlequin whom we expect every hour by the slow waggon.

Alltrade. Expect Harlequin by the slow waggon!

Stopgap. Yes, Sir: and between you and me, 'tis high time he came; we play to shocking houses—last night to Hamlet we were obliged to make a shew, by shoving the band into the pit, the orange women into the boxes, and the door-keepers into the galleries.—Indeed no wonder at it, for Mr. Mist himself played Hamlet.

Alltrade.

Alltrade. The old tradesman act Hamlet!

Stopgap. Even so—he always will act the best part—but here he comes, and spite of the bad houses, all bustle, life, and animation!

Enter MIST.

Mist. Damn that slow waggon—not here 'till season's over—however, sure of tol lol house to night—fine day—strong bill—nothing against—what Jack! Jack Alltrade!—why what brings you to this—oh! oh!—fly dog!—written a Farce—can't get it acted in London—and so come—

Alltrade. Not I upon my honour.

Mist. Want an engagement then!—what's your line? Ben, Scrub, and Calliban; or Richard, Romeo, and the tiptops—no difference though—tragedy or comedy—play which you will, Jack—sure to entertain audience—he! he! he!

Alltrade. Why 'Slife—here's an alteration!—when I last saw you, you were leaving off trade with a capital fortune, and retiring into the country free from the cares and vexation of business.

Mist. Hem! much you know of the matter—when I lost care and vexation, lost my two best friends.

Alltrade. Care and vexation your best friends!

Mist. Yes: couldn't tell what to do with myself—all day long watching clock, or yawning at street door—could'nt bear it—hardly alive—thought of opening new shop—when one lucky day!—play house put up at auction—always had theatrical twist—so bid handsomely—knock'd down at large sum to be sure—but what then? been happy ever since—had care and vexation in abundance—but
mum—

mum—shan't stop here—London—Covent Garden—Drury Lane—they're my object!

Alltrade. Indeed!—then why not make them your object now?—why not engage London players?

Mist. Um! (*snapping his fingers*)—that for London players—and that for London authors—soon have best actor and finest writer living—heh: know who I mean? (*mimics Harlequin.*)

Alltrade. Harlequin!

Mist. Right—back his wooden sword against their wooden heads—bring all Europe—young and old boys—little babies, and full grown babies:—and then for salary—only twelve shillings a week, and fare of slow waggon—whereas these London gentlemen, with their ten pounds a night and post chaises and four—besides, won't do here?—don't I come from London?—don't I act Hamlet, and to what?—not enough to pay the lighting?—but can't stay—must go look after the tricks—must get all smooth 'gainst great man's arrival.

Alltrade. Nay: I've an invitation for you—Mrs. Dazzle is extremely anxious about her play, and requests you'd wait upon her.

Mist. I wait!—who's manager?—besides d——d stuff I suppose.

Alltrade. That I can't say—but when I tell you, she is a lady I have the greatest regard for——

Mist. Enough—come this evening—be there before doors open—till when, in the words of Hamlet, Remember me!

Alltrade. Hamlet!—in the words of the Ghost, you mean.

Mist. Yes: but when I act Hamlet, play the Ghost too—always take every good speech in the play

play and whip into my part—I'm manager—he! he! he!

Alltrade. Well, adieu—and after the reading, I'll look in at the theatre.

Mist. Do—shan't cost you a farthing—put you in at stage door, and sit in my box—Strong bill to-night—Beggar's Opera in two acts—Filch by a gentleman of the law, being his first and last appearance on any stage—after which, a grand spectacle of my own writing, called “Gulliver the Great.”—In the first act, all the characters will be killed—in the second, introduced their executors, administrators, and assigns—but come and judge.—I say though, when new pantomime comes out, trouble you not to walk about the town, Jack.

Alltrade. Why?

Mist. Why!—who'll pay to look at my clown, when they can see you for nothing—he! he! he!—come along, Stop.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*Outside of the Castle.*

Enter Sir HERVEY SUTHERLAND, WORRY, and GEOFFRY.

Sir Hervey. 'Sdeath! how mortifying! how perplexing!—and yet, without the money, inevitable ruin follows. Are you sure that was Mr. Alltrade's message?

Worry. Yes, Sir; he cannot raise the five thousand pounds unless Miss Juliana joins in the bond.

Sir Hervey. Well, be it so.—Enter the castle instantly, and tell her 'tis by my command; the first and last request her father ever will make to her—begone—[*WORRY exit*].—And now, old man, obey my orders—let there be masks and dancing—I cannot encounter solitude—that leads to thought, and thought engenders madness; and I must plunge 'midst any species of society to save me from myself: therefore, let the doors of Sutherland-house once more be opened, and let revelry and good cheer welcome my return.

Geoffry. I shall obey, Sir.

Sir Hervey. Give general invitation to my friends.

Geoffry. Your friends!—Oh, I'm glad of that, Sir—then I hope I know one who will be of the party.

Sir

Sir Hervey. Indeed! who, Geoffry?

Geoffry. With submission, Miss Juliana, Sir—don't be angry—but if the title of friend admits any one into your house, in my mind none ought to be more welcome than your own daughter.

Sir Hervey. How!—have a care, Sir.

Geoffry. Nay, you are deceived, cruelly deceived; she has no hope, no wish beyond you: only this very morning, with tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, “The day that reconciles me to my father will be the proudest and the happiest of my life!”—These were her words—and now, to see her imprisoned!—(pointing to the castle.)

Sir Hervey (*much agitated*). Did she—did she say this, Geoffry?

Geoffry. She did, Sir—and at the same time she put on such a sweet fascinating look—exactly such a one as her late mother——

Sir Hervey. Who, Sir?

Geoffry. Such a one as poor Lady Sutherland, Sir,——

Sir Hervey. Distraction!—you've raised the latent fury here; and I would sooner press a viper to my breast than the image of a woman who had so wronged me.—I'll hear no more—besides, this is all artifice—I've been informed how well she loves her father; and for the imprisonment you talk of, I sanction and approve it.—Better be even cloistered thus, than only come into the world to vindicate and share a false, false mother's crimes.

Geoffry. What! can Mrs. Dazzle be base enough——

Sir Hervey. Peace, old man—on pain of your dismissal utter not a word against that best of women and of friends.—Attend me home, and
c instantly

instantly make preparation for splendid hospitality.—(*Going.*)

Geoffry. Look, Sir!—only look!—there's poor Miss Juliana sitting at her prison window!—see, how innocent and how melancholy she appears!—Suppose now you were just to stay and—and—speak to her, Sir.

Sir Hervey. I speak!—away!—lead not my mind to thoughts that madden whilst they charm me—No—in the husband's wrongs I'll bury all the fond, fond feelings of the father.—(*Going, Geoffry stops him.*)

Geoffry. Nay, Sir, only turn and take one look at her——

Sir Hervey. I dare not—I dare not—(*rushes out, followed by Geoffry.*)

SCENE—An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter JULIANA.

Juliana. Oh, what a fate is mine!—a father, whom I haven't seen from infancy, and now so near me—and I'm denied the sight of him—nay more, am told that, by his orders, this place is still to be my prison.—Oh, my mother! I feel my heart, like yours, can't long support it.—(*Weeps.*)—I shall soon follow thee!

Enter WORRY.

Worry. So, there she is—what a frightful, undutiful countenance!—Oh, she'll see us all starve before——Madam!

Juliana. As I live, the man that Geoffry spoke of—what can he want?—(*Advances towards him.*)—May I ask—I hope Sir Hervey's well?

Worry.

Worry. No, he's very ill, I'm very much obliged to you.

Juliana. Ill!—heavens!—what's his complaint?

Worry. An ungrateful daughter!—Your pardon, ma'am—perhaps I'm somewhat blunt—but I have lived with Sir Hervey these twenty years: if he has faults to others, he has none to me; and though the world deserts him, it is my duty to stand or fall with him.

Juliana. Well, I applaud your zeal; but why, why charge me with ingratitude?

Worry. Because you are his enemy; because you take the part of her who basely wrong'd him.

Juliana. Hold, censure me as much as you please; but breathe not a syllable against my mother.

Worry. There! you avow it; you justify—

Juliana. No—but I feel for her; I lament her fate: that consolation Sir Hervey cannot deny me.—And let him know me before he condemns me; for how can that child be called ungrateful who never had an opportunity of evincing either her duty or affection?

Worry. How!

Juliana. I never wronged him; and even in my infancy he shut his doors against me.—I am his child; and by denying his protection, he has exposed me to the self-same snares my mother fell a martyr to.—I've not disgraced—I've ever loved him: and let him give me but the trial—oh! let him take me to his heart; and if the caresses of an affectionate daughter do not atone for the errors of a misguided mother, then let him cast me from him; but till then let him not accuse me of ingratitude.

Worry. What! and you'd—how handsome she looks!—you'd be loving and dutiful?

Juliana. Oh yes—I'd watch, I'd nurse him—weep as he wept, and bless each smile that cheered him: and when time had mellowed his grief into a sweet remembrance of my mother's loss, then I'd retrieve her honour in the grave:—in my unvaried truth, all, all should be forgotten. I would revive the friendship that he bore her, and she should live again in Juliana.

Worry. Bless my soul!—now only think of my not marrying such a woman!—and if he wanted money, and you had it to lend him——

Juliana. If I had millions, I would devote them all to him.

Worry. Old Geoff's right.—May I never go to Heaven if she isn't an angel!—and if the widow isn't something else, may I go somewhere else.

Juliana. Ay, Mrs. Dazzle; she is my persecutor: from the hour I accidentally interfered with her in Captain Lavish's affection, she——

Worry. Captain Lavish!—what, your father's antagonist—the man who two years ago fought him in Switzerland?

Juliana. Alas! the same.

Worry. And did you return his affection?

Juliana. What could I do?—he risked his own life to save mine—'tis but a short and simple tale—One day, when I had liberty to ride within the precincts of the castle, my horse ran away with me, and he in stopping it broke his arm: I could do no less than confess the obligation; and since his recovery, often visiting Mrs. Dazzle, our intimacy encreased, and gratitude grew into love.

Worry. And all the time did you know of the duel?

Juliana.

Juliana. No; till yesterday I never heard of it; and then I instantly informed him, that though Sir Hervey neglected his duty to me, I could never forget mine to him, and nothing should induce me to receive that man as a lover, who designed to be the murderer of my father. (*Worry crosses her as if going*)—Why, what's the matter?—where are you going?

Worry. To Sir Hervey; to bid him remove you from the protection of a hypocrite, and place you under his own.

Juliana. Oh, will you—will you be so generous? Indeed in this castle I am not safe a moment.

Worry. No—nor any body else; for the roof will tumble in to a certainty; but I'll go directly: and if I fail, and the war continues—let the enemy look to it—I've served many a hard campaign, and though not lately in the battles abroad, thanks to Mrs. Worry I've seen pretty warm service at home; and sooner than you should remain under the rod of a tyrant, I'd storm the castle, and revive the age of chivalry:—yes—I would—I “Will Worry,” the married man!—So retire, and wait my coming, madam—I'll not be long.

Juliana. I'm sure you will not: and pray remind my father, that I have suffered in my turn; that we are partners in calamity, and by meeting we might divide and dissipate each other's woes.—Tell him—but you know my thoughts, and to your conduct I commit a cause on which my hope, my happiness, my life depends! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Another Apartment in the Castle, Mrs. DAZZLE and MIST discovered sitting at a Table—MIST with a Manuscript in his Hand.*

Mrs. Dazzle. Now then, Mr. MIST—now begin the play : but remember, I haven't quite finished it.

Mist (reading). “*Mary Queen of Scots, a grand heroic drama; with new scenes, new dresses, new decorations, new*”—hem : that's my affair—I'm manager—

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, certainly, Sir —

Mist (reading). “*Scene the first—a room in a Castle—the Duke of Norfolk discovered with a key in his hand. The Duke—Now, by my holy dame, with this same key, Jockey of Norfolk, thou'lt unlock the gate of Scottish Mary's prison!—He unlocks the gate and leads forth Mary.—Beswore me, but your sake, and so good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!*”—(*MIST lays down the play, and rises:*) Won't do—won't bring sixpence—refuse it—I refuse it!

Mrs. Dazzle. How! why I flattered myself I had caught the true Shaksperian fire.

Mist. And suppose you had—what then?—played Hamlet last night under ten pounds; and I say that's a bad play that brings a bad house.—Harlequin and Abraham Newland—they're the only pulling writers, except indeed the Germans; and there!—there I'm beforehand with the Londoners—mum—mine's a German Harlequin—he!—he!—However, try another page—if that's not better, don't you finish play—audience will finish it for you. (*Reads play:*)

“*Enter*

“ Enter Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh.—The Queen—Go to—we’ll nip’em i’ the bud.—Why, how now, rebels?—for this treacherous queen, convey her to the tower—and there, good Burleigh—You take the hint—Away! —Burleigh carries off Mary and”——(here MIST is interrupted by loud rattling at stage door)—You hear—applause interrupts us.

Mrs. Dazzle. Who can it be?—dear! was there ever any thing so unlucky?

Mist. Not at all; for this relief much thanks—*(taking up his hat and cane).*—Decided, in my opinion—first night disapprobation—second, under expences—third, nobody but the author.—Yours, devotedly yours.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay, I insist you don’t stir *(noise at door again).*—You hear!—do only be kind enough to step into the next room, and I’ll get rid of this intrusive person in a moment: come now, indulge an anxious author; and consider though it don’t read, it may act well.

Mist. That’s true; nothing reads worse than pantomime; but in representation!—Oh gods! and goddesses!—give me the manuscript—I’ll indulge you *(takes the play)*—one—two—only four acts!—never mind—if play’s bad, less of bad thing the better—if good, I and my copyist soon cobble up fifth act for you—but I’m gone—*(Going, returns)* Mum! ever see Gulliver the Great?—that was our writing—to be sure audience damn’d it the first night, but what then?—Theatre’s mine!—so gave ’em a dose of it; acted it fifty nights running—revenged myself there—he! he! he!—and in like manner always will maintain dignity!—always, as long as I’m P. M., Peter Mist—and M. P. manager of a play house! *[Exit.*

Mrs. Dazzle. Now then, for this tormentor——
(opens door, and enter JULIANA)—You Miss!—how dare you——

Juliana. Oh, madam!—I'm so terrified!—even now, Mr. Alltrade, a total stranger, proposed marriage to me; and told me that, aided by his own merit and your interest, he didn't doubt of success, —Nay, on my refusing him, he absolutely threatened to use force.

Mrs. Dazzle. And on this account you fled from him?

Juliana. I did, madam: and I entreat you to protect and save me.

Mrs. Dazzle. Base, worthless girl!—then know Mr. Alltrade spoke truth; he is the man I have selected for your husband.

Juliana. Heavens! and can you mean——

Mrs. Dazzle. I mean you should be his wife! and till you consent, your chamber shall be your prison——

Juliana (falling at her feet). Oh, for mercy! —Look at me—I am friendless, fatherless!

Mrs. Dazzle. And who have you to thank for it?—Yes: 'tis as I said—Captain Lavish has taught you to despise marriage, and copy the example of her who made you fatherless.

Juliana. What! do you allude to——

Mrs. Dazzle. I do—and beware, Miss—dare not to imitate such false, abandoned conduct.

Juliana. Abandoned!

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: would you justify it?—have you the audacity to vindicate deeds the most licentious!—actions——

Juliana (rising). Were you the being that I most respect—were you my father!—I'd tell you it is false!—Licentious!—oh, had my illfated mother possessed

possessed one atom that resembled you, I'd tear her image from my heart, or die!

Mrs. Dazzle. Take care, or——

Juliana. Oh, shame! shame!—is this the protection I might expect from one of my own sex?—Men would betray us; let us not betray each other! and while she whom you censure might meet with pity and forgiveness, what can the female seducer expect?—the scorn of one sex, the abhorrence of the other.

Mrs. Dazzle. Begone!—retire to your chamber—nay, no reply;—I will be obeyed—(*walks up the stage in a rage*).

Enter WORRY.

Juliana (*running hastily up to him*). Oh! have you seen my father?—will he, will he take pity on me?

Worry. Alas, madam!—I can do nothing for you.

Juliana. What! he persists!

Worry. Most obstinately: he says your offer of advancing money is no more than your duty, and what a parent has a lawful claim to.

Juliana. Then may he feel—but he's deceived, and I forgive him.

Mrs. Dazzle (*coming down stage*). Not gone yet!—Do as I command: to your chamber I insist—(*takes JULIANA by the arm and leads her to stage door—JULIANA exit.*)—And you, Worry, as you've kindly undertaken to assist Mr. Alltrade, go to him instantly; tell him Miss Sutherland has so grossly insulted me, that I've no longer any conscientious scruples, and if he chooses to secure the marriage by carrying her off—

Worry.

Worry. Carrying her off!

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: force will be the shortest mode: so bid him come in a post-chaise to the western gate, whilst I go and make sure of my prisoner.—Away—lose not a moment, and tell him I'll answer for the success of the enterprize. [*Exit.*]

Worry. I go to Mr. Alltrade!—I aid—bless my soul!—No wonder she's a widow—If she married every morning, her husband would die before night:—but I will aid in carrying her off—I'll go directly and get assistance—I'll entreat the first man I meet to join with me:—and let Sir Hervey condemn, or, what's more tremendous, let Mrs. Worry scold me, I know I'm doing my duty!—So in spite of wives, widows, and devils, I'll secure her escape, and still try to restore her to her father. (*Going.*)

Re-enter MIST (with the Play in his hand).

Mist. Oh, it won't do—'twill be damn'd.

Worry. Now pray take pity—pray give your assistance, Sir:—there's the sweetest young lady just lock'd into that room, and if you would but help to release her——

Mist. How! what! young lady lock'd up! and I help to release her!—pooh—nonsense!—what's her case!—And me—why apply to me?

Worry. Because I'm sure you will befriend us—and if you did but know how well she had conducted herself!—how charmingly she had acted her part—

Mist. What! acted her part!

Worry. Ay! no woman ever acted better:—such sense! such feeling, Sir!—and now, when she is so ready to engage herself—

Mist. Ready to engage!—oh, ho—comprehend now—lock'd up to keep her from the stage, and apply

apply to me 'cause I'm Manager—he! he!—Hark ye; how's her voice?

Worry. Delightful.

Mist. And her action?

Worry. Graceful.

Mist. And her figure?

Worry. Beautiful.

Mist. Damme she'll do my business till Harlequin comes! Say no more—my house is open—I'll give her an appearance.

Worry. What!—you'll get her out!

Mist. To be sure I will—in what part she likes best—tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime!—And you!—want a clown—you shall play clown—also if you're married! don't reply—see it by your chin—give you and your wife freedom—perpetual free admission.—But now for it—now to plan plot—Hem!—Here is the author.

Enter (from folding doors) Mrs. DAZZLE.

Mrs. Dazzle (locking doors and putting the key in her pocket). So now Juliana's safe, and I get my husband's estate.—Oh, Worry, have you seen Mr. Alltrade?

Worry (confused). Hey! yes—I've seen Mr. Alltrade, and he'll be here with the chaise directly.

Mist (reading play). “Burleigh carries off Mary.”

Mrs. Dazzle. What! no further, Mr. Mist?—I suppose you're thinking of the effect, Mr. Manager?

Worry. Mr. Manager!—Oh! I understand now—

Mist. Yes; but can't tell without rehearsal—cannot judge unless I saw it on the boards—Let me see—there's the prison gate—(pointing to folding doors):

doors):—you are Jockey Norfolk—no I'm Jockey —I'll tell you what—suppose we give it a trial!

Mrs. Dazzle. A trial! what a rehearsal now in this room?—Delightful!—I should like it of all things.

Mist. So should I—then listen—I'll play Norfolk—you Queen Elizabeth—

Mrs. Dazzle. He, Burleigh—(*pointing to WORRY*).

Worry. Who the devil's Burleigh.—

Mrs. Dazzle. And for Mary—dear! dear! where shall we get a Mary?

Mist. Tell you—all in way of rehearsal—young lady you just lock'd in—she's in same situation you know.

Mrs. Dazzle. So she is—here, Worry!—here's an excellent opportunity to take her to Mr. All-trade. (*Aside to WORRY, who nods to her significantly.*)—I declare I ca'nt help laughing.

Mist. No more can I:—Oh, damme, I see it will produce an effect now?—give me the key (*Mrs. DAZZLE gives it him*).—All to our separate places, and let rehearsal begin.—Enter Duke of Norfolk. (*Puts himself in a mock tragic attitude, and speaks bombastically.*) “Now! by my holy dame, with “this same key, Jockey of Norfolk, thou'lt unlock “the gate of Scottish Mary's prison. (*Unlocks “folding doors, and leads out JULIANA*).—Beshrew “me, but you're safe, and so good morrow, good “Queen Elizabeth!”

Mrs. Dazzle (*also speaking bombastically*). “Go to—we'll nip 'em in the bud.—Why, how “now, rebels?—For this treacherous Queen— “(*seizing JULIANA, and delivering her to WORRY; “who puts himself in a tragic attitude*)—convey “her to the tower!—and there, good Burleigh “—You take the hint!—Away!” *Mist.*

Mist. Ay:—You take the hint!—Away!

Worry. Oh yes:—I take the hint—Away! (*Exit with JULIANA.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Bravo!—will it meet with disapprobation now?—

Mist. No—it must be a very illnatured audience indeed, that don't applaud so ingenious an exit.—

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: there's authorship for you!

Mist. Egad, and there's management for you!

Mrs. Dazzle. Remember, Sir, but for me these characters wouldn't have been brought on the stage.

Mist. No; and but for you they wouldn't have been got off the stage; but now to get Norfolk off—Must follow new actrefs.—(*Aside.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Stop! I'll tell you; Elizabeth first turns her back upon him—then Norfolk makes a long harangue—then——

Mist. Psha! hang long harangues,—touch and go,—that's the plan for effect; I'll shew you how to do Norfolk's exit!—first turn your back on me P. S.—(*Mrs. DAZZLE turns her back on him.*)—So, then I strut off O. P.—Gently—don't turn round till I'm gone: then work yourself into a furious passion.—Mary, I fly!—I follow thee! and so, good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!—Hem,—there's another good exit! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the old fool! how I shall wheedle him!

Enter Sir HERVEY and ALLTRADE.

Sir Hervey. Madam!

Mrs. Dazzle. Is he gone! now then to work myself into a furious passion—(*turns round.*)—thou wretch! thou traitor!—How! Sir Hervey!—Mr. —Heavens! have you seen nothing of Miss Sutherland?—(*to ALLTRADE.*)

Alltrade. No; and Sir Hervey has brought the bond on purpose for me to present to her, and now, to our astonishment, we find she and Worry have just gone out of the castle together:—what can it mean?

Mrs. Dazzle. Mean! (*bursts into tears*)—that I am wheedl'd myself.—Oh that brute of a manager!—Sir Hervey, 'tis too plain—she has elop'd.—

Sir Hervey. Elop'd!

Mrs. Dazzle. No doubt she has fled to Captain Lavish; and these two impostors are his agents.—oh, I see it all! she has long intended it; and to avoid signing the bond, she has hastened her departure.

Sir Hervey. Elope with Lavish, why this outdoes her mother:—but can I stand idly by?—no—I'll disappoint my enemy of this unmanly triumph, and save her; spite of herself I'll save her—Mr. Alltrade, wait upon him instantly, and bid him restore my daughter on pain of a second and more desperate meeting.—Come, madam, we'll see him on his way.

Mrs. Dazzle. By all means, Sir Hervey: I only hope you don't blame me for my pupil's indiscretion.

Sir Hervey. No: had she copied your bright and excellent example, this ne'er had happened—but though her errors even exceed her mother's, and a reconciliation is more than ever distant, yet she is still my child!—and in a moment dangerous as the present, for my own sake I'll prove a friend and father.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE—*An Apartment in LAVISH's House—Recess with small Folding Doors, which are thrown open, and discover a Marble Pedestal surrounded by Doves and Cupids—a Table with Wine and Refreshments upon it.*

Enter FRANK and a Workman.

Frank. Ha! ha! so you've no sooner finished that whimsical out-of-the-way job (*pointing to the recess*)—than he sends for you about another.

Workman. Ay, your master is an excellent customer,—always up to his chin in brick and mortar; and then for price—'gad! he never haggles about price.

Frank. No, and the best of the joke is, he calls himself an economist, and comes down here on a saving scheme.

Workman. A saving scheme!

Frank. Ay! finding himself a little out of elbows in London, and the present state of the Continent not allowing him to travel, he came here to

live cheap, and retrench.—And there! (*pointing to recess again*)—there's one specimen of his economy.—On the journey he bought a statue of Venus.

Workman. I know; and a great bargain it was: it only cost him five pounds.

Frank. True; but not choosing to have his beauties gazed at, he employed you to build that strange sort of recess to put it in, which has cost him at least five times the sum.—This is always the way; if he bought a cheap boat, he'd cut a canal for it; and if a pulpit, he'd build a church for it:—in fact, he is a false economist—a self-deceiver; and here he comes to elucidate my description.

Enter LAVISH.

Lavish. Oh! if I go on in this close saving way only six months longer, I shall be able to return to town and dash like the best of them:—never was such a hand at buying bargains.—*Frank*, come here you rogue:—just now, at Squire Brozier's sale, what do you think I gave for a curricule?—only forty pounds!—there, there's economy for you.

Frank. Economy!—begging your pardon, Sir, —I see no economy in buying what you don't want.

Lavish. How?—would you let a bargain slip through your fingers, you extravagant rascal?

Frank. No—but you've no horses, Sir; and a curricule's useless—

Lavish. That's what I said: says I, a curricule is useless without horses,—so I bought a pair directly.

Frank. Bought a pair?

Lavish.

Lavish. Ay, gave a hundred and twenty pounds for them—to be sure it's money; but one's own carriage saves posting and drivers: in short, the worst come to the worst, 'tis but a hundred and fifty pounds, and I'll save it a thousand ways.—Who are you, Sir? (*to Workman.*)

Workman. I have finish'd that job, all but fixing up the statue, Sir; and now I come about the billiard-room:—but, to speak honestly, it is not worth repairing.

Lavish. So I thought; I thought it wasn't worth repairing.

Workman. No, Sir; and a new room will not cost above three hundred pounds:—but then to be sure it will be elegant and lasting.

Lavish. So it will, and the first expence is the least; so up with the new room.—(*Workman exit.*)—And now to finish my vindication to Juliana—(*Sits at the table and writes*):—“Your late mother was not only my relation, but my friend
“and benefactress; and on Sir Hervey's one day
“reprobating her conduct with unusual asperity,
“gratitude prompted me to defend it perhaps
“more warmly than I ought, and a duel was the
“result.”—(*Knocking at the door.*)—See who's there.—(*FRANK exit.*)—But what signifies writing? while she's immured in her present den, I haven't a chance of success.—Mrs. Dazzle formerly seduced me into some gallantries, and a disappointed widow is the devil.

Re-enter FRANK laughing.

Frank. Sir, I beg pardon for laughing; but who do you think is at the door?—no less a gentleman
D than

than the one you caned at Newmarket about four years ago.

Lavish. Caned!—Oh! I recollect—I detected him in an act of forgery.—But what does the fellow want?—I don't know his name, nor have I once seen him since.

Frank. No; and though he now asks for Captain Lavish, he little thinks you are the gentleman he is under such obligations to.

Lavish. Shew him up (*FRANK exit*);—introduce the Newmarket gentleman to his two old antagonists the Captain and his cane.—And, in the mean time—(*Sits at table, and takes up pen again*).

Enter FRANK and ALLTRADE.

Frank. This way, Sir—there, that's my master (*pointing to LAVISH, whose back is turned towards ALLTRADE*).

Alltrade. Oh, that's Captain Lavish, is it?—Sir, I wait upon you——

Lavish (not regarding him). Yes, the widow is so jealous and so violent.—(*Turns round.*)—How d'ye do, my fine fellow?—how d'ye do?—My Newmarket hero sure enough.—(*Aside.*)

Alltrade (trembling). Amazement! why it's the very man who——

Lavish. What's the matter?—you seem cold—shall I warm you?

Alltrade. Warm me!—no—I——

Lavish. Some wine—give the gentleman some wine.—This is the house of frugality, and therefore I can't offer you a great variety; but as far as Burgundy, Madeira, and Champagne—must drink them, if I save it a thousand ways.

Alltrade. Sir, you'll excuse me.—Why surely I've mistaken my man—he would never be so civil: at all events he don't recollect me; so I'll pluck up courage.—(*Aside.*)—Sir, I wait upon you from Sir Hervey Sutherland: he arrived here to-day, and knowing of your love for his daughter——

Lavish. Came down to increase her confinement, I suppose.

Alltrade. No trifling, Sir; he is convinced you are concerned in her elopement——

Lavish. Elopement!—how!—what!—Juliana eloped?

Alltrade. You know she has, Sir; and Sir Hervey insists——

Lavish. Eloped!—Juliana free!—out of the widow's and her father's custody!—Which way did she go?—what road did she take?—speak, speak this instant.

Alltrade. I speak!—if I knew, of course you would be the last man I should give information to.

Lavish. Indeed!

Alltrade. Certainly.—Sir Hervey is my friend, and if his daughter isn't at present in your power, I shall unite with him in opposing your pursuit of her.

Lavish. You will!

Alltrade. Undoubtedly.

Lavish. Pray, Sir, were you ever at Newmarket?

Alltrade. Newmarket, Sir!—I—I——

Lavish. Ay, Newmarket, Sir, Newmarket.—Frank, give me my cane.

Alltrade. Stay, Sir—what do you want with your cane?

Lavish (taking cane from FRANK). Only to help your memory.—Look!—(*shaking it*)—were you ever at Newmarket?

Alltrade (*bowing*). Yes, I was, Sir.

Lavish. And you'll oppose me in pursuing—

Alltrade. No, believe me, Sir.

Lavish. And if you knew which road she took—

Alltrade. I'd tell you, upon my honour, Sir.

Lavish. Then retire—begone this instant.—

And d'ye hear, if you're not satisfied with this treatment, call again, and I'll give you a warmer reception—(*shaking his cane*, ALLTRADE *exit*).—

And now for Juliana—now for the idol of my soul!—Frank, get the curricie: no, I shall only hurry and lame my own horses—get a chaise and four.

Frank. Chaise and four!—is this the way to retrench?—and consider, Sir, Miss Sutherland has no money; and you always said you'd never marry any woman who had less than ten thousand pounds.

Lavish. I did: but that's an aukward sum: a woman with ten thousand pounds expects houses, horses, carriages—in short, to spend double her own income, and her husband's too. But a woman without a farthing; she manages the house, mends the linen, nurses the children, scolds the servants—Oh! that's the real rich wife—and the poor Juliana will be the best bargain I ever made.—So go, do as I tell you: and observe, I'll marry her if I sacrifice my whole fortune in the pursuit.

Frank. Sacrifice your whole fortune, Sir!

Lavish. Ay, I will, if I save it a thousand ways.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE—*Outside of LAVISH's House.*

Enter Mrs. DAZZLE—her hat and cloak on.

Mrs. Dazzle. So, now to enter this perfidious Captain's house.—Not only love and jealousy urge me to separate him and Juliana; but as I know he don't mean to marry her, it is my business to get her once more into Alltrade's power:—yes, Miss Juliana; let me recover my husband's hundred thousand pounds, and I'll warrant I'll recover my Captain. He, like the rest of the world, won't visit virtue in a cottage, but place me in a magnificent house,—ay, there's the secret:—now-a-days people visit the building, not the owner of it; and on the size of the rooms, and the number of the entertainments, we may not only calculate our friends and admirers, but also the good and bad opinion of the whole fashionable world!

[Exit into LAVISH's house.]

Enter WORRY and JULIANA.

Juliana. Look out; we are pursued:—I'm sure they were Mrs. Dazzle's servants.

Worry. They were! but we've outrun them.

Juliana. Yes: but if they come up with us, I shall be forced back and endure increased persecution:—Oh! I wish we were safe at this Mr. Mist's house.

Worry. So do I:—though you see what a strange gentleman he is!—he left us to examine the first slow waggon we met; but don't despond, madam:—I won't leave you—no, I'll die first.

Juliana. Kind—generous ! but I cannot bear to involve you : remember you have a wife, and—

Worry. Remember !—I shall never forget it !

Juliana. Nay : but a husband is of so much consequence to his family—

Worry. Bless you, I'm of no consequence ; nobody ever wants me :—if any body leaves a card, it's for Mrs. Worry :—if any body sends an invitation, it's for Mrs. Worry :—if an invitation is sent in return, it's still Mrs. Worry : nobody calls or asks after the husband, except indeed the tradespeople !—they are kind enough now and then to notice me : but like other great married men, I'm obliged to be out when they call : so, curse me if I've even the pleasure of being at home to a dun ! but we waste time, let us proceed to Mr. Mist's house.

Juliana. Ay : for Heaven's sake dispatch—

Alltrade (without). You take that side of the road, I'll take this :—she cannot escape then.

Juliana. There, 'tis Mr. Alltrade's voice !—and both sides of the road are guarded by enemies.

Worry. Yes : it's all over—we're between two fires.—Which way shall we go ?—(*Pointing to LAVISH's door :*) that door stands most invitingly open, suppose we enter it.

Juliana. Do—instantly : why, what's the matter ? you were quite valiant just now !

Worry. I was : but I fancy my courage is more like a new acquaintance than an old friend,—professes a great deal at first, but generally sneaks off in the hour of danger : however, lead on—and let us hope to receive from strangers that protection which friends have denied us.

[*Exeunt into LAVISH's house.*

Enter

Enter ALLTRADE.

Alltrade. So—there she goes into Captain LAVISH's house : bravo, Miss JULIANA !—and there she may stay for me : I'll to Sir Hervey instantly, and let him come himself and fight it out : for all the legacies registered in Doctors Commons should not induce me to re-enter those doors and receive another warm reception ! *[Exit.*

SCENE—*Inside LAVISH's house, recess, &c. as in first Scene of this Act.*

Enter LAVISH and Mrs. DAZZLE.

Lavish. Now you've searched every part of the house ; now are you satisfied Miss Sutherland is not concealed in it ?—'Sdeath ! to detain me at such a moment—(*Aside*).

Mrs. Dazzle. No :—she's not in the house I grant you ; but the chaise ! the chaise and four !—pray, most economical Captain, do you usually travel with four horses ?

Lavish. Always :—it's by far the cheapest plan : it shortens the journey, saves stopping at inns ; in short, the additional shilling is no object, and if I had but ten pounds a-year, I'd always travel with four horses :—and now, my dear widow, allow me to see you home.

Mrs. Dazzle. Take care, Sir :—disappointed love knows no bounds ; and recollect it is in my power to expose you to my rival :—I have your letters in my possession,—letters in which you laugh and rail at marriage :—letters—

Lavish. Nay, be patient.—There now! this it is to be dragooned into an attachment,—she has me, by all that's frugal!—(*Aside.*)—Come then, sit down, and let us drink to the revival of our friendship!—See: here's famous Madeira!—ay: you may stare: but this too is on the cheapest plan I promise you, for while it takes two bottles of port to make me drunk, one of Madeira does it completely.—So here's to the rival—(*tapping hard at stage door P. S.*)—Why, what's that? ha!

Mrs. Dazzle. Mercy!—somebody's coming!—for heaven's sake don't let me be seen—I'll step into this room—(*Goes to stage door O. P. and tapping heard there.*)

Worry (outside the door). Madam, where are you, madam?

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, what is all this?—it is done on purpose to expose me!—Oh, Mr. Lavish! if you have either feeling or gallantry, think of my situation: a widow only a fortnight, and to be detected alone in a Captain's house!—

Lavish. Well! step into that recess—quick, quick—(*Mrs. DAZZLE in her hurry drops her cloak, then enters recess, and LAVISH fastens the door upon her.*)—So—there I have you fast; and now—(*taking his cane from the table.*)

Juliana (outside the door P. S). Mr. Worry, why don't you answer? me, my dear Mr. Worry.

Lavish. Damme, I'll Worry you—I'll answer you (*opens door and enter JULIANA*): Heaven's! Miss Sutherland!

Juliana. Mr. Lavish! I beg pardon, Sir:—when I took refuge in this house, I little thought to meet you.—Good day, Sir. (*Going.*)

Lavish. What! now—the very moment that I've found you?

Juliana,

Juliana. What can I do, Mr. Lavish!—I own I owe you obligations—nay, more—I confess I could have loved you:—but I have told you my determination—you are my father's enemy—therefore we cannot be friends:—farewel, Sir!

Lavish. Mighty well, madam, mighty well!—but this isn't your real motive—you love another: you love this Mr. Worry!—answer me candidly, ma'am!—did he not run away with you?

Juliana. He did!—but——

Lavish. He did!—then may I run into every species of extravagance, if when I catch him, I don't give him the Newmarket flourish (*shaking his cane*).—Where is he?—where is this Mr. Worry?

Enter WORRY.

Worry. Here at your service, Sir.

Lavish. This my rival!—this antient, wizen, dowager-like—Don't be unmanly, Lavish!—never strike an old woman I intreat you (*throwing away his cane*).—Besides now I look at him, it is! 'tis Sir Hervey's—you dear, amiable, agreeable:—one Mrs. WORRY is sufficient for you, or the devil's in't.

Worry. Very likely, Sir: but if you have no rival in an old woman, as you please to call me, I fancy Miss Sutherland has! when I listened at the door, I'll swear I heard the widow's voice.

Lavish. The widow!—no, Juliana—I can prove myself as great an economist in love as in money.

Worry. Are you sure you can, Sir?

Lavish. Sure!—if since the hour I first beheld her, I haven't treasured every thought, hoarded every look!—stored——

Worry

Worry (pointing to *Mrs. DAZZLE's* cloak on the ground). Pray, Sir, who does that cloak belong to?

Lavish. That cloak!—Oh that cloak is one of my bargains.

Worry. Is it? then you buy very dear bargains, I fancy.—Look, madam,—(taking up cloak) isn't it *Mrs. Dazzle's*?

Juliana. It is: and since this confirms what I have long suspected, I have now an additional motive for avoiding you.—*Mr. Lavish*, we never meet again.—Come (to *Worry*)!

Worry (to *LAVISH*). I say, if you don't hoard your money better than your love, never think of matrimony—you'll find it too expensive a bargain for you, I promise you. (Going.)

Sir Hervey Sutherland (without). Where is he?—where is Captain Lavish?

Lavish. Sir Hervey! 'Slife! what brings him here?

Juliana. My father! oh Heavens! and to find me under the roof of his enemy—

Worry. And me also!—*Mrs. Worry* herself couldn't terrify me more.—Come along, madam, and let's leave the Captain to stand the brunt.—

Juliana. Ay: lose not a moment.—And oh, *Mr. Lavish*! as this is the last time we shall ever meet, remember the parting words of her you once regarded—Pacify my father, do not incense him—be his friend, and 'spite of your falshood and unkindness, you may still be mine.

Worry. And mine—ha! ha! there's another bad bargain for him!

(*JULIANA* exit—*WORRY* is following, when *LAVISH* lays hold of him and prevents his going). Holloa! what's the matter?

Enter

Enter Sir HERVEY.

Sir Hervey. So, Mr. Lavish; 'tis still doomed that we're to meet as enemies—where is Miss Sutherland, Sir?

Lavish. Sir Hervey, on the honour of a gentleman, I know nothing of your daughter's elopement; for any further information I refer you to Mr. Worry (*pushing WORRY forwards*). I say, who has the best of the bargain now?

Sir Hervey. 'Sdeath! I've a great mind—(*advancing towards WORRY, and stopping*)—but he is only agent;—to you as principal, I look for reparation and redress.—Hear me, Sir—Mrs. Dazzle, a lady of the strictest truth and honour—the first informed me of your infamous designs, and now—not half an hour ago, a friend, on whose word I can equally rely, saw Miss Sutherland enter this very house: therefore there is no alternative but this—instantly restore her, or—you guess the result.

Lavish. I do—but I'll waste no more powder, Sir Hervey.

Sir Hervey. How?

Lavish. No: dying is certainly a cheap mode of living, and to a man in desperate circumstances, a duel may be a good saving scheme: but having hoarded enough to make life comfortable, why I'm a curst fool if I don't save it a thousand ways. (*Sits down*).

Sir Hervey. Poor, paltry prevarication!—Remember, Mr. Lavish, we were once friends—I treated you as a son—you esteemed me as a parent—and what dissolved that friendship?—you chose to vindicate the honour of a false wife, and call me to the field—did I not come?

Lavish. You did, Sir.

Sir

Sir Hervey. And now where is your consistency?—you would bring my daughter to the same degraded state; you would reduce her to the level of her mother; and when an injured father asks for satisfaction, you refuse to give it him—what is this but cowardice? plain unequivocal cowardice!

Lavish. Cowardice! ill as Miss Sutherland has treated me, I never meant to raise my arm against her father:—but when you allude to the memory of her I owe such obligations to, and say I would reduce her daughter to the same degraded state—'tis past bearing—I can't endure it! and you may shoot me as soon as you please.

Sir Hervey. Here are the weapons then—(*putting pistol into LAVISH's hand*).

Worry. Hold, Sir; he is innocent, Miss Sutherland is slandered!—the lady your friend saw enter this house was a very different person—it was the widow, indeed it was the widow!

Sir Hervey. Mrs. Dazzle?

Worry. Ay: 'tis she that carries on an amour with the Captain; and though I can't produce her to prove it, I can at least produce a part of her;—look, Sir—do you see this cloak?

Sir Hervey. Away! 'tis my unfeeling daughter's, and the sight so heightens my resentment—Come, Sir, wrongs like mine will brook no more delay, and you must either meet a coward's or a villain's fate—

Lavish. Coward again!—Come, then—here's my ground! (*goes up stage.*)

Worry (stopping Sir HERVEY). Don't think me impertinent Sir—but while you as a man of honour think it your duty to fight a duel, I as an honest man think it mine to prevent it!—it's the widow!

upon

upon my soul, it's the widow ! (*holding Sir HERVEY'S arm who struggles to get it loosened.*)

Sir Hervey. Distraction !—nay then—thus——
(*throws WORRY violently from him, who, falling against doors of recess, they burst open and Mrs. DAZZLE is discovered standing on the pedestal surrounded by doves, &c.*)

Worry (*who has fallen at her feet, still looking up in her face*). It's the widow !—upon my soul it's the widow !

Sir Hervey. Amazement !—can that be Mrs. Dazzle !

Lavish. No—it's a statue—you see it's a statue.
(*Mrs. DAZZLE rises, walks quickly down the stage and exit.*)

Worry. Halloo ! won't you take your cloak along with you ? you'll want it to cover your sins !

Sir Hervey. Hypocrite ! I now view her in her true colours, and I am doomed to be the dupe of woman.—Mr. Lavish, I see my friend was mistaken, and I acknowledge I have wronged you.

Lavish. Psha !—I want no acknowledgment—if you wish to make me amends, stay and dine with me—mine is the system of economy, and as I can't lay out money to better advantage than in entertaining an old friend, I'll give you a dinner fit for the court of Aldermen—I will, if I save it a thousand ways.

Sir Hervey. Excuse me, Sir—your innocence on the present occasion will not do away former injuries ; nor will Mrs. Dazzle's bad conduct be an apology for my daughter's.—No !—whilst I thought love the cause of her elopement, it was my duty to pursue and save her :—but since I see self-interest is the motive, and that she fled to avoid signing an instrument which would have saved me from disgrace,

grace, and not have injured her—I shall no longer condescend to seek her.

Worry. 'Tis no such thing, Sir—and if you will go to her at Mr. Mist's house—

Sir Hervey. Peace!—and instantly attend me home, where, if the account of your own conduct prove not satisfactory—(*Worry attempts to speak*).—Nay, this is no place for explanation—go on before—Mr. Lavish, I have the honour to wish you good evening! (*Worry and Sir HERVEY exeunt.*)

Lavish. Here's bad reckoning!—'tis well I calculate better in money matters. But what's to be done?—he said she was gone to Mr. Mist's:—well! if I follow her, she won't see me;—if I write to her, she won't answer my letter.—Oh! she's lost!—Juliana's lost to me for ever!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Sir, is the chaise to wait?

Lavish (*not regarding him*). And yet,—if I could gain an interview—hark'ye, Frank—do you know any body at Mr. Mist's the Manager's?

Frank. Yes: and so do you, Sir—Stopgap, who left your service to go on the stage, is now his prompter.

Lavish. That's fortunate—I'll go to him instantly; and if he will but do me a favour—

Frank. That he will, if you'll bribe him: only give him ten pounds—but that you know, Sir, won't suit your system of economy.

Lavish. Won't it?—ten pound is no object, and I've lately made so many good bargains, that it's d—d hard if I can't afford to throw away an odd bank note or two.—So, come along—and if after all I do live a little beyond my income, it's no fault of mine, Frank.

Frank.

Frank. No! whose is it then, Sir?

Lavish. Whose!—why it is the fault of those selfish harpies who make economy useless—who raise the price of every article:—and if Sir Hervey and other fighting gentlemen would unload their pistols on jobbers, forestallers, and monopolizers, their valour would be directed to the best purposes—I might live cheap, and the country would be cleared of it's worst enemies! [Exeunt.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Outside of a Theatre, and MIST's house ;
LAVISH discovered listening at the door.*

Lavish. Gad ! I hope the prompter don't want prompting : (*Looking at his watch*) By this 'tis ten minutes, but by my reckoning ten hours, since Stopgap entered this house with a letter for Juliana, —so—he comes !—he comes !

Enter STOPGAP (from the house).

Lavish. Well ! what news ?—have you seen Miss Sutherland ?

Stopgap. I have, and here—(*producing a letter*).

Lavish. Here's an answer to my letter.

Stopgap. No ;—there's your letter back again—she refused to open it, and in my presence ordered the servants not to admit you into the house.

Lavish. What ! she persists——

Stopgap. Most obstinately, Sir ;—but spite of her refusal, make it worth my while, and I'll procure you an interview :—excuse the hint, Sir ; but if you recollect when I lived with you, you were so saving——

Lavish. So I am still :—worse and worse,—more economical than ever ;—but the hope of gaining such a treasure as Juliana !—here you rogue,—here's ten pounds on the strength of it (*giving him a bank note*).

Stopgap.

Stopgap. So there is ;—then listen :—the play to night is the “ Road to Ruin,” and Mr. Prettyman, who was to have performed Goldfinch, has just met with an accident :—now, Sir, having no substitute, and it being too late to change the play, suppose you wait on the Manager, and offer to supply his place.

Lavish. I supply !

Stopgap. Why not ? at the private theatre I have seen you act this very part :—then an interview is certain ; for Mr. Mist’s house adjoins the theatre, and Miss Sutherland is now in a room close to the stage.

Lavish. Is she ?—then I’ll double Prettyman ;—I’ll act Goldfinch,—“ that’s your fort ;”—but hold, hold—don’t introduce me by my own name ; call me Mr. Crib, or Mr. Glib, or Mr. Squib.

Stopgap. I will ; I’ll call you Mr. Squib.—Hush !—he comes. (*They stand aside.*)

Enter MIST and Mrs. DAZZLE.

Mist. How ! what ! London Manager !—Husband die a London Manager !—Go on, imperial Mrs. M. P.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay, I only tell you that Mr. Dazzle, a short time previous to his decease, was in treaty for a moiety of one of the London theatres ; but I cannot say whether he lived to complete his purchase ;—however, I shall write by this post.

Mist. And so will I :—and if he did purchase, throne devolves to you.—Bless me ! how majestic she looks !—and her play.—When shall I hear the rest of your most magnificent play ?—Nay, spare a country monarch :—thought her great actress,—

you humble author :—now you turn out manager, and she worse than a dummy.

Mrs. Dazzle. Well, Sir, you know how to make atonement ; your friend Mr. Alltrade wishes to marry this ungrateful girl, and as she is now under your roof——

Mist. Enough—send for Alltrade, and then, “ Good morrow, good Queen Mary.”

Mrs. Dazzle. I will ;—I’ll go write to him instantly ;—and in return, if I do possess a London theatre, depend on’t you shall be my sole manager.

Mist. Right !—I’m the man to rule behind curtain.—I’m the man to accept pieces, cast parts, and every night secure an overflow ;—but go, thou author of the divinest tragedy (*kisses her hand, and Mrs. DAZZLE exit*). Never shall it be acted though ; never shall she act her own infernal——

Stopgap (advancing). Sir !—more bad luck, Sir !—Mr. Prettyman, in trying to pull on the only pair of new boots we have in the theatre, has just put out his shoulder bone, consequently there is nobody to act Goldfinch.

Mist. Put out shoulder bone !—what now !—Just before doors open ?

Stopgap. Even so, Sir ; and we have lately made so many apologies——

Mist. True ; made one last night, two the night before : zounds ! there’ll be a riot ; and all owing to this ungrateful shamming——See how it is—benefit’s over—that’s it—got [four pounds over expences, and till that’s gone, act Road to Ruin off, instead of on, the stage ; but what’s to be done ?—found out, Stop ; d——e we shall be found out.

Stopgap.

Stopgap. Nay: there is hope still—look yonder, Sir; that gentleman is an excellent substitute; he is perfect in the part, and with your leave is ready to go on with it.—I'll introduce him—Mr. Squib, this is Mr. Mist.

Lavish. Sir, your most devoted—

Mist (haughtily). Servant, my lad; servant—so, call yourself an actor! heh! hem!

Lavish. I do—at your service, Sir.

Mist. My service!—he! he!—that's another matter—see you act first—if miss, exit Squib—if hit, enter at half a guinea a week.

Lavish. Psha!—money's no object.

Mist. No!

Lavish. No, I've saved a fortune, Mr. Manager, and am so attached to the stage, that I'll not only act gratis, but when there are not expences in the house, I'll be bound to pay them—I will, if I save it a thousand ways.

Mist. Will you?—oh that I had a whole company like him!—why you're a high fellow!

Lavish (speaking from GOLDFINCH.) “To be sure—know the odds—hold four in hand—beat the mail—come in full speed—rattle down the gateway—take care of your heads—never killed but one woman and a child in all my life—that's your fort!”

Mist. Bravo!—capital!—and no salary!—my dear Mr. Squib—all gratitude—all thankfulness—by and bye rule a London theatre—perhaps Covent Garden—Know present acting manager!

Lavish. What!

Mist. Mum!—kick him out, whip you in.

Lavish. That's right—kick out present stupid acting manager, and whip me in;—but come along— isn't it time to dress?

Mist. Not quite ; just time to crack bottle, and draw up apology—must get one ready written:—much warfare lately—last night affronted audience myself.

Lavish. Yourself ! how ?

Mist. Tell you :—whenever theatre's thin, always get drunk.

Lavish. In the name of heaven, why ?

Mist. He ! he ! he !—'cause it makes me see double—so going to take a peep, mistook my way, and in dagger scene of Macbeth, reeled upon the stage, and staggered up to lamps !—never so well received before ;—delighted with applause, stood smiling and bowing, till Macbeth bore me off, 'midst the shouting and huzzaing of a genteel, though not a numerous, audience—Expect bustle to night in consequence—so must knock under a little—not too much though—I'm Manager—heh !—hem !—but come along ; and over bottle drink success——

Lavish. There's no occasion ; my Goldfinch never failed—" that's your fort !" [Exeunt.

SCENE—*A grand Saloon in Sutherland House*
—*Masks discovered dancing.*

After dance, ALLTRADE dressed in a Domino enters with a Servant.

Alltrade (a letter in his hand). From Mrs. Dazzle, you say ; perhaps some news of Miss Sutherland. (*Opens letter and reads*) : " Juliana
" is at Mr. Mist's, and he completely in our in-
" terest.—Come directly, and if Sir Hervey has
" given you his consent, make him write it to
" his

“ his daughter : and if he objects to that from
 “ motives of pride and delicacy, bid him write to
 “ the Manager, and entreat him to enforce his
 “ command : this shewn to Juliana will secure all ;
 “ —she will forfeit the legacy, and a third of my
 “ husband’s estate will be yours !”——Excellent ! and he has given me his consent—what’s
 here ? a postscript !—(*Reads on*) : “ If Juliana has
 “ signed the bond, don’t mention it to Sir Hervey
 “ —he’ll expect money, and at present you know
 “ we have none to give him.”——True : and
 the bond is already disposed of ; for if all else fail,
 that will be a grand resource.—My compliments
 to Mrs. Dazzle, and I’ll wait upon her presently.
 (*Servant exit.*)

Enter Sir HERVEY hastily.

Sir Hervey. Alltrade ! my friend !—I’m glad
 I’ve found you—(*taking his hand*).

Alltrade. Why, what agitates you ?

Sir Hervey. I’m ruined—I’m exposed—look—
 do you see those masks ? (*pointing to two masks in
 dominos who stand apart from the rest*).

Alltrade. I do—what of them ?

Sir Hervey (*whispering him*). Hush.

Alltrade. Bailiffs !

Sir Hervey. Ay, an execution for a thousand
 pounds, and a writ against my person for nearly
 the same sum.—And now, in the meridian of my
 splendor, I am to meet the scorn of all around
 me ; now, in the midst of friends—but be it so—
 a gaol can’t yield me less substantial joy than this
 unmeaning, artificial scene.

Alltrade. Come, come, don’t rail at that which,
 till now, gave you happiness.

Sir Hervey. Never.—What has it afforded me? days of distress, and nights of fever and disgrace: borrowing one day, to pay double the next; flying to the gaming-table—sacrificing fortune, health, honour—and for what?—to appear fashionable; to make a false display of wealth; and fritter away life in the society of knaves I detest, and fools I despise.—Call you this happiness?—No, 'tis desperation, 'tis delirium!

Alltrade. Nay, be composed; there is still a way to save you. You know this distress would have been avoided had your daughter signed the bond.

Sir Hervey. Name her not—I do not wish to curse her.

Alltrade. Well, but if she will still sign—and remember our conversation this morning—on your wishing she had a husband to protect her, and my naming myself, you were pleased to say she could not be in better hands.

Sir Hervey. I did—but what has this to do with—

Alltrade. Every thing.—Let the marriage take place, and I, in the character of husband, can execute the bond myself. Then these debts will be discharged, and all go well again. Come, though you say you don't dislike a prison, I am too much your friend to see you put to the trial.

Sir Hervey. Well, I own I dread the exposure and disgrace.

Alltrade. Then to avoid it, write a strong letter to your daughter; state that her accepting my hand can alone save you from ruin.

Sir Hervey. I write!—I condescend!

Alltrade. Nay then, to make it less irksome to your feelings, write to the gentleman under whose protection

“ support a character.”—Says I, “ That’s impossible, because you’ve no character to support.”—
 “ Nay,” says he, “ I’m grown honest since I saw you.”—“ Oh ! you are, are you ?” says I ;
 “ then pray walk up ; novelty at a masquerade is every thing.”

Sir Hervey. Psha ! what’s this to me ?

Worry. You shall hear, Sir. I am more sorry to mention he is Mr. Alltrade’s attorney ; and, by his orders, has just taken the bond to Miss Sutherland, at Mr. Mist’s.

Sir Hervey. Indeed ! and what was the result ?

Worry. What ! why the moment he shewed her your name at the bottom of it, she burst into tears ; then taking up the pen, she exclaimed, “ Though my father is unmindful of my distresses, I can never forget his ; and were it to doom me to imprisonment or death, I would execute with pleasure.”

Sir Hervey. How ! and did she——

Worry. She did.—And another thing—you must have signed the bond without reading it : instead of two years, ’tis payable on demand.

Sir Hervey. ’Tis false ! I’ll not believe a word.

Worry. I thought so—I thought this would be the case ; and therefore I persuaded my nephew to trust me with it—(*produces bond*).—Look, here is at once a proof of your friend’s villainy and your daughter’s virtue !—See how you have wronged her, and how he has wronged you. But the widow, she is the arch agent ! and talk of gentlemen of the long robe, curse me but I believe there’s more mischief under one gown than another !

Sir Hervey (*reading bond*). “ Juliana Sutherland !”—(*weeps and lets bond fall.*)—Where is she, where is my daughter ?

Worry.

Worry. How!—do you mean——

Sir Hervey. I do; I mean to prove myself her father: the bitter secret long has rankled here, but now I can divulge it: and if a shattered heart can once more vibrate at the touch of joy, it will be when I clasp my wronged, exalted child!—Come, let us fly!

Worry. Ay, the faster the better.—I'm so happy!—If Mrs. Worry were in Heaven, I couldn't be happier!—(*as they are going, Bailiffs in dominoes advance.*)

Bailiff. Excuse us, Sir Hervey, we cannot part with you; and unless the debt is instantly paid, we must conduct you to prison.

Worry. To prison!

Sir Hervey. Ay; behold my well timed punishment!—Now, on the brink of happiness, I am to meet the sure reward of desperation and extravagance!

Bailiff. Nay, why upbraid yourself, Sir Hervey? a man of your rank couldn't live shabbily.

Sir Hervey. No; but I might have lived honorably; I might have lived within my income; that is the barrier no man of true honour ever passes: and if stealing on the highway be punished with death, why should the more refined robber, who defrauds the industrious tradesman of the hard earnings by which he is to support his family, why should he escape?—Oh! let no man boast the proud name of gentleman, who contracts debts he cannot pay!—But I attend you—lead on—and yet—Distraction!—William!

Worry. Sir!

Sir Hervey. The worst I had forgotten: you know not half your master's weakness, half his villany!

villany!—not an hour ago I wrote a letter, and commanded my daughter to marry——

Worry. Whom, Sir?

Sir Hervey. The worst, the vilest of mankind!

Worry. Mr. Alltrade?

Sir Hervey. Yes; I, her father, in return for all her fondness and affection, commanded her to link herself to infamy, dishonour!—But is it yet too late to save her?—will she not be merciful?—oh! will she not disobey me?

Worry. No, she's so affectionate, that the moment she reads the letter——

Sir Hervey. Ay, but perhaps she has not yet received it.—Go, lose not a moment; 'tis directed to the gentleman at whose house she now resides.

Worry. I'll go; I'll do all I can to save her: and, in the mean time, pray keep up your spirits, Sir: indeed, indeed you deserve a better fate.

Sir Hervey. No, I deserve it all!—think what I am, and what I might have been!—now an outcast and a beggar, dragged from my home, and plunged into a prison!—and, but for fashion and its errors, that house had been a heaven!—But my child!—go—be swifter than the letter—save her from seeing what will make her curse me; and, whilst it dooms her to eternal misery, will be an everlasting evidence of my disgrace! [Exeunt.]

SCENE—*An Apartment in MIST's House.**(Knocking at the door.)—Enter Mrs. DAZZLE.*

Mrs. Dazzle. 'Tis he! 'tis Alltrade! now for it!—now if Sir Hervey has but consented to the marriage.—*(Here LAVISH opens door in back scene, and is coming out; but seeing Mrs. DAZZLE stops and listens).* Oh, I'm so anxious.—*(Enter ALL-TRADE.)*—Well! what success? will the match take place?—shall I inherit my husband's estate?

Alltrade. You will! this letter from Sir Hervey to Mr. Mist will explain and secure every thing.

Mrs. Dazzle. Let me see—*(takes letter and reads)*: “To Mr. Mist.—Sir, My daughter
“ having placed herself under your protection, I
“ am induced to think you have an influence over
“ her, though her father has none; therefore let
“ me entreat you to exert it, by persuading her to
“ accept the hand of my friend Mr. Alltrade, and
“ assure her that her marriage with that gentleman
“ can alone save me from ruin, or lead to the re-
“ conciliation, she has so long pretended to wish
“ for.—HERVEY SUTHERLAND.”

Alltrade. There! she's too dutiful to refuse.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the thought of saving him from ruin would of itself induce her to consent; but the hope of a reconciliation also!—delightful! charming! Go, take the letter to Mr. Mist, and bid him come and shew it Juliana directly.

Alltrade. I will.

Mrs. Dazzle. And, d'ye hear; then away to a parson: in the mean time I'll get a licence, and in less than half an hour the marriage shall take place in this very room.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Madam, here's a Mr. Worry——

Mrs. Dazzle. Don't admit him; remember you have orders to admit nobody.—(*Servant exit.*) Away! dispatch, my friend; and now Miss Juliana, I defy you! neither your father nor your lover, no, not even the economical Captain, can save his darling treasure now. [*Exit.*]

Lavish (advancing). Can't he? he'll try a thousand ways though.—'Sdeath! no sooner reconciled to Juliana—no sooner convinced her of my truth and affection, than I'm to see her——If she reads the letter; all's over! for her last words were, "I will marry no man, but the one my father selects for me."—and now, when his ruin and a reconciliation depend on her consenting——plague on't! I could play the fool and weep: yes, I'm no niggard here! (*putting his hand to his heart*)—and if I can purchase her safety even at the loss of my life, I shall reckon it the best bargain I ever made.

Mist (without). Very well, I'll deliver letter—I'll make widow amends.

Lavish. Here he comes, and in his possession what will for ever ruin me and Juliana; nay, also Sir Hervey:—I'm sure he's under some dreadful error; and if I can save his daughter at this moment, my triumph will be ten times greater than in fighting him;—yes, that I shall call honourable satisfaction. What can I devise?—see the letter she shall not! and there is no way to prevent it but by getting this credulous old manager out of the room. Let me see—I have it!—he talked of a riot in his theatre!—it will do! it will do!

Enter

Enter MIST drunk.

Mist (the letter in his hand). So, here's Sir Hervey's letter; and I'm to shew it Miss Sutherland; and enforce marriage, and—u-u-up! (*Hiccuping*): methinks I see double again—methinks—no—no I'm not on stage now, 'cause hear no applause: drunk or sober, sure to encourage such a promising young actor.

Lavish (observing him). Drunk too!—better and better!

Mist. He! he! he!—wonder how Mr. Squib—how Mr. No Salary's going on?—says he, "I'm a private actor!"—"Hem," says I, "more private the better:"—hope they accept him though; hope they let him double Prettyman; if not, here's such an apology! (*pulling out a paper, and putting it back again*)—such a beautiful, witty composition; but hold:—now to see Miss Sutherland!

Lavish (coming against him). And now to prevent you. (*Aside.*)—Oh, Sir, I was just going for you: the riot is begun,—the whole theatre is in an uproar.

Mist. Devil! what!—want Prettyman?

Lavish. No, they want you—Tell you how it was—Stopgap went on, and claimed their usual indulgence—on which a little tiger-faced fellow exclaimed from the pit, "We'll bear it no longer!—if the Manager will constantly make apologies, play the best parts, act his own farces, get drunk, and reel upon the stage, why the theatre is a nuisance!"

Mist. A nuisance!

Lavish. Ay: "And either let him come and account for his conduct, or let us treat it as a nuisance!"

“fance:—let us pull it down!”—He was strongly supported, and I left the whole house calling “Manager! Manager!”—so go—go directly (*pulling him*).

Mist. I go! I account!—to whom:—to a five pound house!—to a tiger-faced gentleman, and a dozen more ungrateful, tasteless scoundrels—I!

Lavish. Tasteless!

Mist. Yes: haven’t I done every thing!—turn’d author, actor, engaged Harlequin, and half ruined myself to please ’em?—and now—look ’ye, Mr. Squib, here’s my apology—(*taking paper out of his pocket*):—if that will satisfy ’em, let Stop read it—if not, and they still abuse me as acting manager, see how they like me in another character—acting magistrate!—Damme! myself and two constables ’ll take the whole house!

Lavish (*looking at the paper in MIST’s hand*). By heaven, he has mistaken!—’tis Sir Hervey’s letter! (*aside*).—Yes! that will do: give me that apology, and I’ll answer for every body being satisfied—nay! there’s no time for hesitation—they absolutely threatened to make you go down on your knees.

Mist. His knees!—a Manager on his knees!—that for ’em! (*snapping his fingers and turning away from LAVISH*).

Lavish. Nay; the apology—’tis, ’tis Sir Hervey’s hand! (*aside*).—Give me the apology.

Mist. That for ’em! won’t—won’t condescend to let ’em hear even apology now.

Lavish. No!—’Sdeath: I’ve marr’d every thing. (*Aside*).

Mist. No: soon manage London audience, and not even to them—but they know better—and were I before ’em at this moment—instead of

asking for apology—instead of approving this mean cowardly piece of writing, they'd applaud me for destroying it—they would!—so there!—preserved my character both as man and as Manager! (*tears Sir HERVEY's letter.*)

Lavish. You have! and Juliana's preserved and I'm preserved!—(*Enter Mrs. DAZZLE.*)—"Here am I, widow—been to Hatcher's—bespoke wedding coach—all flash—damn the expence—that's your fort."

Mrs. Dazzle. You here, Sir!—Mr. Mist, have you shewn Miss Sutherland her father's letter?

Mist. No; and can't stay to do it now—must go quell riot—must talk to tiger-fac'd gentleman—

Mrs. Dazzle (stopping him). Nay: if you wish to make me amends, I insist you do it instantly, and let me be eye witness of his mortification and her despair—Come forth, Miss Juliana!—(*opens door in back scene, and leads out JULIANA.*)—Now, Mr. Mist, where is Sir Hervey's letter?

Mist. Here (*pulling out paper*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Then read it, and secure my triumph.

Mist. I will—hem! (*Reads*).—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced——"

Mrs. Dazzle (snatching it from him). Why, you mistake—let me read.—(*Reads*)—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced——" why what's this paper?

Mist. An apology—that I'm ready to offer you, though not audience—I'm very sorry, but can't stay to explain now—(*Going*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Astonishing!—why, what's become of Sir Hervey's letter?

Mist.

Mist. What! (*points to the torn letter*).—You take the hint—must go to tiger faced gentleman—you take the hint. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Dazzle. What can he mean!—I'll follow him, and have the matter explained instantly—and don't fancy to escape, Miss Juliana; for Sir Hervey shall come himself and enforce his consent; and if that fails,—the bond—look to the bond—Oh, you may smile, Sir (*to LAVISH*), but you'll find revenge is still in my power. [*Exit.*]

Lavish. You hear, Miss Sutherland; and to avoid the danger with which you are threatened take my advice and be beforehand with them.—Fly to your father—throw yourself at his feet—entreat his protection—

Juliana. I will; there is no other hope—go where I will, they still pursue and persecute me.—Yes! I'll to my father!

Lavish. Come then—allow me to conduct you—and if I too throw myself at his feet, and he no longer thinks me his enemy—

Juliana. Alas! even then, Mr. Lavish—consider, I am so destitute of every hope of fortune—

Lavish. Fortune! oh, if that's all the difficulty, it's only to lessen our expences—to live on a narrow scale:—instead of a house in Grosvenor-square, we must be content with one in Grosvenor-street:—instead of four horses, we must drive only a pair:—and to avoid gaming and giving great entertainments, we must go every night to the play or the opera.—But come—and though thus far I shall stint you, my dear Juliana, in every other respect I'll indulge you to the last shilling—I will, if I save it a thousand ways! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE—*The Court-yard of a Prison; Wall and great Gates in back Scene; on each Side Apartments in the Prison, and O. P. Steps leading up to a Door.— Moonlight.*

Sir HERVEY and WORRY *discovered.*

Worry. Nay, let me entreat you, Sir, retire to your chamber!—you forget you are in a prison.

Sir Hervey. But are you sure my daughter is not Alltrade's wife?

Worry. I am, Sir! and that she owes her deliverance to the generous exertions of Captain Lavish. (*Loud knocking at gate.*)—There—you hear, Sir!—now pray, pray retire.

Sir Hervey. Well! conduct me; and in the morning wait on Captain Lavish, and express my warmest gratitude.—

Worry. Aye, that I will, Sir! and make every inquiry after Miss Sutherland:—but now, Sir! (*Loud knocking again.*)—Bless me! this is a most unconscionable sort of place!—neither let people in or out!—'tis devilish hard:—I dare say the gentleman has as much right to be here as any body!—This way, Sir, this way! (*Sir HERVEY and WORRY ascend steps, and exeunt.*)

(Gates are opened, and enter JULIANA and two Bailiffs.)

First Bailiff. Come, come!—now all's safe:—though if we hadn't contrived to separate her from Captain Lavish by means of a forged letter—

Second Bailiff. Ay, that was my planning!—so here you are, Miss! arrested on your bond for five thousand pounds;—and you know Mr. Alltrade's terms!—either sign a contract of marriage—

Juliana. That I never will.

First Bailiff. Good night then.

Juliana. Stay!—spare me but a moment!—unused to this scene of terror and distress, unless some friendly hand is stretched to save me, I must e'en fall and perish here!—Oh, I am faint! quite—quite sick at heart.

Second Bailiff. You'd better sign the contract then.

Juliana. Never! never! (*Bailiffs exeunt*).—They're gone:—now, Juliana, summon all your courage!—alone,—unprotected! in the worst place, amongst the worst society; separated from the man you love, deserted by the father you revere, and so deprived of every hope of aid, that, should you linger on for years, here, here at last must be your grave! (*Shouting and laughing without*).—Heavens! what noise is that?—a set of the most needy and most desperate! (*Stamping* :) Again!—they come this way—and I am left to be the victim of their brutality!—I can't support it!—I faint with terror!—Oh, help! help! (*Falls at the foot of the steps*).

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir HERVEY.

Sir Hervey. Surely I heard a woman's voice,—and seemingly in much distress!—'tis so!—poor wretch!—she scarcely breathes:—Within there! (*Re-enter Worry:*)—give your assistance! help me to raise this poor unfortunate.

Worry. I will, I will! (*They raise JULIANA, who remains in a lifeless state*).—Merciful powers! (*seeing her face, starting, and moving away*).

Sir Hervey. Ha! what alarms you?—do you know her?

Worry. I do!

Sir Hervey. Who is it?—what brings her here? speak!—has she no friends? no relations?

Worry. Yes:—she has a father!

Sir Hervey. Barbarian!—could he not prevent—

Worry. He could, but——ask your own heart! mine would burst to speak it.

Sir Hervey. How?

Worry. Ay, your much wronged daughter!—who evidently has been brought here on the bond she signed to save you!—but don't—don't be unhappy, Sir! I'll go directly for assistance.

Sir Hervey. Fly! begone! (*Worry exit.*—*JULIANA remains still lifeless in Sir HERVEY's arms:*)—can I behold all this, and live?—Poor girl!—the very features of———Oh, God! Oh, God!

Juliana. Give me air!—So; I am much, much better.

Sir Hervey. Indeed!—I am glad, cordially glad: ha! ha! (*weeping*)—you've saved my life!

Juliana. Your life!—such kindness from a stranger!—Oh! in this place I little thought to find a friend!

Sir Hervey. And do you call me friend !

Juliana. I hope I may ! you seem to take an interest in my sufferings.

Sir Hervey. I do—I do ! and well I know the author of them all !—too well I know the father that has caused them.

Juliana. My father ! do you know my father ?—Oh, when you see him, don't tell him you found me in prison ! that would afflict him, and it would double my misery to add to his !—don't—pray don't tell him, Sir.

Sir Hervey. Why not ?—why feel for him who never felt for you ! has he not from your infancy deserted you ?—has he not shut his doors against you ? and, instead of being your friend and protector, has he not proved himself your enemy—your persecutor ?

Juliana (haughtily). Well ! if he has, Sir ?

Sir Hervey. Did he not thwart you in your affections,—tear you from the man you love, and command you to marry him you hate ?—and after these accumulated injuries, and you had involved yourself to support him, what was his return ? ingratitude ! what was your inheritance ? poverty !—what has been your reward ? a prison !—Oh, villain ! villain !—worst of villains !

Juliana. Villain !—hold your unlicensed tongue. Villain !—who are you that dare thus accuse my father ?

Sir Hervey. A libertine ; whose dissipation drove his wife into such scenes of error and remorse that she died of a broken heart !—an outcast ! who, not content with that, would have reduced his daughter to the same unhappy fate !—a wretch ! who, abandoned her not for her own conduct, but her mother's !—who brought her to a prison !—who
fees

sees her there without the hope of saving her!—or, to sum up all in one emphatic word—to give the aggregate of complicated infamy—I am your father!

Juliana. My father!

Sir Hervey. Ay, look at me!—view me well—do you not shudder at the hideous sight? will you not curse—avoid me as a pestilence?—a fiend!

Juliana. No: I will cling to you!—thus grow for ever round you! (*throwing herself into his arms*).—My father! my dear, dear father!

Sir Hervey. Juliana, be merciful!—load me with reproaches—this kindness will destroy me!

Juliana. Reproach you!—what, at the moment I have found you?—no: let me but be near you, and I will bless the hour that brought me to this place!—for it has given me the utmost wishes of my soul—it has restored to me a parent!

Enter ALLTRADE and WORRY.

Worry. There! 'tis as I expected; they are reconciled—look! have you the heart to interrupt their joy?

Alltrade. Sir Hervey, I have no wish but to give you both liberty; and if you will fulfil your promise, by persuading Miss Sutherland to accept my hand——nay: why frown?—you see I come as a friend.

Sir Hervey. Friend! away—I'm weary of the very word.

Alltrade. What! weary of friendship, Sir Hervey!

Sir Hervey. Ay, Sir; time was, when friendship wore a bold and open aspect, and as it spoke

it acted : but now 'tis masked ; and underneath it lurks all modern villany. Who betrayed my wife ? a friend !—who belied my child ? a friend !—who immured her in a gaol, and if she does not prostitute her hand and heart, will see her perish there—who, but my friend !—Can my enemy thus injure me ?—No ; in him I place no confidence or trust ; and henceforth let me rather meet a thousand foes than the designing arts of one false friend.

Alltrade. Well, as you please—(*Enter LAVISH behind*)—here is Miss Sutherland's discharge ; but since you don't choose to accede to my proposals, good night (*showing discharge, and putting it up again*).

Juliana. Nay, let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade.

Worry. And let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade.

Alltrade. No, I can be obstinate in my turn—good night.

Lavish (*advancing and turning ALLTRADE round*). Then let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade—nay, don't think to escape, Sir—Bless you ! you are quite mistaken ; Mr. Alltrade's the most kind, obliging—The discharge—give me the discharge, you scoundrel—or else, Newmarket in the first place (*shaking his cane*), and high life in the second (*pulling up his neckcloth*).

Alltrade (*trembling violently*). Well, Sir—since you insist, Sir—

Lavish. I do ; and be quick—dispatch—(*ALLTRADE gives LAVISH a paper*). Oh, this is the very thing I suppose—(*begins reading it*)—"By this my last will, I Jeremiah Dazzle give and bequeath"—

Alltrade.

Alltrade. Stop, stop—that's the wrong paper—here, here's the discharge.

Lavish (takes it and puts it into his pocket). Very well—a good economist pockets every thing—(*Reads on*): “all the property of which I die possessed, unto that most amiable——Juliana “Sutherland.”——Amazement! (*Sir HERVEY, JULIANA, and LAVISH all look at each other with astonishment, and during pause ALLTRADE exit.*) There—you take care of that, Sir Hervey, whilst I take care of Mr.—(*turns round and finds ALLTRADE gone*)—what! gone!—I'll follow him—I'll—but no—we've got all we want from him—and so, 'spite of our former animosities, Sir Hervey, allow me to congratulate you.

Sir Hervey (having read the will). No, Sir; my hopes are vanished, I find here the fortune is conditional:—if my daughter marries, it devolves to Mrs. Dazzle.

Lavish. If she marries?

Sir Hervey. Ay, Sir!—while she remains single, she may roll in affluence, and I be restored to all my former splendor;—but will that give either of us consolation? No; my own sad example has taught me the reverse; and therefore, mark me, Juliana—I wish to make atonement, to give you fixed, unceasing happiness;—and having proved myself unfit to guard so dear a charge,—let him who best deserves, let him protect you!

Juliana. Him!—whom, Sir?

Sir Hervey (pointing to LAVISH). Him!—Accept her, Mr. Lavish,—take her as the best recompence for all the wrongs I've done you.—Nay, I know the penalty;—I know, by marrying you she forfeits this estate; and for your sake I wish it had accompanied her; but for my own!—at last

I've acted as a parent ought, and though these gates are ever shut against me, I know my daughter's happy, and that thought will give what wealth can never purchase;—a quiet conscience and unbroken rest.

Lavish. Sir Hervey, you have acted nobly—but——

Sir Hervey. But what?—You are sufficiently affluent to maintain her.

Lavish. No; there's the curse on't: I thought I had saved a fortune;—but just now, when I heard of your mutual distress, and drew bills on my steward and my banker, they refused payment;—to my astonishment they said I hadn't a shilling!—there you see, there's the end of my economy!

Sir Hervey. And you'd have paid my debts—you'd have released your enemy?

Lavish. Ay, that I would, if I'd saved it a thousand ways;—but to marry on such conditions!—No—I'll die first.

Juliana. And so will I; and hard as it is, here let us separate, Mr. Lavish.

Sir Hervey. Never!—never shall you be divided!—and though we can expect no liberality from Mrs Dazzle, yet under all the circumstances she may be induced to compromise—perhaps allow us a moiety, or a third.

Lavish. Ay, or any thing,—if she'll only allow us two hundred a-year, with my management I'll be bound we'll all live comfortably;—I'll go make her proposals instantly, and don't fear my success;—or at a bargain,—never was such a fellow at making a bargain.

Juliana. Adieu, Mr. Lavish; pray Heaven you may succeed!

Worry.

Worry. So say I; and if she don't come to an amicable adjustment, contest the will, and employ my nephew to file a bill in Chancery against her.

Lavish. No, that will never do: rather give up the whole property than go to law.—Come, that's good economy, or the devil's in it. [Exit.

Sir Hervey. Come, Juliana, in my apartments we'll wait his return.—(To WORRY): You also, faithful, constant friend!

Juliana. How shall I thank you? how repay—

Worry. Repay!—Look! are you not reconciled? Isn't that repaying me?—Oh! I am the happiest fellow living!—No—I forgot Mrs. Worry.

[Exeunt O. P.]

SCENE—*A Street in the Town.*

Enter ALLTRADE, Mrs. DAZZLE, and a Servant.

Mrs. Dazzle. Don't talk to me, Sir.—The will discovered!

Alltrade. I tell you it was no fault of mine, and my life on't Miss Sutherland will marry the Captain, and still forfeit the bequest.

Mrs. Dazzle. She marry! she marry! nonsense! Haven't I this instant seen the faithless Captain, and isn't it exactly as I suspected?—Take my word for it, Juliana will keep the estate and her lover too.

Alltrade. How! what mean you?

Mrs. Dazzle. Mean? that the Captain never thought of making her his wife; and the father, to gain his liberty and five thousand a-year, will be unprin-

unprincipled enough to consent to his daughter's disgrace.

Alltrade. Oh, I understand now:—live together without marrying.

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay; Mr. Lavish not only didn't deny the infamous scheme, but absolutely offered me two hundred a-year if I'd give up all claim under my husband's will; if not, he said he and Juliana would go to Italy, and live on the profits. What shall I do?—deprived of my husband's estate, I'm absolutely penniless.

Alltrade. I know; and you see they are decided; therefore, why hesitate?—two hundred a-year is certainly better than nothing.

Mrs. Dazzle. True; and as I have no other hope,—John, go to Mr. Lavish, say I accede to his proposals, and if he'll bring an agreement to my house, I'll sign directly. (*Servant exit.*) Oh! that it should come to this;—but I'll expose them—I'll——

Enter STOPGAP (with a letter).

Stopgap. From Mr. Mist, Madam;—it is of the utmost consequence, and requires an immediate answer (*giving letter*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Indeed!

Stopgap. Yes, Madam;—he has this moment received positive information, that Mr. Dazzle died possessed of half a London theatre; and as you are his widow, Madam—but the letter will explain.

Mrs. Dazzle (reading). “Majestic Mrs. M. P.
 “—only time to say, forget past bad management
 “—accept hand and fortune; we'll instantly act
 “Benedict

"Benedict and Beatrice.—Doors to be opened at
 "eight, and performance begin precisely at nine.
 "Vivant Rex et Regina!—P. M. ——. N. B.
 "Would have waited on you in person, but
 "Harlequin and flow waggon are just arrived."
 • Delightful! glorious!—now I am rich enough to
 defy the Captain and his associates;—My compli-
 ments to Mr. Mist, I'll wait upon him instantly,
 and the sooner the marriage takes place, the hap-
 pier it will make me. (STOPGAP *exit*.)—Come, Mr.
 Alltrade, you shall share my good fortune, and
 when the Captain brings the agreement, how I
 shall laugh at him; I now despise, as much as I
 once loved him. [Exeunt.

SCENE—*Inside of a Theatre.*

Mist *discovered*.

Mist. Forfeit 'em,—I'll forfeit 'em.—Harlequin
 arrived!—first call new pantomime, and not an
 actor come to rehearsal;—vagabonds!—all envy
 —all jealousy;—dread his immortal powers, and
 want to knock him up;—won't do though—not
 easily put out of countenance.

Enter STOPGAP.

Stopgap. Joy! I give you joy, Sir; Mrs.
 Dazzle consents.

Mist. What! doors opened at eight.

Stop. Ay, and performance begin at nine.

Mist.

Mist. And no money returned after curtain's drawn up!—tol de roll, toll, loll:—I'm a real London Manager!—that, (*snapping his fingers*), that for this half or rather no priced toy-shop:—but where is she?—where's the imperial Mrs. M. P.

Stopgap. She'll be here directly, and Mr. Squib also: I met him in the street, and on my telling him you were about to marry Mrs. Dazzle for the sake of her theatrical property, he said you were grossly imposed upon, and that he'd wait upon you, and explain the matter instantly:—and see, here he comes.

Mist. He explain! psha! what does he know about—(*Enter LAVISH*)—Excuse me, Mr. Squib, can't talk to strollers now; I'm real—a Royal London Manager.

Lavish. So am I; I'm a real Royal London Manager.

Mist. You!—good, very good; and you've got old Dazzle's share, suppose?

Lavish. Yes, and I've got old Dazzle's share, suppose.

Mist. Better and better!—in right of the heiress too?

Lavish. Yes, in right of the heiress too.

Mist. What, you mean to marry the widow?

Lavish. No, damn me if I do; and if I did, that wouldn't help me.

Mist. No!

Lavish. No; the theatre is not hers, it belongs to Miss Sutherland—(*producing will*):—here it is under old Dazzle's hand: here's another apology, read it, and then once more—"Ladies and Gentle-
" men, the disagreeable dilemma to which I
" am reduced"—ha! ha! there's a Manager for you!

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle (without). Where is my life, my lord, my husband?

Lavish. There, you read the will, while I talk to the heiress.—(*MIST and STOPGAP retire up the stage with the will, Mrs. DAZZLE enters.*)—So, widow, here's the agreement.

Mrs. Dazzle. Then you may take it back again; I shan't sign it.

Lavish. No!

Mrs. Dazzle. No; my marriage with Mr. Mist makes me sufficiently rich and independent to refuse the paltry offer; and I can now shew the world that I'm above being a party in so infamous a transaction! so I wish you a pleasant tour to Italy, good Signor Lavishini.

Lavish. You're wrong! it's a mighty pretty income:—I'd be bound to keep a carriage on two hundred a-year.

Mrs. Dazzle. Very likely: but you have your answer, Sir.

Stopgap (behind to MIST). Yes: Miss Sutherland's heiress!—Mr. Squib Manager.

Mist. And I'm dethroned:—exit Mist.

Mrs. Dazzle. Look! there's my dear intended! Now, Sir, see me take possession of his hand and ate.—Oh, Mr. Mist! (*curtseying.*)

Stopgap (aside to MIST). I have a thought, Sir! rhaps Miss Sutherland may wish to sell—and through Mr. Squib's interest, and by securing him the deputyship—

Mist. I may get purchase! well prompted, Stop—we'll pay court to new monarch;—now mind, one of best benefit bows.—(*They put themselves in bowing attitudes and advance towards Mrs. DAZZLE.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Delightful man!—with what awe he approaches me!—you see, Signor—you see!

(*MIST*

(MIST and STOPGAP pass by Mrs. DAZZLE and come close to LAVISH.)

Mist. Royal Mr. Squib—see your authority, and humbly—

Mrs. Dazzle (turning him round). Why, Mr. Mist, I'm on this side.

Mist. I know! but I am on the other side: a good Manager always goes with the ruling party:—any reparation to you or the heiress, Mr. Squib! would she choose the freedom? or you take a benefit?—play myself, and give you first night of new pantomime.

Lavish. You see, Signora, you see!—why if you're in earnest, Mr. Mist, Miss Sutherland's father is in prison, and as this Will gives him no ready money—

Mist. I take—what's the debt?

Lavish. A trifle!—but a thousand pounds, which in the course of a month I can save and repay you!—or if that security don't content you, you shall have a mortgage on the theatre.

Mist. That's it; that's the best security on earth! far better than meadows and corn fields!—people will go without bread, but, bless 'em! never without plays!—Come along, Stop—prison only next door—gaoler take my word:—re-enter with Sir Hervey instantly.

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, are you mad, Sir?—will you again disappoint and deceive me?

Mist. Deceive you!—hem!—who concealed will?—passed off for Manager, and turns out only author?—who under false pretences would have pocketed all my scenes, dresses, and decorations?—No, no—you deceived me; and therefore, “Mary, “once more I follow thee! and so, Good morrow, “good Queen Elizabeth!” [Exit with STOPGAP.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Barbarian! Savage!—this is the third time he has made a dupe of me, Mr. Lavish! (*Bursts into tears*).—I'll sign the agreement, Mr. Lavish!

Lavish. Excuse me!—I'm above being a party in so infamous a transaction.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay: when you consider the smallness of the sum, and that I bind myself to give up all claim under my husband's will.—

Lavish. Why, that's true; and seriously speaking two hundred a-year is no object; and therefore, I'll indulge you?—sign directly, and I'll indulge you!

Mrs. Dazzle. The sooner the better!—I long to be out of the monster's house!—here's pen and ink.

Lavish. And here's the agreement! (*they go to the table*).

Enter MIST, Sir HERVEY, and JULIANA.

Mist. Take care—consider you're a new performer, Sir Hervey—you also, Miss M. P. mind the traps.

Sir Hervey. Sir, I know not how to express my thanks or my astonishment.

Lavish (*coming from table—agreement in his hand*). Huzza! Sir Hervey, I give you joy—Miss Sutherland, I give you joy—here it is, signed and sealed.—Mrs. Dazzle generously takes two hundred a-year, and gives up all claim under her husband's will—there! there's a bargain maker for you!

Sir Hervey. Is this true, Madam?

Mrs. Dazzle. True!—you know I've been tricked into it.

Lavish. You have—you trick'd yourself into it.

Mrs. Dazzle. Myself!

Lavish. Ay! you would be indulged; and as here is now no longer any bar to our union, with

this lady's (*taking JULIANA's band*) and her father's leave allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Lavish elect.

Mrs. Dazzle. How! your wife!

Lavish. Ay; you thought I'd call her by another name; but I am still old fashioned enough to think the word "wife," heightens happiness and gives a zest to love!—(*Mrs. DAZZLE is going to speak*)—Nay, don't blame me!—you have to thank yourself for the whole transaction; and when any body makes false charges, I hope I shall be always too good an economist not to make them pay for them.

Mist (*to Mrs. DAZZLE*). You take the hint!—you take the hint!

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, I shall go wild—I—(*stamping violently*).—

Mist. Gently—you'll be down the trap.

Mrs. Dazzle. So, Miss, you mean to allow me only this paltry——

Juliana. No, Madam!—with my husband's permission the annuity shall be doubled.—The widow of my benefactor must be more amply provided for.

Lavish. Certainly!—I can save it a thousand ways!—And now, Mr. Mist, as we shall certainly dispose of our theatrical property, you shall be the purchaser—Only mind, I make the bargain—never was such a fellow at making bargains!

Mist. Name your own terms—only let me be London Manager!—Oh, for the opening!—Oh, for the first night!—After Hamlet, what an address will I make to them?

Lavish. Address! why what will you say?

Mist. Tell you—"Ladies and Gentlemen—on the part of the company in general, and myself

“as proprietor, author, actor, and manager in particular—confess faults—acknowledge obligations—and humbly entreat your usual candour and indulgence.”—Then getting nearer the lamps—“Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow and following evening, with your permission, this play will be repeated!”

THE END OF THE COMEDY.

ÉPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. FAWCETT in the Character of MIST.

A London Manager of high degree,
 I, Peter Mist, now enter here O. P. ;
 My country playhouse, e'er I came to town
 Almost knock'd up, has been in lots knock'd down.

A sturdy farmer bought the walls :—why then,
 What was a barn will be a barn again.
 Corn on the stage, not mummers will be seen ;
 And oats be thresh'd where actors should have been ;
 Wheat strew the boards where erst did heroes tread,
 To make—what heroes never made there—bread.

Stage-struck, but hen-peck'd, honest Justice Dunder
 Has all my clouds,—his lady has my thunder.
 Dick Drench, the snug apothecary, means
 To give a private play, so buys my scenes :
 Drench, “ smelling of the shop,” and *idem semper*,
 Could not resist scenes painted in distemper.

The Member for the town bought all my coats ;
 There he was wise—for I command two votes ;
 And playhouse coats (again he shew'd discerning)
 Will suit a Member, for they're us'd to turning.

My wigs the women quarrell'd for, sweet souls !
 My daggers stuck in felling ; but my bowls
 Mine host of the Red Lion clapp'd his eyes on,
 And bought 'em, as I did, to serve up poison.

Thus all my country stock, as Shakspeare says,
 “ My cloud-capt towers, my gorgeous palaces,
 “ Yea, my great globe,” (the barn,) so much involv'd,
 And “ all it did inherit, have dissolv'd.”

But

But if some future Manager should take
 My "solemn temple," which I now forsake ;
 My "fabric of a vision," he will find
 That I have left a curfed "wreck behind."

Here then I come, by rural schemes half undone,
 But country stumps appear new brooms in London.
 Egad I'll sweep all clean—look to't—ne'er doubt me—
 A London Manager, I'll lay about me ;
 And, as a sample, you shall hear my hints,
 To be inserted in to-morrow's prints :

"A five act play last night was represented,
 "By an amazing *Dramatist* invented !
 "Author's and Actors' merits were immense,
 "And Fawcett e'en surpass'd his usual excellence !
 "Great care 'tis plain was taken in rehearsal ;
 "And"—may I add with *truth*?—"applause was
 "universal."



PLAYS, &c. printed for LONGMAN and REES,
No. 39, Paternoster Row.

1. The VOTARY OF WEALTH, a Comedy; by Mr. HOLMAN. 2s.
2. LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN, a Comedy; by Mr. REYNOLDS. 2s.
3. The DRAMATIST, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
4. NOTORIETY, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
5. HOW TO GROW RICH, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
6. The RAGE, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
7. WERTER, a Tragedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
8. SPECULATION, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
9. WILD OATS, a Comedy; by Mr. O'KEEFE. 1s. 6d.
10. The CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA, a Comic Opera; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
11. SPRIGS OF LAUREL, a Comic Opera, in Two Acts; by Ditto. 1s.
12. HARTFORD BRIDGE, an Operatic Farce, in Two Acts; by Mr. PEARCE. 1s.
13. The MIDNIGHT WANDERERS, a Comic Opera, in Two Acts; by Ditto. 1s.
14. NETLEY ABBEY, an Operatic Farce, in Two Acts; by Ditto. 1s.
15. ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH; by Ditto. 1s.
16. WINDSOR CASTLE, an Opera, performed in Honor of the Marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; by Ditto. With an elegant Vignette. 1s. 6d.
17. The MAID of NORMANDY; or, The DEATH of the QUEEN of FRANCE, a Tragedy; by Mr. EYRE, late of Pembroke College, Cambridge. 1s. 6d.
18. CONSEQUENCES; or, The SCHOOL for PREJUDICE, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
19. The FATAL SISTERS, and POEMS; by Ditto. 4s.
20. The DISCARDED SECRETARY; by Ditto. 2s.
21. The MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE, an Opera; by M. P. ANDREWS. 2s.
22. CROTCHET LODGE, a Farce; by Mr. HURLSTONE. 1s.
23. The IRISHMAN IN LONDON, a Farce; by Mr. M^rREADY. 1s.
24. ZORINSKI, a Play; by Mr. MORTON. 2s.
25. The WAY TO GET MARRIED, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
26. The CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
27. SECRETS WORTH KNOWING, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
28. LOCK AND KEY, a Farce; by Mr. HOARE. 1s.

THE SECRET,

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

THE THIRD EDITION.

THE SECRET

A COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY J. M. COLEMAN

THE THIRD EDITION

NEW YORK
1884

THE SECRET,

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY EDWARD MORRIS, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW, AND FELLOW OF PETER-HOUSE,
CAMBRIDGE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Scire secreta domûs atque inde timeri.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1799.

THE SCIENCE

To Mrs. JORDAN.

MADAM,

I WAITED with considerable anxiety for permission to inscribe this Comedy to you, as it affords me an opportunity of expressing how much I consider myself indebted to your representation of the part of ROSA, for the interest which it has excited on the Stage. But as I cannot avoid feeling that there is some merit in giving occasion for the display of such talents, I am forced to refrain from any particular notice of your performance, lest I should be accused of indirect flattery to myself.

I remain,

DEAR MADAM,

*Your obliged and obedient
humble Servant,*

EDWARD MORRIS.

*Harcourt Buildings, Temple,
9th March, 1799.*

AFTER the Applause which the PUBLIC has given to the different Performers in this COMEDY, the Testimony of the AUTHOR appears feeble and superfluous—but he cannot omit this Opportunity of thanking Mr. AICKIN for his kind Attention while the Play was under Rehearsal.

PROLOGUE,

Written by CHARLES MORRIS, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. C. KEMBLE.

IN times like these, when arm'd throughout the land,
A loyal nation forms one patriot band,
The hardy phalanx, at the Invaders boast,
Indignant smiles, and dares him to the coast.
While Albion's pride, her sail by Vict'ry furl'd,
Triumphant floats—the wonder of the world.
Rous'd at the theme, the Muse would fain aspire,
And wake to rapture the heroic lyre!
But that the bard prefers an anxious claim,
And bids the Prologue smoothe the road to fame.
Life's ample volume dramatists survey,
For novel characters to stock the play:
To the keen glance the variegated page
Luxuriant yields materials for the stage.
Cameleon like, mens follies strike the view,
For ever changing, and for ever new.
In Fancy's loom fresh incidents are wrought—
Nature designs, and Art improves the thought.
Such is the plan our author should pursue,
To fill the outline Nature's pencil drew;
Join to the comic scene a useful sense
That would correct, but yet avoid offence.
If such the task, how arduous to unite,
What may at once amuse, instruct, delight:
To mark the characters, by truth pourtray'd,
With each its proper share of light and shade:
In sentimental colours not too fine,
Nor give the hum'rous sketch too broad a line.
This night th' attempt is made, the scene's design'd
To press th' important lesson on mankind,
That active virtue; peace of mind regains,
Of errors past obliterates the stains.
'Tis in our pow'r—but what am I about?
If I say more, The *Secret* must come out.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. DORVILLE	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
SIR HARRY FLEETLY	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
LIZARD	<i>Mr. Suet.</i>
JACK LIZARD	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
MR. TORRID	<i>Mr. Downton.</i>
HENRY TORRID	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
RALPH	<i>Mr. Wathen.</i>
FRANK	<i>Mr. Archer.</i>
BAILIFF	<i>Mr. Hollingsworth.</i>
STEWARD	<i>Mr. Madox.</i>

Servants of Mr. DORVILLE, and Mr. TORRID.

LADY ESTHER DORVILLE . . .	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
ROSA	<i>Mrs. Jordan.</i>
SUSANNAH LIZARD	<i>Miss Pope.</i>

SCENE—*In the Country, at the two adjoining Seats of
Mr. DORVILLE, and Mr. TORRID.*

TIME—*That of Representation.*

THE SECRET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Library at Mr. DORVILLE's.*

Enter Mr. DORVILLE and a Servant following.

MR. DORVILLE.

WHO did you say?

Servant. Farmer Ralph, Sir. (*enter Steward on the opposite side.*)

Steward. Indeed, Sir, you had better not see him—'tis farmer Ralph, and he's only come with an excuse to save his rent.

Mr. Dorville. This is what I am always told, when any of my tenants call—how am I to expect personal attachment from them, if they are never admitted to see me?

Steward. I beg pardon, Sir, but 'the Nabob's' steward has ordered all his rents to be paid up, 'and I'm sure he's not so much in want of the money as you are, so' I thought it my duty—

Mr. Dorville. And so it was—you are right—you have done your duty, and I must do mine—it's the duty of the steward to take care of the landlord, and of the landlord to take care of his tenant.

B

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter RALPH.*

Mr. Dorville. So, Ralph—how fares it my honest fellow—I am heartily glad to see you—bring him a tankard of the old stout—and take care there's toast and nutmeg—I know that Ralph likes it so. *[Exit Servant.]*

Ralph. So I do, your honour—so I do—but only think of your remembering that!

Mr. Dorville. Your wife and family, Ralph, how are they?

Ralph. Ah! your honour, I lost my poor dame last Candlemas.

Re-enter a Servant with the tankard.

Mr. Dorville. I am sorry for it—I am sorry for it—well, Ralph, we must drink peace to her memory.

Ralph. If your honour pleases—to be sure they say folks alter, else she was not much given to peace in her life-time—I miss'd her sadly at first—she was so chatty, so quarrelsome, kept up such a buzzing every night—what a man's us'd to, your honour, is second nature.

Mr. Dorville. You have had fine weather for your harvest.

Ralph. Yes, your honour, but it has burnt the turnips—and I had one of the prettiest crops—to be sure its a fine season for the wheat, the oats and the barley, but as for me, the crop I've lost would have gone a long way towards my rent, so I was thinking to axe you for a little more time; it was your honour who put me into the farm, and lent me the money to stock it; and now I be just peeping above ground, as a body may say, to be dash'd—

Mr. Dorville. Well, well, Ralph, you shall have till the next quarter.—Here is Lady Esther, come, you shall pay your respects to her.

Ralph. Not now—I humbly thank your honour—not now—the steward has been talking to her I know;—mayhap he has told her my errand, and he is no friend of mine.

Mr. Dorville. Another time then—as you please.

Ralph. Heaven bless your honour—but this is nothing new—you are always so—and to all of us—there is not a creature, man or boy—woman or child, that can speak of you with a dry eye!

Mr. Dorville. I thank thee, Ralph—I thank thee. Good day, my honest fellow—good day.

[Exit Ralph.]

SCENE III. Enter Lady ESTHER DORVILLE.

Lady Est. So Mr. Dorville: Ralph has been here—you have excused him his rent, I dare say—and the steward tells me that he is without money to pay the tradesmen.

Mr. Dorville. Ralph has been unfortunate in his crop, my dear, and he has only asked till the next quarter.

Lady Est. How can it be otherwise—instead of letting your farms to the most substantial men in the parish, is there a single tenant who had a capital of his own?

Mr. Dorville. Is there a single tenant who is without one now? These little advances have supplied their industry with means.—You, yourself, have frequently confessed with pleasure, that many a poor fellow, who must have remained idle without this aid, has grown up into cheerfulness and independence. The gloom and discontent

which preyed on my mind, while sluggish and inactive, these pursuits have changed to confidence and gaiety.—Can you reproach me?—you, who remember what I was, and see what I am; would you have me again mean, suspicious, harsh, cruel, and vindictive—the slave of passion, the creature of caprice.

Re-enter RALPH.

Ralph. Sir, Sir, such an accident—the stage coach from London, loaded with passengers, inside and out, has upset just at the park gate! such a fight of them—there be bones broke surely.

Mr. Dorville. At the park-gate, do you say?—let all the servants follow me directly. [*Exit.*

Lady Est. (*calling to him.*) Mr. Dorville! Mr. Dorville!—Always something to interrupt us, I never have his conversation for two minutes together;—his time and fortune are lavish'd on every stranger he meets, while, in order to check his feelings, I am obliged to disguise my own, and my anxiety on his account makes me appear to every one else peevish and unfeeling. Eh, why the people are coming here from the stage. He has asked them to the house I dare say; he asks every body he meets.

Susan. A chaise, I said a chaise—*{ behind the*
Lizard. You said a chaise indeed? *{ scenes.*

Lady Est. The whole place is in an uproar—they take the house for an inn.

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Mr. DORVILLE, with LIZARD and SUSAN, (Lizard's coat torn, and her dress in disorder.)*

Susan. This comes of the stage—I told you that you ought to take a chaise, you know I did, and so did Jem and Jerry.

Liz.

Liz. Yes, yes; you all suggested a chaise, but you suggested no means of paying for it—‘and I thought your advice like that of most other people, very pretty in theory, but of no use in practice.’

Mr. Dorville. I am afraid, Sir, you are the greatest sufferer of the party.

Lizard. I am indeed, Sir.

Mr. Dorville. No serious injury I hope.

Lizard. A very serious one, Sir.

Mr. Dorville. How! where!

Lizard. Where I am most vulnerable, Sir.

Mr. Dorville. Where you are most vulnerable!

Lizard. Yes, Sir! in my wardrobe!

Mr. Dorville. In your wardrobe! I am glad it is no worse.

Lizard. Sir, I don't think it can be worse, I never saw a worse rent in the whole course of my life; a pretty pickle we are in to pay a visit to a Nabob; then to go a foot, when the stage could have dropp'd us so neatly at the park-gate.

Mr. Dorville. What! is the rich eastern squire, our neighbour, Mr. Torrid, arrived?

Lizard. Yes, Sir, just arrived; my eyes have been rivetted to Lloyd's List for the last three months, and the wind no sooner chopped fair for the homeward-bound, than I trundled my daughter and self into the stage; the stage overset, and instead of finding myself in the house of a Nabob, I was lodged in a ditch on the opposite side of the road.

Mr. Dorville. He expects you then?

Lizard. No, Sir—I mean to surprize him with the sudden appearance of myself and family; three sons and a daughter, a snug and compact little knot. I mean my son, the doctor, to settle in
the

the county under the patronage of the Nabob, and if you are not engaged in the faculty, give me leave to recommend him.—Jem's a clever fellow, I assure you—just written a book on atmospheres—here's his card—eh—how—no—this is Jerry's—that's my son the architect, never miss an opportunity of recommending the family.

Susan. (*endeavouring to stop him*) Hush, hush. —Aye, now he's off about the family, its impossible to stop him.

Lizard. The doctor occupies the right-hand pocket, and the architect the left;—perhaps you have seen Jerry's book of plans, a correct, compact little thing in its way; if any friend of your's should want a house, my life for it, something there will hit.—Will your ladyship give me leave to introduce my daughter—a clever girl, though I say it, head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's:—You have heard of Mrs. Monsoon, that parent of science and needlework, who fits out the young ladies for India, keeps the first school in town. A fine situation!—not a girl there but costs her parents a fortune in dress and accomplishments; and, as my son Jack says, they know more of life at sixteen than their grandmothers do at sixty.—Ey gad—there goes the coat again.—How shall I get to the Nabob's.

Mr. Dorville. I can lend you a coat, 'there is no difficulty in that, and, my dear, you will take care of the daughter.

Lizard. 'Lend me a coat——no difficulty in that? upon my soul, Sir, as Jack says, I have always found the getting a coat the most difficult thing in life.'

Lady Est. I am sure, my dear, that your coat will never fit that gentleman.

Lizard.

Lizard. Not fit? not fit? I never saw the coat that would not fit me. Mine is a sort of Monmouth-street back, as Jack says—nothing comes amiss to it. [*Exeunt Mr. Dorville and Lizard.*]

Lady Est. So, so! the man will walk off with the coat, and his daughter will be left on our hands.—Head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's—a desirable companion (*aside*)—If Mrs. Monsoon's school is so expensive, I suppose your scholars are more select than numerous?

Susan. Pardon me, my lady, the more expensive the school, the more numerous the scholars.—Let me see—we have about thirty in the Indian department alone.

Lady Est. Indian department!—what can you mean?

Susan. How ignorant people are in the country! (*aside.*) Why, Mem, some of our young ladies are destin'd on a matrimonial speculation for India, that we call the India department! they are kept quite distinct, and are got up in a particular way—they are to be creatures all fancy and fascination—to be sure one ought to have the eyes of Argus for such an undertaking; no longer ago than last season we sent out a young lady to Bengal, actually bespoke, and freighted out at the expence of the richest man in India, and, would you believe it, she threw herself away upon a beggarly cadet, the chance companion of her voyage, instead of flying to the arms of a man worth half a million. But Mr. Dorville was so good as to say, (*holding up the skirt of her gown,*) Ah! poor Mr. Dorville, family grievances are not a pleasant topic, as we tell our young ladies at Mrs. Monsoon's—or else I should beg leave to ask of your ladyship

ladyship if there is any truth in the report that about sixteen years ago Mr. Dorville was a little—You understand me—I would not dwell on such a subject for the world.

Lady Est. I perceive you would not.

Susan. My only reason for enquiring is, that your ladyship may give me an opportunity of contradicting it from the first authority—for instance, the people were saying in the stage that Mr. Dorville had been crost in his first love—that he somehow separated in a strange way from a lady he was either married, or contracted to, and that he married your ladyship in a moment of pique and resentment. I am sure your ladyship knows my motive for repeating these things. That after a few months of frenzy and desperation, his temper totally changed, and from being morose, fullen, and suspicious, he is become—

Lady Est. You forget that you are not now in the stage. (*shewing her out.*)

Susan. Ah that stage—I beg pardon my lady; but I hope you wont take any notice that I came down in the stage. If our young ladies at Mrs. Monsoon's were to hear that I travelled in a stage coach, they would lose all respect for me ever after. (*Exit.*)

Lady Est. (*following Susan as she goes out.*) These are the fruits of Mr. Dorville's good temper. A good-tempered man in a house is like a weather-cock on the top of it, of use to every body but the inhabitants. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V. *The Hall of a magnificent House. Sumptuous Furniture, &c. (A Number of Servants cross the Stage with Baggage, &c.)*

Enter Mr. TORRID, as just arrived.

Torrid. Here's sumptuousness ! here's magnificence ! here's a contrast ! it is now three and twenty years since I passed this identical spot on my road to India. I had then a better opportunity of admiring the beauties of the country ; for instead of travelling in a coach and four, I walked the whole way. (*Servants cross with baggage.*) My baggage then was no great incumbrance, I carried all myself, it dangled in a handkerchief over the left shoulder at the end of a stick ;---but now at my return I have baggage enough to freight an Indiaman, a house large enough to receive the whole county, ' and an estate,---order my ' horses, I'll ride round it before dinner ; on second ' thoughts I may as well not,---for though I have ' horses, I don't very well know how to ride ;---no, ' no---not the horses but the phaeton ;---there's a ' little objection to that too---for though I have a ' phaeton I don't know how to drive,---but my son ' shall drive me.---Aye ! there in Henry, I am secure ! not a creature can whisper a syllable about ' his education,---I have bred him a gentleman at ' least,' and if I can but prevail on ' him,' " my son Henry," to marry into a family of distinction, ---I may sit down in a calm and dignified repose for the rest of my life,---and now to view my magnificence above stairs.---(*Exit up the stair-case into another room.*)

SCENE VI. *Enter Rosa and Henry,---as just arrived.*

Rosa. Why, Henry! why will you talk to me thus? Its so unkind of you to press me, when you know I have all the difficulty in the world to refuse you.

Henry. The difficulty is of your own creation, —I see you have caught the coldness of this climate; we are in England now, the attentions which you condescended to accept during the voyage, are become irksome on shore.

Rosa. Nay, nay, it is poor Rosa who has most cause to fear; I sometimes think you only lik'd me, because there was no other woman in the ship.

Henry. Cruel Rosa! can you thus assume a playfulness when the happiness of my life is at stake and in your power.

Rosa. Ah, Henry, in my power do you say? It might be so in India, but we are in England now; in England, where the women are all so fair, so beautiful! in every face I see a rival; and every rival so gay, so joyous, that I hang down my head in silence and in melancholy.

Henry. It was that soft melancholy which stole upon my heart; in your mother's last illness, Rosa, can I forget the graces of filial piety which then beamed around you.

Rosa. Your generous sympathy was then my only comfort: when I was in tears, dejected, desperate, it was your hand, Henry, which rais'd and supported me.

Henry. Why, why then persist in leaving us? why will you not consent to be mine? if our union
had

had once taken place, my father would be reconciled.

Rosa. No, Henry—an orphan---a stranger without a friend, without a name---I never can: the dark cloud which hangs over my life and fortune---

Henry. Will soon be remov'd---the letter which you have brought to Lady Dorville---

Rosa. Alas! I am yet ignorant of the contents: I only know they are of importance, as your father tells me; that letter was the subject of my poor mother's last request to him.

Henry. Lady Esther---or Mr. Dorville, is related to her probably, if so---

Rosa. No! that hope she destroy'd, to secure me from disappointment---the calamities of her early life---the cause of her exile!---All! all is at present wrapt in mystery---my memory only tells me that she was persecuted, and my heart assures me she was innocent---to your father she has disclosed every particular of her story, and his studied reserve on every question I can put to him, is a new ground of alarm---here he is---he seems disturbed, I will not ask him for the letter now, I will see you once again before I go to Mr. Dorville's, but while thus abject, thus desolate---I never will be yours.

Henry. How little do you value my happiness, when you can thus sacrifice it to a romantic prejudice. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Mr. TORRID, followed by a Servant.*

Torrid. Eh!---how---who do you say?

Servant. Sir---the gentleman says his name is Lizard.

Torrid. If it should be that scoundrel, what sort of a man is he—this stranger?

Servant. Why, Sir, for a stranger, he seems to make himself pretty much at home, for he has order'd the boot-jack, and call'd for biscuits and Madeira!

Torrid. The devil he has—then I'm sure 'tis he—how unlucky that he should find me out already. (*Enter a second Servant.*)

2d Servant. Sir, the gentleman below says, he's the oldest friend you have in the world—and that he's all impatience to see you!

Torrid. Zounds, firrah!—why did you say I was at home—send him away—yet if he should betray me—the scoundrel knows he has me in his power—Lissom—Lissom did you say?

1st Servant. No, Sir, Lizard.

Torrid. Oh, Lizard, Lizard. [*running to meet him.*]

SCENE VIII. *Enter LIZARD.*

Torrid. My dear fellow, is it you?—I am delighted to see you—how are you? how have you been? where have you been? how unkind not to write——

Lizard. Not write! I wrote by every packet.

Torrid. Why, I never received a line!

Lizard. I was not much surpriz'd at your silence—Most of my letters were applications for money, and somehow or other letters of that sort are very apt to miscarry.

Torrid. Ah!—its a long time since we met—
'you are in your prime still, smug and florid.'

Lizard. 'A long time indeed! I can't return
'the compliment, you are sadly alter'd! when I
'left India, you was a hale hearty fellow—with a
'good complexion and a good pair of legs—but
'now

‘ now the bile has taken possession of the citadel,
‘ hoisted the yellow flag, and as for your legs, they
‘ are no better than a couple of toothpicks.’

‘ *Torrid.* They are stout enough to kick you
‘ down stairs if I had the spirit to do it.’ (*aside.*)

‘ *Lizard.* What did you say about spirit’---Let
me see---its about six and thirty years since you
and I were rival devils together in the office of old
Plagiary the Printer.

Torrid. Yes---but never mind that now!

Lizard. We were discharg’d from our inden-
tures on his elevation to the pillory.

Torrid. Why will you dwell on these things
now?

Lizard. Do you remember it?---I remember it
well! a glorious fight! and such was our zeal for
the administration of justice, that though we had
serv’d him five years, no two fellows there were
more active in the distribution of eggs.

Torrid. Zounds! don’t talk so loud---you’ll
be overheard---

Lizard. We then started on a peripatetic survey
of the country, in search of an establishment---I
think I see you now trudging along with our joint
wardrobe, at the end of our common stick---these
are pleasing recollections.

Torrid. Very pleasing! what a memory you
have!

Lizard. Every little circumstance respecting
you made such an impression---

Torrid. You are very kind.

Lizard. I felt the same interest as if it concern’d
myself.

Torrid. That is too good of you.

Lizard. Yes—yes—I kept my eye constantly fixed on you—your contracts for your rice—your opium—your bullocks—nothing escaped me.

Torrid. I dare say not—egad!

Lizard. Eh, thought I—there he is, dear creature, broiling in the tropics, bartering his conscience, destroying his constitution, selling himself to the devil, and all for my sake.

Torrid. For your sake! (*retreating with surprise and indignation.*)

Lizard. Ours, you know, is a partnership account——

Torrid. Partnership account! why, zounds, you don't mean—you don't venture—you don't pretend to say——

Lizard. Briefly this—You are in possession of wealth, and I of the secret by which it was acquired; that I call a partnership account; not that I have been idle myself—No, No. I shall bring my whole treasure into the firm——*Torrid, Lizard, and Co.*

Torrid. *Torrid, Lizard, and Co.!*

Lizard. Yes, three sons and a daughter—all educated for the purpose, all for your benefit;—there's a Co. for you—my whole family.

Torrid. For my benefit—Zounds, what have I to do with your family?—What's your family to me?

Lizard. What's my family to you!—why, I bred my eldest son to physic—Jem will take care of your health;—my next an architect—Jerry will build you a house;—as for Jack——

Torrid. Zounds, I shall be devoured alive.

Lizard. He's a man of letters, and shall write your life; a man who has made a rapid fortune in India should always have somebody to write his life;

life; why, even your life might be made to look well in history; as Jack says, there's many an honest fellow in history, that living would not have been trusted with sixpence.——Then for my daughter——

Torrid. Hush, hush---my son Henry coming this way by all that's unlucky.

Lizard. Your son! the very person I wished to see; you must introduce me to him.

Torrid. But you'll be secret.

Lizard. On what terms?

Torrid. Name them.

Lizard. An apartment in the house.

Torrid. An apartment in my house! (*with indignation at first, and then relaxing into an assumed complacency*)---well---well---you shall---to be sure you shall. Who waits there! who waits! Shew this gentleman his room.

Lizard. And a room for Jem.

Torrid. One for Jem! What, another! Well, you shall---to be sure you shall.

Lizard. Jem's a clever fellow, I assure you---written a book on atmospheres; what we used to call in the office a neat little article, small octavo, pocket size, proves to demonstration that all our diseases arise from breathing the air of the atmosphere.

Torrid. Never mind Jem and the atmosphere now---I shall go mad---(*endeavouring to put him out.*)

Lizard. One for Jerry.

Torrid. Ridiculous! impossible! I'll not submit---Yes, yes, you shall---I must appease him for the present. (*Aside.*)

Lizard. Jerry's a great man in his line, such a head for building and improvements, run you up
a house.

a house in no time ; to be sure, as Jack says, the moderns know how to build houses, and our ancestors knew how to live in them. Aye, Jack will be your favourite ; says more good things than any man ; I have a parcel of his impromptus in my pocket.---I must have a couple of horses for Jack.

Torrid. You shall---you shall---it's in vain to contend till I can hit on something decisive.

Lizard. Then for my daughter.

Torrid. What, your daughter too !

Lizard. She is head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's.

Torrid. Zounds, never mind Mrs. Monsoon now.

Lizard. What a happy fellow you'll be---your house full of the family---there will be Jem and Susan, and---but Jack will be your favourite, I know he will. Mark my words, Jack will be your favourite. [Exit.

Torrid. (*following*) The plague seize Jack, Jem, Susan, and the whole race of them.

END OF ACT I.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Library at Mr. Dorville's.*

Enter Mr. DORVILLE, followed by FRANK and the Steward.

Mr. Dorville. How, Frank, you, you apply to my steward to indorse a note for five hundred pounds.

Steward. Yes, he did, Sir—here it is—its the way of them all, and so I tell you, but you'll never believe me.

Mr. Dorville. (*taking the note*) You, Frank, whom I have held up as a pattern of industry, to be giving a note for five hundred pounds.

Frank. Do but hear me, your honour, do but hear me; you know I rented a farm which now belongs to the Nabob.

Steward. Yes, Sir, his lease is out, and because he had a good pennyworth of it, for the last seven years, he wants it for seven years more!

Frank. No, I don't, your honour—no I don't—I should not mind an advance of rent—an advance of rent is but fair—when an estate is improved, the landlord has a right to his share as well as the tenant; but to call on me all at once for five hundred pounds.

Mr. Dorville. For five hundred pounds.

Frank. Five hundred pounds is what he asks for renewing the lease.

Steward. And a very reasonable sum too.

Mr. Dorville. What, then, if instead of the five hundred pounds, he had raised the rent

‘one hundred pounds a year, you could have paid it.’

‘*Frank.* Yes, your honour, yes, I always look’d to an advance of rent.’

‘*Steward.* So he says, Sir, and so they all say.’

Frank. I offer’d him my note for the money, your honour, and as he refused to take it, I made so bold to call and ask your honour’s steward to put his name to it; to be sure it’s a little hard, after I have lived in the parish so many years, and paid every body their own, to have the farm let over my head, and my wife and children turned adrift.

Mr. Dorville. No, they shall not; (*goes to the table, and writes on the note.*) I’ll put my name to the note.

Steward. Why, Sir, this is not your farm; he and his wife have no claim on you for it!

Mr. Dorville. Yes they have! in my mind an honest couple, who have given six children to their country, and reared them in habits of humble industry, have claims on the assistance of every man in it.

Frank. How! you? your! your name upon the note?

Mr. Dorville. I have not the money; but this will satisfy him as well.

Steward. But Sir, Sir, if they should demand payment?

Mr. Dorville. I’ll see Mr. Torrid myself, and explain it to him.

Frank. What does your honour really mean?

Mr. Dorville. Nay, nay Frank, it is but a loan; you’ll lay by the money, and soon repay me?

Frank. I would speak if I could, your honour, I would indeed.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. If you were turned out of the farm, I should have the whole family thrown upon me, so that you see I am an œconomist, Frank. Nay, nay, no thanks: do not distress me; go with my steward, my good fellow.

Frank. I don't thank you, I don't attempt to thank you, your honour; I am not such a fool as to attempt to thank you, but I will pray for you, and my wife shall pray for you, and my children shall pray for you.

Mr. DORVILLE puts out FRANK on one side, as

— SCENE II —

Lady ESTHER, with a Servant, enters on the other.

Lady Est. (to the Servant) Sir Harry Fleetly, do you say?

Servant. Yes, Ma'am; he has just driven to the door, and a gentleman with him.

Lady Est. What, Mr. Dorville, have you ask'd Sir Harry Fleetly to the house?

Mr. Dorville. Not I: but you know he's a man of fashion, and never stays for an invitation; he brings himself and his friends, when it suits his convenience; do you receive him, and leave the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir HARRY FLEETLY & JACK LIZARD.

Sir Harry. (before he enters) Come along, Jack. Nine hours, fifty-nine minutes, and fifty-three seconds, by my watch, and I stopped the whole way, (*re-enter Lady Esther, they bow.*) pretty good going for the last hundred.

Lady Est. Some important motive, no doubt, to cause such haste.

Sir Harry. O yes; to look at a horse!

Lady Est. Two hundred miles to look at a horse!

Sir Harry. Jack says his points are perfect—and he knows. I must introduce him—Lady Esther this is my friend, Jack Tacid---Jack, this is Lady Esther Dorville—Jack is the most useful fellow breathing; if you want a carriage built, dogs train'd, or horses broke, there's not his match; he is every thing at the club---Lord Spot's ponies and pointers were all his chusing---but what we most admire is his talent for conversation.

Lady Est. I am glad to hear it; a pleasant companion is such an acquisition in the country.

Sir Harry. A pleasant companion? he's the best companion breathing---he never opens his mouth; Jack's the only man I know that can hold his tongue amusingly.

Lady Est. How.

Sir Harry. O he's not one of your damn'd profligate fellows, who are always on the watch for a good thing, as they call it; I hate wit, it always spoils society: your clever fellow is a Bore that I constantly blackball. Why the other day, in spite of all I could do, they let a couple into the club, and instead of eating their dinner quietly, they were going off the whole time like a pair of castanets in a fandango, and kept up such a whizzing about our ears, that Lord Spot and a score of us sent in our resignation, and take our mutton quietly at another shop.

Lady Est. Now that you have let your house in this neighbourhood, Sir Harry, I
did

did not expect the pleasure of seeing you—I was quite—

Sir Harry. Yes, I have let the house, but I keep the stabling and paddocks—the prettiest run for brood mares in all England—is'nt it Jack, (*Jack nods*) then the fruit and game pays the expence.

Lady Est. What, do you sell your fruit and game?

Sir Harry. We all do--don't we Jack? (*Jack nods*)

Lady Est. True, but you have the house in Suffolk, which is, I have heard, the best situation of the two.

Sir Harry. So it is—nets me a clean 500—does'nt it Jack? (*Jack nods.*)

Lady Est. How? with a clear unincumber'd estate of 6000 pounds a year—do you let both the family seats?

Sir Harry. Family seats, why they only lead to expence, eh, Jack? (*Jack nods.*)

Lady Est. And you have no country house?

Sir Harry. Nor town house either.

Lady Est. What, have you let the house in the square?

Sir Harry. To be sure; we can't maintain houses, can we Jack?---No, there's no affording to have a house now—Posting is so dear. (*Jack nods.*)

Lady Est. Where then is your residence?

Sir Harry. If by residence you mean where do I dress, I have lodgings in Bond-street, and occasional apartments at all the watering places.---Or if by residence you mean where do I usually sleep, I generally post in the night, and sleep in my carriage, we all do---don't we Jack? (*Jack nods*)

Lady Est. In your carriage?

Sir Harry. Yes---I can't bear to be stationary, we none of us can, and I verily believe that to breathe the same air for twenty-four-hours would be the death of me---it would be the death of all of us, would not it Jack?---Of this, at least, I am sure, that I should have no appetite, and what would be life without an appetite?

Lady Est. Perhaps we have staid in this air too long already---Mr. Dorville is within---Mr. Tacid will attend us---change of air is, I suppose, just as necessary to your friend as to yourself.

Sir Harry. No, faith---I will say that for Jack---his appetite never fails, and I'll tell you how I account for it---most people have two ways of using their mouths, now, as he never speaks, he has but one, and in that one he makes up for both! [*Exeunt Sir Harry and Lady Esther---as Jack Lizard is following*]

—SCENE IV—

Enter SUSAN on the opposite Side.

Susan. Hift---hift---it certainly is---why brother this is unexpected indeed---did you come with Sir Harry?

Jack Liz. Hush---hush---I did!

Susan. This it is to be a man of talents---its an introduction to the first society.

Jack Liz. Hush---hush! or you'll ruin me---talents an introduction!

Susan. Aye, I suppose it was your last pamphlet introduced you to Sir Harry?

Jack Liz. My last pamphlet---if Sir Harry suspected me of being able to put two sentences together---he'd drop me at the first turnpike.

Susan.

Susan. What, then it was your taste for Poetry?
---I always said that you was a pretty poet---and
so us'd all the young ladies at Mrs. Monsoon's.

Jack. No, Suzy---the most useful piece of
knowledge I ever learnt, was to affect ignorance---
I have made my way with Sir Harry, and the
whole set, by constantly appearing to have an in-
ferior understanding to theirs---they fancy I am a
dull illiterate fellow; and make me their butt for-
sooth.---

Susan. Well now---I can't put up with that---
if any of our young ladies, at Mrs. Monsoon's, make
a butt of me, I always lose my temper.

Jack. Pshaw--- as their jokes are without point,
I never triumph so much as when the laugh is
against me.

Susan. Eh!---here is my father.

SCENE V.

Enter LIZARD.

Lizard. My dear Jack---how fortunate!

Jack L. Jack---for the world don't call me
Jack---If Sir Harry knew I had a poor relation,
he'd suspect some design, and cut directly---

Susan. Jack came down with Sir Harry Fleetly
---is his intimate friend.

Lizard. 'I know it, I know it, I have heard of
'his new silent nodding acquiescing character---
'the rogue!!!'---Aye, these are the fruits of the edu-
cation I have given you all---a liberal education,
sent you all to the best schools, and least they
should spoil you by indulgence---never paid a six-
pence after the first quarter---oh, there's nothing
like giving children a liberal education.

Jack Liz.

Jack Liz. Liberal enough! you taught us life as the Indians teach their children to swim, they seize them by the nape of the neck as soon as born, and chuck them into the water to shift for themselves.

Lizard. Aye, and they always swim!!!—what, you got my letter, Jack, eh?

Jack Liz. Yes, it was that brought me down with Sir Harry—but what are you doing in this part of the country; why send for me in such haste?

Lizard. To introduce you to a nabob.

Jack Liz. What's the story of this nabob?

Susan. Aye, father, what's the story of this nabob.

Lizard. In the first place, I mean that Susan should marry his son.

Susan. I, I marry the son of a nabob?

Lizard. In the next place, I mean that you should marry an Indian heiress, who is his ward.

Jack Liz. But, how am I to marry his ward?

Susan. How am I to marry his son?

Jack Liz. What is your influence over her?
(*rapidly, on each side of Lizard.*)

Susan. What is your influence over him?

Lizard. Secrets, secrets all; in the first place, this heiress is one whose fortune is a secret even to herself.

Jack Liz. How? a secret?

Lizard. Yes, a secret, which you shall hear from me, and she from you.

Susan. But the young nabob is in possession of his fortune?

Lizard. And I of the secret by which it was acquired; come with me, and I'll introduce you both directly.

Jack Liz. Father, you are a great man!!!

Lizard.

Lizard. You compliment, Jack, you compliment.

Jack Liz. I feel the kindred spirit mounting.

Susan. So do I; I'll go and put on my cloaths directly, that is, Lady Esther's cloaths I mean.

Lizard. Your hands (*takes one of each*) courage, and the day's our own.

Jack Liz. and Susan. We'll not degenerate farther, we'll not degenerate.

Lizard. If the doctor and the architect were here, my happiness would be complete; what a book *Jem's* is, proves to demonstration—(*Jack Liz. stops his mouth.*) what a head *Jerry* has for building and improvements—(*Susan stops his mouth*) diseases arise! run you up a house! (*they alternately stop his mouth as they are going off.*) To be sure there never was such a family!!

SCENE VI. *At Mr. Torrid's.*

Enter Mr. TORRID.

Torrid. Some fatality is sure to attend me, whenever I mean to be honest; just at the moment I was about to keep my promise to *Rosa's* mother, and deliver the letter to *Lady Esther Dorville*, this rascal *Lizard* comes across me, and makes it necessary that I should suppress the letter, and every syllable of her story for my own safety, 'the knave, with a natural ridicule in his character, which one must laugh at, has an acquired shrewdness which I cannot but fear.'

SCENE VII. *Enter HENRY.*

Henry. I am happy, Sir, to find you alone; in one word, the future happiness of my life hangs on the present moment! If *Rosa* leaves the house,

E

an

an opportunity is lost which I may never meet again. I flatter myself that your consent is only wanting to our union. (*Lizard, speaking behind, Servants' hall, shew me to the servants' hall.*) What noise is this?

Torrid. That rascal Lizard again.

SCENE VIII. *Enter LIZARD, pursuing the Servant.*

Lizard. The servants' hall! shew me to the servants' hall, is this treatment for your master's friend, the oldest friend he has in the world!

Torrid. So, so—it will all come out, leave the room, Sir. [*Exit servant.*]

Lizard. Leave the house! is this treatment for your master's partner?

Henry. How?

Torrid. Hush—hush—hush!

Lizard. Yes, Sir, my name is Lizard, the man who sav'd your father's character at the expence of his own; come, come, don't affect ignorance, he must have told you.

Henry. What do you mean?

Torrid. Don't listen to him, Henry, don't listen to him, for Heaven's sake, silence! (*to Lizard.*)

Lizard. Come, come, you know the story, that your father and I started in London together, where our success was so bad, that conscious of our own merit, we thought it must be the effect of the climate; my son Jem the doctor, says there's a great deal in climate; I hope to introduce him to you; a clever fellow I assure you; written a book on atmospheres; proves to demonstration that all our diseases—

Henry.

Henry. (interrupting him) For heaven's sake, Sir, proceed in your story; what strange mystery is this?

Lizard. What are you really ignorant then? Very odd that.

Henry. Go on, go on.

Lizard. I will, Sir, I will.—We embarked our capital of industry for India; on our arrival the market was so over-stocked that we were on the point of smashing, when a lady came to a relation at Calcutta with an infant daughter.

Henry. A lady with an infant daughter!

Lizard. That relation died, and left her his whole fortune, which, by a lucky accident, was put into your father's hands; with this we speculated, succeeded—again speculated, and should have again succeeded, but, from some reports, the lady had suspicions, and she required her money to be produced on the instant; that was impracticable; your father prevailed on me to fly, I consented, we divided the fortune, and I took the whole of the disgrace; he staid in India, I came to England—he's a Nabob, and I'm not worth sixpence.

Henry. What do I hear?

Lizard. A secret—the whole is a secret—not a syllable has transpired—it is in your power to keep it so;—talk the matter over together—no ceremony with me—I can amuse myself with the biscuits and Madeira. (*goes to the table where the wine is.*)

Henry. For heaven's sake, Sir, break this silence, and tell me who—who was the victim?

Torrid. Victim! Did I not support her and her mother? (*to Lizard.*)

Henry. How! is it then Rosa? is Rosa the victim of your injustice---of my father's injustice? What, if she should have suspicions! What, if she should think me a confederate in the design upon her fortune?---the offer of my hand this morning must have appeared a contemptible artifice, a plot on her affections, by a mean affectation of disinterestedness. Oh, no! I wrong her generous nature, she is without suspicion, and the injury the more atrocious. I know not how to act.

Torrid. Henry! I say!

Henry. Is it you, Sir, is it my father! who is thus disgrac'd, dishonour'd?

Torrid. Dishonour'd! you forget the whole is yet a secret, known only to this man, if he is pacified we are safe.

Henry. I know not how to act; to tell her of her wrongs, to disclose the truth---

Torrid. Disclose the truth---why what the devil do you mean? to expose me to the world---my own son---do you not feel what would be my situation if you should tell?

Henry. Believe me, Sir, I do; make any terms with this man, his object is clear. I'll retire, and compose myself, you'll find me in your room; I am over-whelm'd with shame and horror. [*Exit.*]

Lizard. (*calling after him*) Sir, Sir,---he seems unwell, has he bad health?

Torrid. Pshaw.

Lizard. How lucky my son, the doctor, is coming; he'll soon set all to rights. I don't think you look well; it's a very desirable thing to have a medical man always in the family.

Torrid. Why would you thus expose me to my son; I would have kept it from him at all events.

Lizard. I am vastly pleased with that son of your's.

Torrid. Scoundrel! (*Aside.*)

Lizard. I have been turning this business over in my mind, and I begin to think that five of us here quartered on you at once may be rather inconvenient.

Torrid. Rascal! (*Aside.*)

Lizard. That as I have you in my power, there is something mean in taking advantage of it.

Torrid. Impudent villain. (*Aside.*)

Lizard. Something mercenary, selfish. Now, I hate every thing mercenary or selfish.

Torrid. Give me your hand, now that is thinking like a friend.

Lizard. But then how are we to manage; my tongue has a desperate itch to be babbling.

Torrid. I hope not, I hope not.

Lizard. Yes it has—unless—

Torrid. Unless what?

Lizard. Unless—come, to be concise—unless there's a union of the families.

Torrid. A union of the families.

Lizard. Yes, it seems you have brought this young heiress to England. Now, in the first place, I mean to propose that you should marry her to one of my sons.

Torrid. Whether she consents or not?

Lizard. As to her consent, there's no doubt of it; to be sure she will be perplexed in her choice. I should myself; they have all their commendations. Jack's a noble fellow, but then Jerry has such an eye, and the doctor is so insinuating.

Torrid. But how is the marriage of Rosa with one of your sons to secure secrecy?

Lizard.

Lizard. True, it will not; we must go farther.' You have a son and I a daughter.

Torrid. Why you don't mean—(*starting to the other end of the stage.*)

Lizard. Nothing but their marriage will keep my tongue quiet.

Torrid. Their marriage! impossible!

Lizard. It's an infirmity, I am sorry for it; nothing but their marriage can keep my tongue quiet. I feel it at work now, at this moment, and yet here in this neighbourhood, where you are come to settle——

Torrid. Stay, stay.

Lizard. Yes—it's a going—its a going, and if once off, the devil himself can't stop it.

Torrid. Hold, hold, let me consider a moment. Suppose I was to see his daughter, perhaps something might be done with her. [*Aside.*]

Lizard. Yes, I have set my heart upon the match.

Torrid. Well, well, let me see her then.

Lizard. That you shall directly. I don't think I told you she is head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's.

Torrid. Yes, yes, you did.

Lizard. Come along then; she's below.

Torrid. How, below? then there's not a moment to be lost.

Lizard. Just what Jem says when he takes up his hat and stick to visit a patient. How I long to have the families united. [*Exit.*]

Torrid. (*following him, stops*) I see that this discovery has cut my son to the heart; there is but one resource left to reconcile him and defeat Lizard. Yes, I'll consent to Henry's marriage with Rosa, and if I can but pacify Lizard till it is

is concluded, or bribe his daughter to assist in my scheme, my character and fortune may yet be safe. [Exit

SCENE IX. *Opens to a magnificent Drawing-Room at Mr. Torrid's, with folding Doors in the Centre.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. It is but a few hours since life appeared to me as a gay vision of the fairest hue. I had from nature a mind open to enjoyment, and fortune seemed to have done her part; my father's circumstances were affluent, and my young heart exulted in the hope of raising her I lov'd, from a condition of dependence, to be the wife of my bosom, the partner of my prosperity. My imagination expanded at the thought, I seem'd to tread the air. Alas, how chang'd, how fallen! *(Rosa singing behind the scenes).* 'Tis Rosa! the sweet melody of her voice quite overpowers me.

Majestic rose the god of day

In yon bright burnish'd sky,

Old Ocean kindled at the ray,

And heav'd himself on high:

On the deck Henry stood,

To view the swelling tide,

Ah—no—Henry—no!

He thought not of the flood,

'Twas Rosa by his side.

(Rosa

(Rosa enters, and sings the second stanza on the stage.)

Now softly sunk the setting sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed,
The evening watch was hush'd and done,
The pilot "hung his head."
On the deck Rosa staid
To view the waters glide,
Ah—no—Rosa—no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
'Twas Henry by her side.

Rosa. How do you shun me, Henry! I shall not be long here to importune you.

Henry. I thought you were already gone to Mr. Dorville's.

Rosa. Would you then have suffered me to go without seeing you again? Do you wish me gone?

Henry. I do—yet stay—before you leave the house let me entreat your pardon for what passed this morning.

Rosa. My pardon, what do you mean? I know and feel the disparity of our condition.

Henry. Disparity indeed! (*with deep concern.*)

Rosa. You are in affluence, I am poor and dependant.

Henry. That dependance I cannot think of without shame and horror! I have hitherto forbore to press you with unnecessary questions—but your mother—Do you remember her coming to India? Do you remember her situation? as to fortune I mean?

Rosa

Rosa. I was too young to have any recollection of it, but she once told me that the best part of her uncle's property had been confided to your father, and lost by the treachery of one of his agents. I never prest her on the subject, as she studiously concealed from me every particular of her life. I was only admitted to share her tears, and not her confidence.

Henry. Then this man's story is confirmed to the full extent.

Rosa. What can you mean? You seem agitated! You seem unwell!

Henry. I am indeed! sick, sick at heart—do not despise me Rosa, and yet I deserve it at your hands.

Rosa. You Henry! you deserve it! at my hands! you, from whose generosity I have found protection!

Henry. Protection? Do you call it protection? Go to Mr. Dorville's, leave this house immediately, every being here is tainted with falsehood and dishonour.

Rosa. With falsehood and dishonour?—You are not going Henry? you are not going to leave me without some explanation?

Henry. You shall hear from me, Rosa; I will write to you; I will reveal a mystery which involves the conduct of one, whom however culpable, I am bound to revere. I am unequal to the tale of horror; it shall be disclosed to you by letter. Rosa! Rosa! you will learn too soon that I am the most unfortunate of human beings. [Exit.

Rosa. Henry—stay, stay, I entreat of you—you, you unfortunate? what then am I? what then is Rosa? Did he not tell me to go to

Mr. Dorville's, to leave this house? did he not say it was tainted with falsehood and dishonour? Yes Henry, I understand you: his father has refused his consent to our marriage, and will no longer suffer me to remain under his roof; he shall be obey'd; I will obtain from him my mother's letter to Lady Esther Dorville, and then these doors are clos'd on me for ever.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room at Mr. TORRID's.**Enter ROSA.*

Rosa. Strange that I can no where see Mr. Torrid, to ask him for this letter.

SCENE II. *Enter SUSAN.*

Susan. Mr. Torrid! did you wish to see Mr. Torrid, Miss? he's engag'd at present with my father upon some business in which I am a little interested—Oh, that must have been you I heard singing, Miss—you have a very pretty voice, only you speak too plain when you sing—bless me, I understood every word. You are just come from India, I hear, and you knew Mr. Torrid there, I believe?

Rosa. Yes, I did.

Susan. And his son too?

Rosa. I came over in the same ship with him.

Susan. I am told that he is a very personable young man.

Rosa. Yes, yes, he is—but why do you enquire?

Susan. I protest that I am glad to hear it! and pray Miss, and if I may take the liberty, what age is he?

Rosa. About five and twenty—but why should you ask?

Susan. Five and twenty!—I am glad of it!

Rosa. Glad of it!

Susan. And pray, Miss, what sort of a man is he? is he tall or short—fair or brown?—What sort of complexion has he? What is the colour of his hair?

Rosa. I don't know! I can't tell! (what does the woman mean by these questions, surely she has some design on Henry.) [*aside.*]

Susan. Oh! you'll excuse me, Miss—but I see you was not brought up at Mrs. Monsoon's—why, there's not one of our young ladies but would have answer'd all these questions, and look'd him over, as we call it, in five minutes conversation with him.

Rosa. Yes, yes, she has certainly some design on him. What a fright she is!

SCENE III. *Enter LIZARD, followed by the Servant.*

Servant. I told you, Sir, my master was not here!

Lizard. But the young lady is, Sir—the very person I wished to see; give me leave to introduce my daughter, Miss—What! she has introduced herself—brought her here at the request of the Nabob—Here he is, Suzy, coming to make proposals for his son!

Rosa. Proposals for his son?

Lizard. Yes, for his son to marry my daughter; they were contracted to each other in the cradle.

Rosa. I'll not believe it! yet how strange was Henry's conduct! can this be the mystery he talk'd of?

Lizard. Here comes Mr. Torrid, you may ask him; 'gad, here's a little attachment which may stand in our way.

Rosa,

Rosa. I have no right to ask !

Lizard. I dare say Suzy will have no objection to your staying ! eh Susan ! what, the young Nabob has been saying a few soft things ; and yet when he knew of his engagement to my daughter, that was not quite so honourable. You look unwell.

Rosa. I am lately returned from India—its the mere change of air—your arm if you please ?

Lizard. To be sure—to be sure, how lucky my son the doctor is coming—he is very great on airs—I expect him here in the course of the day, and my son Jack, you'll be delighted with Jack ; such a companion, I have a parcel of his impromptues in my pocket, (*talking as he leads her out.*) [Exeunt Lizard and Rosa.

Susan. Poor thing, (*contemptuously*). But here comes the old gentleman, how shall I receive him, the pathetic, or didactic ; both by all means. I'll first overpower him by civility, and then I'll astonish him by erudition.

SCENE IV. *Enter Mr. TORRID.*

Torrid. Miss Sufannah Lizard---I presume---

Susan. The same, Sir---at your service---pray be seated, Sir. Be seated. (*they bow with great ceremony.*)

Torrid. I am come on a business in which my son's happiness is materially interested.

Susan. Not more than mine, Sir---I assure you ;

Torrid. You are head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's boarding school I think---

Susan. Family, Sir---if you please---I see he's ignorant, and I'll astonish him. (*aside.*)

Torrid. I beg pardon---Family is it ?---A very subordinate

subordinate station for a person of your talents and accomplishments.

Susan. I think I have heard my father say--- that your early habits were literary---they like one should observe these things. (*aside*)

Torrid. She knows the whole story of old Plagiarist, I see. (*aside*) Yes, Ma'am, yes.

Susan. That you were brother students---

Torrid. Brother students---Yes, Ma'am, yes, we were together in his office---but permit me to say---that this situation of your's, at Mrs. Monsoon's---is a very subordinate one for a person of such taste and accomplishments.

Susan. This compliment to his literature has quite captivated him, and now I'll astonish him by my erudition. (*aside*) Ah, Sir, the moderns do not hold us pedagogues in the same degree of estimation as the ancients did---I dare say you are intimately acquainted with those illustrious philosophers who taught in the schools of antiquity.

Torrid. Why, Ma'am, I can't charge my memory with a very accurate recollection---

Susan. I mean, Sir, with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle---or, the more modern, Plutarch, Epictetus, Suetonius, Quintilian---or, perhaps, your researches are still more recent?

Torrid. Ma'am!

Susan. Busby, Bentley, Milton, Watts, Johnson-----

Torrid. Zounds, I shall never recover my ears again. I was only about to say, Ma'am, when these gentlemen interrupted us, that though the station is honourable, yet it is beneath a person of your taste and science: if, therefore, I could
be

be the means of extricating you, I should render a service to the cause of literature.

Susan. Oh, Sir! I see he is quite captivated. (*aside.*)

Torrid. As for this marriage, I am sorry to say that it cannot take place.

Susan. How, Sir?

Torrid. Yes, Ma'am, there is, unfortunately, unfortunately, I say, for you seem made for each other, an insuperable obstacle to the marriage between Henry and yourself—

Susan. An insuperable obstacle!

Torrid. Yes, Ma'am, my son cannot have the honour of your hand, since, between ourselves, he is married already.

Susan. Married already?—then there's an end of our whole scheme. (*aside.*)

Torrid. Yes, to the young lady from India. A match contracted without my privity, and certainly to my mortification, now that I see the opportunity he has lost—but if you'll consent to a little proposition—

Susan. What do you mean, Sir?

Torrid. Nothing improper, Ma'am!!! nothing but what any of these gentlemen of your acquaintance might have proposed: it is of importance that this marriage should be kept secret from your father, and if you would contrive that the rejection should proceed from you---

Susan. But how can the rejection come from me?

Torrid. Nothing easier, we have only to transfer the objection from his side to your's. Suppose you were to say, that you are married already: my son married without his father's

consent or knowledge, and you may be married without your's.

Susan. I marry! without my father's consent! I, head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's!--I---that the morals of the rising generation—I, whose poverty never led me even in thought to stray from the paths of virtue. I marry!—

Torrid. I don't mean that you should actually marry---I only want you to say, that you are married, and I have a little note here just presented to me by my Steward, a note of Mr. Dorville's—

Susan. A note of Mr. Dorville's!

Torrid. Yes, for five hundred pounds.

Susan. For five hundred pounds!—to be sure, Sir, I should be very sorry that the young gentleman was put to any inconvenience on my account.

Torrid. I am sure you would (*gives the note.*) I am sure you would---Here is Henry, and if we could see your father, your rejection might be given directly.

Susan. He's in the next room---if you'll follow me there, I shall have a few minutes to compose myself. And to consult with my father on our best mode of proceeding. (*aside*) [*Exit Susan.*]

Torrid. This story of Henry's marriage with Rosa was a lucky invention, and backed with the five hundred pounds must be successful---to be sure money does get a man into scrapes, but then its the very best specific to get him out again.

SCENE V. *Enter* HENRY.

Henry. Well, Sir, where have you been? what says this man?

Torrid. His terms are monstrous!

Henry.

Henry. So I suppos'd—

Torrid. To satisfy him with money is impossible; He has made a proposition of another kind.

Henry. Will it be effectual?

Torrid. Yes yes! effectual enough.

Henry. Name it, Sir; name it.

Torrid. It concerns yourself.

Henry. Concerns me!

Torrid. But the sacrifice is too great.

Henry. No sacrifice can be too great, consistent with honour.

Torrid. Oh, this is perfectly honourable; he only requires that you should marry his daughter.

Henry. I marry his daughter! does he think me mad?

Torrid. I have seen the girl—nay more, I have promis'd that you shall make a declaration to her.

Henry. How?

Torrid. Lizard is now expecting us in the next room.

Henry. You cannot suppose, Sir—

Torrid. I have given her a note for five hundred pounds to say that she is married already.

Henry. Well!

Torrid. So that you may make the offer in security, and if the rejection proceeds from her, Lizard can have no right to complain of us.

Henry. There is a coarseness in the proceeding. No, Sir, I cannot submit to it.

Torrid. Not submit to it! when your father's character is at stake! when I am ready to make every sacrifice for you!

Henry. How?

Torrid. By consenting to your marriage with Rosa, when I might have secured an alliance with some family of distinction.

Henry. I! I marry Rosa! every sentiment of justice and propriety revolts at the idea; my marriage with her is impossible.

Torrid. You are not serious. Impossible? your marriage with her impossible? When I refus'd my consent, you could not live without her; and now that it may be the means of preserving my character, you tell me it's impossible; nay you refuse to descend from your romance so far, as to make an offer to Lizard's daughter, though I have told you——

Henry. No, Sir; I will make that offer, on one condition.

Torrid. What is it?

Henry. That you make restitution to Rosa.

Torrid. Restitution?—well, well; I will.

Henry. Ample and immediate?

Torrid. Yes, yes, on the day of your marriage.

Henry. Again, Sir, do you talk of my marriage?

Torrid. Why, you talk'd of nothing else yourself an hour ago?—Well, well, it shall be as you please. I see that I have lost your affections?

Henry. No, Sir—you are still my father; I beg your pardon: I am every way unfortunate; it should be my duty to soften, not to aggravate, the horrors of your situation. Where is this man's daughter? Come, Sir, I will make the offer. I shall have at least the consolation of reflecting, that I have made some sacrifice for the security of your happiness, though my own is forfeited for ever.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

SCENE VI. *A Drawing Room, with folding Doors at the Back of the Stage.**Enter LIZARD, following ROSA.*

Lizard. Just let me read you again that impromptu of my son Jack's—Why, you don't listen. Well, well, here comes my daughter; you may now learn from her the result of the interview—and the Nabob and his son—both coming—I told you so—there, your Henry! as you stile him—Will you believe your own eyes?

Rosa. No—I will not.—Yes, he is indeed coming. I dare not meet him, all my boasted resolution would sink to nothing; I feel it would.

Lizard. 'Gad I begin to think she would be as well out of the way, she's a dangerous sort of a personage (*aside*). What, you wish to avoid him. I admire your spirit. In that room you may conceal yourself till he is gone.

Rosa. Why should I conceal myself?

Lizard. There is no other way out of the room, unless you chuse to meet him.

Rosa. Can it be true? as this man says; is he indeed come with such a purpose? Meet him? Oh no! If it be so, hide me from Henry, from the world, from myself. (*goes within the doors.*)

SCENE VII. *Enter SUSAN.*

Susan. They are coming, Sir, they are coming, but our whole plan is defeated.

Lizard. Defeated! how? speak softly. (*takes her from the door where Rosa is.*)

Susan. Mr. Torrid's son is already married to the young girl from India.

Lizard. What?

Susan. He has just told me of it.

Lizard. Impossible! he never hinted such a thing this morning.

Susan. He has given me a note of Mr. Dorville's for five hundred pounds, to say that I am married, that the objection may appear to you to be on my side.

Lizard. A note of Mr. Dorville's for five hundred pounds, (*takes it*) to say that you are married, that the objection may appear to me to be on your side. Nay, then, I see through the design; this marriage of his son is a mere pretence—so, so, does he play me false—and what said you?

Susan. I promised; and he is now coming to make the offer.

Lizard. Is he? the very thing I could have wish'd. Rosa is in that room; there's no way out; she can't escape; and if you but make him speak loud enough, in spite of herself she will hear every word he says—So, Mr. Nabob, plot and counter-plot; here they are (*speaks to Susan.*)

Susan. But you may as well give me the note, Sir.

Lizard. Oh fye, fye—never mind—oh fye. (*pockets the note.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter TORRID and HENRY.

Henry. I am ashamed of the part I have undertaken.

Torrid. (*pushing Henry*) Hush, hush—Madam, my son.

Henry. The embarrassment, Madam—under which—I say, Madam—the embarrassment—you see I am embarrassed, Madam,

Susan.

Susan. Not more than I am, Sir, I assure you.

Henry. (after *Torrid* has pull'd him) I trust, Madam, after what has passed between you and my father, that this embarrassment is not misinterpreted by you. (*Torrid pulls him.*)

Torrid. What are you about?

Henry. That is, I mean, Madam, that you are convinced of the force of my attachment; which thus—

Susan. I am, Sir; and, if the sympathies of a mutual passion—

Henry. (rising) How! (turns round, and meets *Lizard*) confusion!

Lizard. (to him) What an elegant creature she is.

(*Henry turns from him, and meets Susan*)

Susan. If the sensibilities of a heart tremblingly alive—

(*Henry turns from Susan, and meets Lizard.*)

Lizard. All nerve.

(*Henry turns again from Lizard, and meets Susan.*)

Susan. If the idea of a rival—

(*Henry turns from Susan, and meets Lizard; again turns from Lizard, and is met by Susan; and, in order to get away, rushes to the folding doors, which he opens, and discovers Rosa.*)

Rosa. You have no rival; he is releas'd! *Rosa* herself releases him from every tie of honour, of love. Mr. *Torrid*, why, why will you not give me this letter to Lady *Dorville*; alas, it is now my only dependance. Am I detained to be publicly insulted?

Henry. Hear me, *Rosa*; I entreat you, hear me.

Rosa.

Rosa. No, Sir, I have already heard too much. I can now resign my pretensions without regret. I am undeceived, and glad of it; I would say so coldly, coldly as you have done, but there's a something here, here at my heart, which will not suffer me; dissimulation is new to me. Ah, Henry, Henry, it is the only lesson I ever learnt from you with difficulty. *[Exit.*

Henry. Stay, I conjure you, Rosa, stay. *(following her.)*

Lizard. Follow her, Susan---follow her directly---they must be kept apart at any rate---*(aside, to Susan)* *[Exit Susan.]*---What does she mean by this letter to Lady Dorville?

Torrid. A letter of introduction from her mother.

Lizard. 'Pshaw, only a letter of introduction; what's a letter of introduction? I know what a letter of introduction is, they'll ask her to dinner once, and never see her face afterwards.

Torrid. But she has further claims.

Lizard. What claims?

Torrid. Claims of a nature---

Lizard. What nature? I'll go and ask her.

Torrid. Stay, stay! She is ignorant of them herself, but they are explained in this letter.

Lizard. Claims of which she is ignorant. 'Pshaw, this is a mere trick, evasion; there is no such letter.

Torrid. No such letter---here it is *(Giving it.)*

Lizard. Let me see it---*(Takes the letter.)*

Torrid. I am as unwilling to have it deliver'd as you can be; it may lead to the discovery of a secret.

Lizard. What, of our secret? This letter must not be deliver'd.

Torrid.

Torrid. Not deliver'd! But my son insists---

Lizard. Your son insist? then I'll impound the letter, to relieve you from any further difficulty.

Torrid. Impound the letter? What are you about?

Lizard. It's just as snug in my pocket as in yours. Hush, hush, here he is. (*Henry returns.*)

Henry. She is gone, and will not hear me. What does she mean, Sir, by her enquiry for this letter to Lady Elther Dorville; have you not given it?

Lizard. Its mislaid, lost. (*Goes to the side scene.*)

Henry. How? impossible!

Torrid. Well, well, it shall be delivered, when you are married.

Henry. I see while that is possible, all efforts to make her restitution will be fruitless.

Lizard. Susan has overtaken her, and all is safe. (*Looking out*) What the devil are they whispering about. (*aside*) Restitution! why, what do you mean?

Torrid. (*to Lizard*) He knows not what he means. (*To Henry*) What are you about? you forget that this man must be pacified.

Henry. Make but the restitution you promis'd, and he shall be pacified.

Torrid. How?

Henry. I will pacify him.

Torrid. But how?

Henry. Leave that to me.

Lizard. You don't suppose that I am fool enough to—

Torrid. You see—you see—(*to Henry.*)

Henry. Leave us together, and I'll undertake for the result.

Torrid. Well, well, I am gone ; but remember he has me in his power.

Henry. I do, I do. [Exit Torrid.]

Lizard. Restitution ! and do you suppose, young Sir, that I am the dupe of this magnanimous restitution ?

Henry. I don't understand you, Sir.

Liard. No, no ; the artifice is too shallow to pass on me ; what, the father is to make restitution to Rosa, and the son is to make Rosa his wife.

Henry. You are mistaken, Sir ; I never can make Rosa my wife ; it is a vision of happiness which once indeed—but now—

Lizard. What, you are detected ! but harkye, Sir, you have publickly declared yourself to my daughter ; you have publickly made an offer of your hand ; you shall either marry her or answer it in a court of law ; you shall have a little conversation with John Doe and Richard Roe on the subject ; the whole story shall be told ; the notable plot of the father and son on the property of one woman, and on the affections of another. I leave you to your option. Oh that my son Jack was called to the bar, how eloquent would he be on such a subject ! Once more I give you your option ; if you marry my daughter your father's honour is preserv'd, but if you refuse after what has passed—

Henry. Well, well—I know that you have tied me to the stake ; I have no option, no alternative ; I have renounced Rosa, publickly insulted her ; do with me as you please : I have pledged myself to secure your secrecy, and I will pay the price of it.

Lizard. Now you are talking rationally ; let me but have it under your hand—

Henry.

Henry. Under my hand.

Lizard. Yes, there's such stability in pen and ink ; a man's signature is such a refresher to his memory, as Jack says.

Henry. Well, well, lead on, Sir, you have caught me in your toils, and I'll not flinch ! Yes, Rosa shall have justice, whatever be the sacrifice.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Garden at Mr. Dorville's.*

Enter Sir HARRY, followed by JACK LIZARD.

Jack Liz. Is it possible, Sir Harry, that you can refuse me?

Sir Harry. Have-a-care, Jack, have-a-care—you are growing chatty, and that you know I can't endure.

Jack Liz. 'Sdeath, would not any man be chatty with a pack of bailiffs at his heels?

Sir Harry. It has been the fate of many a great man, Jack.

Jack Liz. A great man can afford it; when a great man is arrested, people only say that he is gone to his villa; its not the arrest I care for, but the sum, a paltry five hundred.

Sir Harry. Five hundred, paltry! why its the price of my horse Dancer.

Jack Liz. As you sold him yesterday, you must have the cash about you.

Sir Harry. That money is sacred, you know it is.—What, would you have me defraud my stud of its complement.—You see, Jack, you see—the moment you begin to talk, you are irrational. Why you are as bad as a wit, your wits are always poor and chatty; but however I'll tell you what, though I can't give you the money, I'll do as well, I'll give you a piece of advice—there's no caption yet—eh! they have not dubb'd you (*tapping him over the shoulder.*)

Jack Liz. No, but they are in full cry.

Sir Harry. Change your county then directly, that's the way—change your county, and you are safe—the writ won't run into the next.—Why there's Sam Splash has a hunting-box for the purpose, stands on two counties, and he only tells his servant, if the sheriff of Middlesex calls, shew him into Surry; if the sheriff of Surry calls, shew him into Middlesex; or, if you like it better, speak to Mr. Dorville, lending is his passion—he has no other use for his money.

Jack Liz. Mr. Dorville is a stranger to me; how can I expect a stranger to lend me money, when my friend refuses me?

Sir Harry. Because he is a stranger Jack! upon my soul you must hold your tongue, or else you'll lose your character; you may lend money to a stranger, but never to a friend; the odds are, that a stranger pays, or else you lay him by the heels; but against a friend a man has no remedy, and your friend never pays you a sixpence—if you was a stranger Jack! I would lend you the money myself, but as you are my friend, the thing's impossible, quite out of the question.

[Exit.

Jack Liz. (calling after him) Well, but treat me as a stranger then, no ceremony.

SCENE II.—Enter LIZARD.

Lizard. Here Jack, here my boy—here it is, a promise under his hand, under the hand of the young Nabob, to marry Susan—so much for her! and now for yourself—if you can but see the

H 2

heiress,

heirefs, fuccefs is certain; I have now proofs of the Nabob's falfehood, to confirm our ftory.

Jack Liz. Proofs! Have you really proofs?

Lizard. A letter which he brought from her mother to Lady Esther Dorville; he confeffed to me that it contained the whole of her ftory, and that he meant to fuppreff it on that account.

Jack Liz. How?

Lizard. I threaten'd the fon with a difcovery, and to bribe me to fecrecy, he gave the promife to Sufan—I threaten'd the father with a difcovery, and to bribe me to fecrecy, he gave me up the letter.

Jack Liz. Then 'twas a combination between the father and fon to cheat the girl?

Lizard. I told you fo this morning, but you would not believe me.

Jack Liz. 'Sdeath, how unlucky to have a bailiff at my heels at this moment.

Lizard. A bailiff!

Jack Liz. Yes, to lofe all my hopes of an Indian heirefs for a paltry five hundred pounds!

Lizard. Pshaw, this is your extravagance—your houfes, horfes, and carriages; why will you live at fuch an expence?

Jack Liz. Expence! why my houfes, horfes, and carriages, are not expences, they are my ways and means—I hire a cottage for 20 guineas, fit it up as a hunting-box, and let it for four-fcore—I buy a horfe for ten pounds, pace him in the park, after a fummer's run, and fell him for a hundred. The fums which they refufe to my neceffities, they will give freely to gratify their own caprice—If I was in London, I could raife the money with eafe by the fale of my curricie and blacks.

Lizard. Five hundred pounds! Can't you borrow it from Sir Harry, Jack?

Jack Liz. Not a fixpence; I have just ask'd him, and he'll not advance a fixpence.

Lizard. Why then I'll advance it—I'll give the bailiff Dorville's note (*aside.*)

Jack Liz. You—you advance it—my dear father, why you are not serious—its five hundred pounds—how the devil can you raise five hundred pounds?

Lizard. No matter, watch you for the heiress, and leave the rest to me—are you sure he is a bailiff? do you know him?

Jack Liz. Know him! I have an instinct on these occasions which is infallible—why he has an apartment in Cursitor-street which he calls mine—a pretty rural situation, commands a fine view of Staples-Inn—but how the devil came you by the five hundred pounds?

Lizard. It was intended for the doctor and the architect; but you never think of them; with all your opportunities never once recommend them, never once quote Jem's book, or Jerry's plans.

Jack Liz. Hush, my dear father, hush—when I am married to the heiress, Jerry shall build me a temple to Hygeia in my grounds, and the doctor's book shall be engrav'd on the walls in letters of gold—eh! zounds, here is my friend from Cursitor-street—some people complain of the law's delay; for my part I have always found it treading on my heels.

[*Exeunt, opposite sides.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Before Mr. Dorville's House.*

Enter Mr. DORVILLE and the STEWARD.

Mr. Dorville. It is but five hundred pounds.

Steward. The house will be filled with creditors in the course of an hour, Sir; your inability to pay this note will be the signal of alarm to them all—you have forgiven some of the tenants their rent, you have consented to the delay of others, and I don't know a creature to whom I can apply.

Mr. Dorville. Apply to them! to the tenants!

Steward. Apply to the tenants! It goes to my heart to see your honour thus their dupe.

Mr. Dorville. I am not their dupe!—Is not my whole estate one unvaried scene of domestic felicity? do they not love me as their father? Here is Lizard's daughter, I'll speak to her; surely he will wait a few hours.

Steward. Not an instant, Sir; he told me that he should pay away the note. But I'll see my lady, and wait your further orders. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Dorville. Who is this young stranger with her in tears—hold, hold—I may intrude officiously.

SCENE IV. *Enter ROSA, followed by SUSAN.*

Rosa. Leave me, I beseech you leave me.

Susan. Nay, Miss, to be sure, its very provoking to be cross'd in one's first love, but it is what happens to most of us, for all that.

Rosa. What! what! will become of me!—to return to Mr. Torrid's is impossible.

Susan. Why, Miss, I have been thinking that, as you will be out of employment, when I am mar-

married to young Mr. Torrid, you know there will be a vacancy at the school, now I will speak to Mrs. Monsoon about you; to be sure you will be rather awkward at first; but as you will take less salary on that account, I dare say Mrs. Monsoon would not object, though I don't know what you would do for a character, she is very particular about the character of her teachers; have you no letters to your family? your friends?

Rosa. I have no family. No friends. I was, from my infancy, the child of sorrow; bred up in secrecy and solitude; my mother lov'd me, tenderly lov'd me, and yet at times, when melting into softness, her countenance would suddenly change, her looks become stern, resentful, and poor Rosa sunk to the ground unheeded: I seem'd at once her pride and shame, her joy and her reproach.

Susan. Was not your father then in India?

Rosa. Alas! I never knew a father!

Mr. Dorville. (*rushing forward*) What do I hear?

Susan. Mr. Dorville here?

Rosa. Is this Mr. Dorville?

Susan. I must destroy her hopes of protection there, or Jack will lose his opportunity.

Rosa. How unfortunate that Mr. Torrid should have withheld the letter to Lady Esther.

Mr. Dorville. A letter to my wife?

Susan. Letter to Lady Esther, 'pshaw, its a mere pretence.

Rosa. A pretence?

Susan. You said that your mother had no acquaintance with Lady Esther.

Rosa. I did.

Susan. That she only knew Mr. Dorville by character?

Rosa.

Rosa. I did.

Susan. How then can she have written to Lady Esther? she has deceived Mr. Torrid, and now means to deceive you? (*to Mr. Dorville.*)

Rosa. Why, why, this cruel accusation? you will not take away my only refuge.

Susan. Mr. Torrid has supported her from infancy, her and her mother, can you deny it?

Rosa. I do not wish to deny it, or conceal my obligation.

Susan. And in return, she has seduc'd the affections of his son, though he was contracted to me in the cradle! she was detected plotting a secret marriage, and driven from the house.

Rosa. Now then, indeed, I feel myself a stranger; who, who is there feels for poor Rosa, her heart every where tortur'd with accusation, and her love return'd with insult.

Mr. Dorville. Have you no friends, no family connections?

Rosa. None. An orphan! a stranger! alas! there's not a human being on whom I have any claim of protection. Mr Torrid withholds the letter, and—

Mr. Dorville. An orphan and stranger! these are your claims, that your protection—trust yourself with me—my doors are open to you, my house shall be your asylum; Lady Esther shall receive you; come, let me conduct you to her; nay, nay, cheer up, cheer up, think not of the letter. [*Exit with her into the house.*]

Susan. How unlucky!

SCENE V. *Enter Lizard.*

Lizard. Where is Rosa? I have paid away the note to the bailiff, and Jack can now appear with safety.

Susan. Mr. Dorville has just taken her under his protection.

Lizard. His protection! Mr. Dorville's! pretty protection truly! a man over head and ears in debt has the presumption to interfere with my family arrangements; he'll be arrested in half an hour himself, and then let us see who'll give him protection.

Susan. Mr. Dorville arrested, I thought he had been a man of fortune.

Lizard. A man of fortune! I have hawk'd his note all over the county, and can't raise a sixpence on it.

Susan. What, the note Mr. Torrid gave me for five hundred pounds, can't he pay that note, 'a man so generous?

' *Lizard.* 'Pshaw, don't you know what Jack says, a man never begins to be generous till he's 'at his last guinea.

' *Susan.* But he's so liberal, so ready to lend his 'money.

' *Lizard.* Yes, he borrows a hundred pounds 'from one friend, and lends ten of it to another, 'and that people call liberality.

' *Susan.* But this is' only one note?

Lizard. Only one note; did you ever see the man who had drawn only one note; no, no, when a man once takes to drawing notes, there's a spell upon his fingers, and the devil himself cannot stop him.

[*Exeunt Lizard and Susan.*]

SCENE VI. *A Room at Mr. DORVILLE'S.**Enter Mr. DORVILLE and ROSA.*

Mr. Dorville. You are deceived, depend upon it.

Rosa. I think, I think I could have reconcil'd myself, if he had left me for a pretty woman—but to be deserted for such an ugly thing, is she not Mr. Dorville? did you ever see any thing so ugly—here, in England, where all the women are so clever—so accomplish'd—they play—they sing—they dance—they draw—they speak all languages—alas! poor Rosa can only speak the language of the heart; and as for drawing, I never could draw any thing but Henry's picture, and that I us'd to wear here—but now I'll throw it from me, or, perhaps, you may chuse to have it—he has not injur'd you, and you shall take it—No—I'll keep it myself—this countenance never deceived me—I'll transfer my love from the living Henry, here—I will wear this Henry next my heart, and Miss Monsoon may have the other.

Mr. Dorville. Deserted you for her, impossible!

Rosa. She must have frighten'd him into loving her, I am sure she must.

Mr. Dorville. This is some idle jealousy.

Rosa. I never was jealous of him—while I thought he lov'd me

Mr. Dorville. He loves you still.

Rosa. I heard him make the offer to her—I saw him on his knees, is not that enough?

Mr. Dorville. To call for an explanation, it is.

Rosa. There can be none—he has insulted me, Mr. Dorville, treated me with contempt—think not so meanly of me—if my heart is weak enough
still

still to love him—it will have the virtue to conceal it.

Mr. Dorville. Call not that virtue which leads to injustice?

Rosa. To injustice!

Mr. Dorville. Yes, the worst injustice, to condemn unheard.

Rosa. Every circumstance combines to justify suspicion.

Mr. Dorville. Suspicion of those we love never can be justified. I am myself the victim of suspicion.

Rosa. You, Sir, the victim of suspicion?

Mr. Dorville. Yes, a wretched victim! but for a base suspicion, I had been blessed with a daughter, young, innocent, and artless as yourself; mine is a life of penitence; what you call benevolence is expiation, the resource of a mind sickening under langour and disease, the food of a heart agoniz'd at every pore.

Rosa. Your's, your's a life of penitence! of expiation.

Mr. Dorville. The only child of an ancient family, heir to a large fortune, I was bred in all the vicious habits of indulgence, every desire anticipated, every caprice gratified; a mind thus frivolous, infirm, distempered, fell an easy prey. Let not your gentle character be thus alien to its nature, think not so meanly of your Henry, of yourself, as to believe you have a rival in this Lizard's daughter; I will see Mr. Torrid! I will see your Henry; I will claim this letter from your mother.

— SCENE VII. —

Enter Lady Esther Dorville.

Here is Lady Esther, I have prepared her to receive you, and will now present you to her.

Lady Est. I have learnt the particulars of your story, and I wish that we had, in truth, a home to offer you.

Mr. Dorville. How?

Lady Est. In this moment of distress and mortification, I can still feel for your disappointment (*to Rosa.*) Mr. Dorville; my apprehensions are all realiz'd—the bailiffs have actually forc'd their way into the house, and are coming to arrest you.

Rosa. Arrest! arrest Mr. Dorville! (*Sir Harry and the bailiffs making a noise behind.*)

Mr. Dorville. To arrest me!—it cannot be—there must be some mistake. (*talks aside with Lady Esther.*)

SCENE VIII. *Enter Sir Harry, Bailiff, and Followers.*

Sir Harry What's the sum, Sir! the sum—

Bailiff. (*to Sir Harry.*) Why you don't mean to be bail, do you?

Rosa. Bail—what's bail? I'll be bail.

Bailiff. What, are you a housekeeper?

Rosa. No! but, Sir, (*to Sir Harry*) you'll be bail, I am sure you will, how dare you (*to the Bailiff*) suspect the contrary.

Bailiff. What, is he a housekeeper?

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, Sir, I am Sir Harry Fleetly, a Baronet, with a clear estate of 6000 pounds a year.

Bailiff. But are you a housekeeper?

Rosa. Don't you hear that he is a Baronet, with a clear estate of 6000 pounds a year.

Bailiff. But where is his house?

Rosa. Do pray, Sir Harry Fleetly, turn him out—oblige me, by turning him out.

Sir Harry. Oh! my address, I suppose he means. I have lodgings in Bond-street, and at all the watering places.

Rosa. There, you hear he has lodgings in Bond-street, and at all the watering places!

Bailiff. What, do you offer yourself as bail, without being a housekeeper?—lodgings—you a Baronet of six thousand pounds a year, and live in lodgings; I'll not believe it. (*Turns towards Mr. Dorville.*)

Rosa. Stay, stay, for heaven's sake stay; take me, instead of Mr. Dorville, I am sure it can make no difference to you.

Mr. Dorville. Generous girl! how you have charmed me.

Rosa. To me it will be no disgrace; I am a stranger here, unknown to any human being; you may take me with safety; but for Mr. Dorville to be dragged thus from his house, in the face of his friends, in the face of his tenants—I'll tell you what, Sir, you had better take care; you'll be torn to pieces, depend upon it; the peasants will tear you to pieces—their father, their benefactor thus disgraced.

Mr. Dorville. Disgraced, do you call it? I was never so honour'd. I was never so delighted before. Your zeal, your earnestness has thrill'd to my very heart, and reviv'd sensations which I thought long since extinct. I expected that this note would be claim'd; Lady Esther knows I did, and was going among the tenants to raise the money. When they hear of my distress, there's not a man on my estate but will come forward.

Lady Est. Why, you actually seem pleas'd.

Mr. Dorville. I shall prove their attachment.

Lady Est. You'll be disappointed—but I'll go as you desire me; and at my return I shall hope to find you here. (*to Rosa.*)

Mr. Dorville.

Mr. Dorville. No, no, you shall see the triumph of my system, and Rosa shall see it.

Lady Est. Have you no knowledge of the world?

Mr. Dorville. I have a knowledge of the human heart, which tells me, that, as I have listened to the story of their necessities, they will not forget me in mine. [*Exeunt Lady Esther and Mr. Dorville.*]

Rosa. (to the Bailiffs) Stay, stay, surely you have a house, Sir—a Baronet with six thousand a year—you must have a house; I am sure you have.

SCENE IX. *Enter Lizard.*

Lizard. As you seem in want of a house, Sir, give me leave to recommend my son Jerry, the architect; a clever fellow, I assure you: he'll run you up a house in no time—publish'd a book of plans——

Sir Harry. Peace, Sir, peace, and tell me, what's the sum for which Mr. Dorville is arrested?

Lizard. Sad weak silly man, this Mr. Dorville, distributing his money to the right and left. The sum for which he is arrested? Why, Sir, really I can't say, but there are some gentlemen without who are better inform'd—all at it, whip and spur egad.

Sir Harry. What, are there more creditors than one?

Lizard. More than one? yes, yes; your creditor is a gregarious animal, and seldom travels alone---one has an execution on the stable.

Sir Harry. On the stable! Zounds, they may seize my horses.

Lizard. I saw a fellow lead out a fine set of greys.

Sir Harry. The devil you did! why they are mine. Which way?---here---hollo. [Exit.

Rosa. Sir Harry! Sir Harry! He forgets Mr. Dorville.

Lizard. How so anxious about Mr. Dorville; 'gad then I'll change my battery. Instead of frightening her into compliance, from the loss of Mr. Dorville's protection, Jack shall soothe her to our purpose by a promise to procure his release—*(aside.)* If you are really desirous of releasing Mr. Dorville——

Rosa. Do not insult me with the question.

Lizard. Its in your power; there's a gentleman in the house, a Mr. Tacid, the intimate friend of this Sir Harry Fleetly, but a different sort of man quite—he's in love with you to distraction.

Rosa. With me! why I have never seen him!

Lizard. But he has seen you, and there's a great deal in love at first sight—he is now here on a visit; one word from you, and he will procure Mr. Dorville's release.

Rosa. Mr. Dorville's release! what, will he be bail?

Lizard. To be sure he will, if you desire it.

Rosa. Is he a housekeeper? But what right have I to ask it? What return can I make?

Lizard. True, true—Mr. Dorville then must go to prison.

Rosa. To prison! Mr. Dorville to prison, when I can prevent it? Oh no! I'll come with you immediately. Henry! Henry! where art thou? How would my heart have exulted to ask of you, what I tremble to solicit at the hand of another.

[Exit.

Lizard. (following her) Deserted by her lover! without a friend, without a home; if she refuses Jack, when he makes the discovery, I know nothing of the sex.

SCENE X. *Before Mr. DORVILLE's House.*

JACK LIZARD (*waiting.*)

Jack Liz. Surely I have not mistaken the spot; where can my father be? I wonder he is not yet come—'Sdeath, how unlucky, here is Sir Harry; I'll try to avoid him; 'pshaw, he has seen me.

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir Harry. Hollo, Jack, why what do you stand lounging about here, when the men are carrying off my horses, instead of yours---have you seen them this way?---Why don't you answer?—you was chatty enough this morning, when you wanted money—have you seen them?

Jack Liz. No.

Sir Harry. No!—is this the care you take of my property?

Jack Liz. 'Pshaw, I thought not of your property.

Sir Harry. I tell you, that my greys are seiz'd for your debt, and the fellow won't believe that they are mine, though you made me pay four hundred pounds for the set, and they are not worth half the money.

Jack Liz. You have six thousand a year, yet you would sell a horse for double his value, to a poor fellow not worth sixpence.

Sir Harry. I was your friend; you ought to have recollected that.

Jack Liz. Would you have recollected it?

Sir

Sir Harry. Why, Jack, your manner is strangely alter'd.

Jack Liz. I wish that your's was so.

Sir Harry. This insolence from you is insufferable.

Jack Liz. I mean it so; leave me, I have no time to waste on you.

Sir Harry. Why, what do you mean?

Jack Liz. That, there's your road; leave me. I am sick of you.

Sir Harry. You sick of me?

Jack Liz. Yes, you have answer'd my purpose, and I am sick of you.

Sir Harry. Why, zounds, you talk as fluently as I do.

Jack Liz. To your stud, to your stud, I say, and leave me.

Sir Harry. To my stud! is this the return for my friendship?

Jack Liz. Your friendship.

Sir Harry. Yes, my friendship; have I not given you the run of my table, the use of my stud; have I not introduced you to every club I belong to.

Jack Liz. Yes, you gave me the run of your table; out of hospitality? No; it was to taste and commend your wines. You gave me the use of your stud; for my amusement? No; to train and shew your horses. You introduced me to your clubs; as your friend? No; as your butt.

Sir Harry. Well, and you answer'd my purpose, I will say that of you.

Jack Liz. You thought I answer'd your purpose. Dull fool! it was you answer'd mine. You fancied I was your creature! I knew that you was mine.

Sir Harry. Where is your boasted superiority? to live with men whom you despise, to truckle with their foibles, to feed on their vices? while I thought you dull and illiterate I only pitied, now I despise you.

Jack Liz. 'Tis fit you do, pity and contempt are the weapons of ignorance and imbecility.

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, Sir—do you dare to accuse a man of my education of ignorance and imbecility.

Jack Liz. I, too, had an education; what is called a liberal education; I was sent to a public school, and thence to college; at the end of three years I was thrown upon the world, my imagination ardent, my passions high, my taste correct and cultivated; all my habits, desires, expences, not suited to my own means, but to those of my associates; I was soon involved in debt, I gave myself to the pursuit of letters, my labours were neglected; thrust from the shelf to make room for the frivolities of fashion.

Sir Harry. Eh! how! you are an author too?

Jack Liz. An accident seated me at one of your tables; my fancy fired at the opportunity; I shone beyond my hopes; I was complimented; congratulated; I thought my fortune made. Fond fool! they shunn'd me ever after; they shrunk abash'd with conscious inferiority, and I was left the solitary recluse of a garret; for a while my pride supported me, till imagination sicken'd under the pressure of want, and all its powers were chilled; food, food seem'd to my parch'd lip the only object of desire; I was in possession of the secret; I came again among you, not as before with a proud display of all I knew, but as one, the energies of whose mind were just equal to the shoeing a horse and the knowledge of his points;

points; and above all, whose servility would bend under the coarse raillery of you and your associates. I succeeded; I was lifted to the surface; I floated with you, and the other insects of the hour.

Sir Harry. Insects! harkee, my man of wit—insects! What your pretensions are to the character of a gentleman, I neither know or care.—I have treated you as a gentleman, and insist on the satisfaction of one.

Jack Liz. What, you would fight—Yes, I know you would—you have the courage to fight—I never doubted it! when you have wrong'd a man—betray'd his wife—or seduced his daughter—you call him out—your amusements have been subservient to your safety—your dexterity is admirable; you can hit a card at thirty paces—you are cool, collected, without passion, without a heart; he comes into the field, all sensibility, feeling, emotion; his generous nature has shrunk from the exercise which has given you courage; the deadly weapon is put into his hands for the first time; he hesitates as he raises it; yet this you call meeting on equal terms, this is honourable satisfaction. Yonder I see my father; now fortune, this one opportunity well encounter'd, and I am made for ever. (*Aside.*) Nay, Sir, do not follow me, I'll not be followed; some few hours since I would have met you; life then had nothing worth a thought; but now my prospects brighten; I feel again the glow of existence; I know its value; I will not match it so unequally—to your stud, Sir Harry! to your stud!

[*Exit.*]

Sir Harry. I'll not be followed! he talks to me as if I was his terrier; d---e, but I'll cross him yet.

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT IV.

K 2

ACT V.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Mr. Dorville's.*

Enter Mr. TORRID and HENRY.

Torrid. Stay, Henry, stay, I beg of you!

Henry. No, Sir; the restitution shall be made to Rosa immediately; every moment's delay is a new disgrace, a fresh accusation.

Torrid. Are these the fruits of the education I have given you; is it for this I have bred you in habits of affluence?

Henry. That education which was once my pride, is now my shame; wrung from the widow and the orphan; those habits which I once thought a distinction are now humbled with the dust; there's not a particle about me but seems tainted, loathsome, hideous!

Torrid. You know not the consequences, the hazard to which I am exposed by a disclosure at this moment.

Henry. At any hazard, Sir, the story shall be told; the injuries of Rosa and her mother cry out for justice; they shall be appeas'd. This strange fluctuation after your promise this morning——

Torrid. That promise was conditional.

Henry. I have perform'd my part, and I require the same of you.

Torrid. How have you perform'd it? how is Lizard's secrecy secur'd? this strange chimera of your's leaves me expos'd to him as well as her.

Henry. Make but this restitution to Rosa, act honourably to her, and your character is safe, she will never betray you.

Torrid.

Torrid. No, but he will.

Henry. His secrecy is secured, I have secured it.

Torrid. You?

Henry. Yes.

Torrid. How?

Henry. With myself.

Torrid. With yourself!

Henry. I have made it the condition of my marriage with his daughter.

Torrid. Your marriage with his daughter! you cannot mean it.

Henry. There was no other way; this makes it his interest as well as your's.

Torrid. What do I hear!

Henry. He has a solemn pledge under my hand.

Torrid. Under your hand, is it really so? have you indeed thus sacrificed yourself, the dearest wishes of your heart, the object of your affections, for whom—for me! for my protection! for the safety of my character!

SCENE II. *Enter Sir HARRY, looking about.*

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, I have run myself clean out of wind; which way could he turn, how the devil did I miss them? He's certainly in pursuit of that girl from India. Have you seen them this way?

Henry. Who do you mean?

Sir Harry. The fellow that trots about like a three-pronged fork, sticking his sons, Jem, Jack, and Jerry, into every one he meets.

Henry. This must be Lizard.

Torrid. Yonder he is, and (*anxiously*) Rosa with him.

Sir Harry. He has some design I know.

Henry. A design, and against Rosa!

[*Exit with precipitation, followed by Torrid.*

Sir

Sir Harry. Yes, and Jack too! D—e but you shall take to the bit again before I have done with you, my master. *[Exit after them.]*

SCENE III. *Another part of Mr. Dorville's Garden.*

Enter ROSA with LIZARD and JACK LIZARD.

Jack Liz. Nay, but hear me; I have a communication to make to you of the utmost importance.

Rosa. Is it of importance to Mr. Dorville?

Jack Liz. I have been fortunate enough to make a discovery in which you are very nearly interested.

Lizard. I told you he loved you to distraction. What a clever dog it is. *(Aside.)*

Rosa. Does it interest Mr. Dorville?

Jack Liz. Your mother's fortune was lost by an act of treachery.

Rosa. Well, Sir!

Jack Liz. It is in my power to recover it for you.

Rosa. In your power to recover it? And then I may release Mr. Dorville; is it so? *(eagerly.)*

Jack Liz. Yes, if you will condescend to receive me as your captive.

Rosa. How!

Lizard. What an elegant turn that is! to be sure even Jem and Jerry are nothing to him. *[Aside.]*

Jack Liz. The scheme of Mr. Torrid and his son!

Rosa. Scheme of Mr. Torrid and his son?

Lizard. The fraud was theirs.

Rosa. Impossible!

Lizard. You heard the son make a declaration to my daughter.

Rosa. I did.

Jack Liz. You saw him on his knees to her?

Rosa.

Rosa. I did.

Lizard. The whole story was known to me ; by her marriage with the son my secrecy was to be purchas'd.

Jack Liz. And the father secured from detection. If you wish further proofs—

Rosa. I want no proofs, I have them here—here in my heart!—the image of my Henry, such as I have known him from infancy! such as I have lov'd him from infancy! Who is it? Which of you would tear him thence? Is it you, Sir? [*to Lizard.*] 'Tis true I heard him make a declaration to your daughter; but I thank you, it was you who placed me where I could hear it!—Or is it you, Sir, whom I am to thank for this disinterested proof of attachment? What is there you see in me, which thus provokes your calumny? I am a poor simple artless girl. 'Tis true I am! one who thinks her friends honest, though she has the report of two strangers to the contrary.

Lizard. Report of strangers—I have it under his hand.

Rosa. 'Tis false!

Lizard. Here, here, a promise of marriage to my daughter—look, look on this paper—he never saw her till this morning, yet does he promise to marry her. Why? To screen himself from detection. She is without fortune, yet you see he consents to marry her. Why? To save his own.

Rosa. Oh Henry—where, where art thou?

SCENE IV. *Enter HENRY.*

Henry. The voice of Rosa, in distress?

Lizard. What other motive will you find?

Jack Liz. What other motive will he dare avow?

Rosa. [*running to him*] Henry! they tell me this

this is your hand-writing; but I don't believe them—nay, my own eyes would tell me so, but my heart assures me of the contrary. You turn away, you are silent—can it be possible—they tell me that you never saw this woman till this morning, yet that you will marry her. They ask me for your motive; I could once tell your motives, Henry; I knew where to look for them once; but now, what am I to reply! what am I to think!——

Torrid. [*who has followed Henry on the stage*] That I alone am guilty, Rosa! guilty, even to the extent of this man's insinuation; that your mother, that yourself have been the victims of my injustice; that he was in possession of the secret; that he threaten'd to disclose it; that, to save me from exposure, Henry affected to give into his views, till entangled in a labyrinth of artifice, the son had no resource to save the father, but by the sacrifice of himself!

Jack Liz. Yes, Sir, he has, in me! Give me the paper. [*tearing it*] Thus, thus let me offer some atonement for the meanness of my own character; some tribute to the nobleness of your's!

Lizard. Why, what do you mean; what the devil are you about? [*Jack Lizard turns about, and goes to the back of the stage.*] D—e if ever I can tell what my son Jack is driving at. [*follows him.*]

Torrid. How! Is this your son? [*following Jack Lizard.*]

Henry. I little thought, when I had the presumption to offer you my hand this morning, that the fortune I so anxiously wish'd to lay at your feet, was not mine to bestow.

Rosa. Was this discovery your only scruple?

Henry. That it was wrested from you by treachery and ingratitude!

Rosa. In which you bore no part; but have nobly contrived, out of this very treachery and ingratitude, to rear a trophy to your own honour, and to my love!

Henry. Your love, *Rosa*, impossible! I am a proscribed being, doom'd to a life of perpetual exile and wretchedness. I had not ventured to appear before you, but for the apprehension of this man's designs.

Rosa. How innocent were his designs compared with yours; his designs were on my person, on my fortune; yours were on my heart; this generous act of his son does not relieve you, *Henry*; you but escape one chain to find another. You will conduct me to Mr. Dorville's, you will give me your hand, your arm; do I lean too heavily? Come, let us hasten to Mr. Dorville's, we will then talk of your return to India, but while he is in distress you cannot, must not think on any other subject. [*Exeunt Rosa and Henry.*]

Lizard. Have you lost your senses to act thus? (to *Jack*.)

SCENE V. *Enter Sir HARRY, who meets Jack, at the end of Lizard's Speech, and follows him to the Front of the Stage.*

Sir Harry. Lost his senses, yes, the very moment he recovered his speech. There it is, you would be chatty; now I told you this morning, it was all up with you if you were chatty.

Jack Lix. (to Mr. Torrid, who has been making offers of assistance, not noticing Sir Harry.) You mistake me, Sir, I have my peace to make with one not easily satisfied.

L

Sir

Sir Harry. He means me—I knew that he would make me an apology—well, Sir, what have you to say?

Jack Liz. What, you think me in the dust, and would again trample on me; 'tis fit you do—I expected as much from you—go on, Sir, go on; 'tis not your feeble raillery, but my tame submission which has made me contemptible to the world, and to myself.

Torrid. Contemptible! not while I have a spark of feeling in my heart, or a single guinea in my purse.

Lizard. How? Egad Jack's right after all—and he has kept the letter.

SCENE VI. *Enter GROOM.*

Groom. (to *Sir Harry*) Sir! Sir! your horses are found.

Jack Liz. Aye, aye; to your stud, Sir Harry, to your stud.

Sir Harry. (to the *Groom*) What do you mean by talking to me about horses, you scoundrel; do you dare to insinuate that I care about horses? do you mean to be witty too? d—e, I have a great mind to kick you, you scoundrel. [*Exit. beating the Groom.*]

Jack Liz. Mr. Torrid, I have yet another duty to discharge; here is the letter which you gave my father.

Lizard. What, have you given the letter?—D—e he's off again. You forgot the five hundred pounds which I advanced.

Torrid. Five hundred pounds!—you must, you shall accept my offer—I will not be refus'd.

Jack

Jack Liz. I thank you, Sir, for your intentions, but when I have stripped off the foppery which now entangles me, I have enough to satisfy the claims of others---'tis not in the power of wealth to satisfy those here!-- here on myself!-- I had from nature talents which I have abus'd; an independent spirit which I have prostituted; these are the claims which must and shall be satisfied.

Lizard. But how?---how? when you have not a sixpence in the world!

Jack Liz. By endeavouring to be useful---a man may be useful without the aid of fortune---every man has within himself the power of being useful---'tis an instinct which we inherit from nature, and 'till I have blotted out the stain which now dishonours me, I will cherish it as the only privilege of existence. [Exit Jack Liz.

SCENE VII. Enter SUSAN on the opposite side.

Susan. Sir! Sir! the Doctor and the Architect are just arrived---but in such a pickle!---

Lizard. Pickle! what do you mean by pickle! aye, it will go through the family I see that; this is not a day for the Lizards.

Susan. Mr. Dorville's servants mistook them for a couple of bailiffs, and have tost the Architect in a blanket, and dragg'd the Doctor through the horse-pond.

Lizard. How! tost'd Jerry in a blanket, and dragg'd Jem through the horse-pond!

Torrid. Ha, ha, ha! (to Lizard) What a noble opportunity for Jerry to build in the air! and then in the horse-pond I dare say Jem has pick'd up some new ideas for his book on at-

mospheres—well, well, you are right—Jack is my favourite—so much my favourite, that in respect for him, I'll keep your secret.

Lizard. My secret! (*piteously*)

Torrid. Yes; Rosa you see has generously forgiven me; but as she does not know what share you had of the plunder, I don't know what she may say to you; if you chuse, I'll step and ask—(*Lizard supplicates him not.*)—That is my secret, and if you'll promise me to be honest, I'll promise that you shall be safe,

Lizard. Heigho!

Torrid. Keep you your promise of honesty, and I'll keep mine.

Susan. But what is become of my promise of marriage?

Lizard. (*pointing to the fragments.*)

Susan. How!

Lizard. (*calling to Susan*) Susan! (*making a sign to her to follow*) Jerry tofs'd in a blanket! Jem dragg'd through the horse-pond! and Jack gone back to his garret!

Susan. You might as well have given me back the five hundred pounds; five hundred pounds would have secured me the refusal of any of our Masters at Mrs. Monsoon's.

Lizard. Jerry tofs'd in a blanket! Jem dragg'd through the horse-pond! and Jack gone back to his garret!

[*Exit repeating.*]

Susan. (*following*) I have heard them say over and over again, that a thousand pounds was a very pretty fortune for a young woman.

Torrid. Now that I'm again in possession of the letter, I'll see Lady Esther and make the discovery immediately.

Enter

SCENE VIII. *Enter RALPH and SERVANT, disputing.*

Servant. I tell you, Ralph, Mr. Dorville is not here !

Ralph. I beg pardon, Sir, I beg pardon. I am Ralph, a poor foolish fellow, one of the tenants—they say that Mr. Dorville is—but that's impossible ; no man dare do it : Where is he ?

Servant. He cannot see you, Ralph.

Ralph. Not see me ! not see me ! when I was in trouble I never refus'd to see him.

Torrid. What, you love him—love him in his affliction.—

Ralph. Lookye, Sir ; lookye,—my hair may change its colour in his service, but my heart never shall. [Exit.

Torrid. (to the servant) Is Lady Esther within ?

Servant. She is, Sir !

Torrid. Take her this letter—say that you had it from Mr. Torrid—that he is here, and begs to see her. [Exit. (as servant is following)]

SCENE IX. *Enter FRANK.*

Frank. Where is Mr. Dorville, where is he ?

Servant. Ralph is this moment gone to him ?

Frank. Is Ralph gone to him ? I hope I shall be there first ! I hope I shall be there first ! he must run hard to be there before me. [Exit.]

SCENE X. *The Country near Mr. DORVILLE'S.*

Enter Mr. DORVILLE, and the Bailiff.

Mr. Dorville. Nay, nay, my good fellow, give me your hand, and mark me, there is no member of society more useful, than one who fills an odious, but necessary office, and executes it with tenderness and humanity !

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Enter RALPH.*

Mr. Dorville. Ralph, is it you? they told me all my tenants had abandoned me, your looks at least speak a different language.

Ralph. Yes, your honour, yes, stand off you scoundrel; d—e how I should like to knock him down; here your honour, here, here is the five hundred pounds.

Mr Dorville. From whom?

Ralph. It is your own! your honour, its your own! what you advanc'd to put me into the farm? I was a liar this morning, I was a scoundrel this morning, I said my crops were not good, they are your honour, they are, the best in the county, my heart misgave me at the time. I thought no good would come of it! here, your honour, take the money!

Mr. Dorville. Why, Ralph! this is more than is due!

Ralph. Never mind what is due, your honour, never mind what is due. When I was in trouble, you never remembered what was due; you'll break my heart if you refuse the money—

SCENE XII. *Enter FRANK.*

Frank. Here, here it is, your honour, you must take all from me, I am the oldest tenant you have!

Mr. Dorville. My good fellows! my noble fellows! I shall burst with agony—

Ralph. To be sure Frank is the oldest tenant, but then he has a wife and a large family.

Frank. That is the reason your honour! that is the reason! Heaven's blessing will go with me, heaven's blessing goes with every man who has
a large

a large family—to see you thus, (*they each take a hand.*)

Mr. Dorville. To see me thus, is the proudest day of my life! a landlord in the hour of his distress sustained by his tenants! the suddenness of this demand has but occasioned a temporary embarrassment; my fortune is untouch'd! think not so meanly of me, of yourselves. No, no, it is not by lavish expence, or thoughtless profusion, that I have won your hearts; it is by living among you, by habits of familiarity, by listening to the little stories of your pleasures and disappointments; the way to win your confidence was pure and simple, it was only to give you mine!

SCENE XIII. *Enter Lady ESTHER.*

Mr. Dorville. What say you now Lady Esther—

Lady Est. That I have been mistaken; that my fears on your account have made me unjust to others: that I acknowledge their zeal with gratitude, that I ask their pardon, that they will give it me, since I have a discovery to make which will add interest to every future moment of your life!—

Mr. Dorville. A discovery!

Lady Est. In Rosa---the young stranger!

Mr. Dorville. What—what of her?

Lady Est. In her! you take to your arms, your own daughter; the last act of your Eloisa's life, was to address this letter to me---

Mr. Dorville. Where is it? where is it? (*reads*)
 “To you a mother commits the child of her
 “affection: in this hour of separation, all resentment
 “against the author of her miseries subsides
 “in her alarm for his daughter! let it be your
 “kind office to restore her to his bosom, to his
 “confidence! eighteen years of penitence have
 “expiated his injustice; and a reliance on your
 “honour,

“honour, the honour of his wedded wife, gives
 “serenity to the last moments of his once lov’d
 “Eloisa.”

Lady Est. This was a noble confidence, and I will prove myself not unworthy of it!--

Mr. Dorville. She comes! she comes! her mother’s injuries gather round my heart, and stifle every other sensation!

Lady Est. She knows not the contents of the letter; still thinks herself a stranger!---(*to the peasants*)—stand aside with me my good friends, this way; (*Lady Esther retires with them.*)

SCENE XIV. *Enter ROSA.*

Rosa. In tears—Mr. Dorville in tears! I bring you your release, your liberty, I come from Mr. Torrid to entreat your forgiveness, to tell you of the virtues of his son, of my Henry---

Mr. Dorville. Forgiveness of me? ’tis I, I, who have most need of forgiveness.

Rosa. You, you need of forgiveness, you?---whose only knowledge of mankind is the knowledge of their wants, whose only passion to relieve them?

Mr. Dorville. To relieve myself, to bury the recollection of the wrongs I have inflicted, to stifle the call of outrag’d nature. Listen to me, Rosa, listen to me; it was my fortune, when at college, to be received into the family of a neighbouring clergyman; he had a daughter, gay, lovely, high-spirited, young as myself---the unsuspecting confidence of her family put her in my power; I betray’d it!!! Nay, do not start, reserve yourself for further horror; after what had pass’d, I felt that she had additional claims on my hand; I made known my passion to my father---I

THE TURNPIKE GATE;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY T. KNIGHT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

BY G. WOODFALL, IN PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1799.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

THE TURNPIKE GATE;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY T. KNIGHT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by G. Smith and Son.

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR THE USE OF THEATRES.

AS the old, but ridiculous, signs of P. S. meaning Prompt Side; and O. P. meaning Opposite Prompt; often, in different theatres, denote contrary sides, and thereby puzzle and mislead; it is presumed, that R. H. meaning Right Hand; and L. H. meaning Left Hand; (always supposing you are on the stage and facing the audience,) will better answer the purpose: they are, therefore, used instead, in the following piece, as far as such signs were thought necessary.

Note—The lines marked with inverted commas, “thus,” are omitted in the representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Sir Edward,</i>	-	Mr. HILL,
<i>Smart,</i>	-	Mr. FARLEY,
<i>Henry Blunt,</i>	-	Mr. INCLEDON,
<i>Crack,</i>	-	Mr. MUNDEN,
<i>Robert Maythorn,</i>	-	Mr. KNIGHT,
<i>Old Maythorn,</i>	-	Mr. GARDNER,
<i>Steward,</i>	-	Mr. DAVENPORT,
<i>First Sailor,</i>	-	Mr. REES,
<i>Second Sailor,</i>	-	Mr. KLANNERT,
<i>Groom,</i>	-	Mr. ATKINS,
<i>Bailiff,</i>	-	Mr. THOMPSON,
<i>Joe Standfast,</i>	-	Mr. FAWCETT,
<i>Singers at the Gate, &c.</i>		

WOMEN.

<i>Landlady,</i>	-	Mrs. WHITMORE,
<i>Peggy,</i>	-	Miss SIMS,
<i>Mary,</i>	-	Miss WATERS.

knew him vain, haughty, ambitious, but he found me resolute; and, in appearance, acquiesced---

Rosa. In appearance!

Mr. Dorville. Yes! this seeming acquiescence lull'd me to a false security! our marriage was delay'd; that delay was all he asked—he knew the irritable weakness of my character, and on that he built his hopes; he prevailed on a wretched confidant of my attachment, to enter into his views---my Eloisa was suddenly taken ill, and became a mother.

Rosa. Your Eloisa—it was the name——

Mr. Dorville. The early birth of my child was made the foundation of a charge base and unnatural—letters fabricated for the purpose were put into my hands, and when I flew to its embrace, an incident was contriv'd for my destruction. I found this wretch caressing the little infant; when I would have addressed him, he affected to avoid me; a horrible idea fasten'd on my fancy; I caught the infant to my arms; it smil'd---methought it smil'd like the wretch who had just fled. I would have dash'd it to the ground! you stretch'd forth your little arms, the charm of innocence preserv'd me! yes, Rosa, you, you were that infant! do you not start! shrink back with horror!--

Rosa. I, I start back with horror---from my father.

Mr. Dorville. I gave you to the nurse, and rush'd from the house---my feeble senses sunk under the conflict---after an interval I awoke from my delirium—awoke to hear that she renounc'd her claims upon my hand; that she had fled to an uncle in India; that she had a companion in her

M

flight;

flight; I was desperate. My father claim'd that acquiescence to his views of marriage, which he had lent to mine; I yielded, and became the husband of Lady Esther.

Rosa. 'Twas false, 'twas a new artifice; I, and I only was the companion of her flight; eighteen years of solitude attest her innocence; I—I attest it. That even in exile you were still the object of her affections: your conduct to your tenants, to your family, the constant theme of her admiration. I now see through the veil which she had thrown around me; the secret of my birth was locked in her own bosom, that she might raise for you an interest in mine; every action of your life was known to her; every instance of your generosity she hailed as a token of your penitence, as a tribute of affection to her memory: on these would she expatiate, these would she imprint on my young heart, while she concealed from me the name of father, till, in the knowledge of his virtues, I could forget her wrongs. Yes, they are forgotten! (*kneels*) her wishes are accomplished, your daughter throws herself on your protection, on your love, with confidence, respect, and gratitude.

Mr. Dorville. My child! do I indeed embrace thee.

Re-enter Lady ESTHER, RALPH, FRANK, Mr. TORRID, and HENRY following; they gradually advance from the back of the Stage to ROSA and Mr. DORVILLE.

Lady Est. The secret of your birth was disclosed to me in the letter brought by Mr. Torrid, and, from this hour, Rosa, you are the child of my adoption.

Mr. Dorville.

Mr. Dorville. There spoke again the natural feelings of your heart : where, where is your Henry ?

Lady Est. Here ! here ! with virtues to redeem his father's error, and shed a lustre over his memory. Mr. Torrid has told me every particular of his conduct.

Mr. Torrid. Yes, Mr. Dorville, from my son I have learned how to regain my own esteem, and you have shewn me how to regain that of others. These honest fellows (*pointing to Ralph and Frank*) have but led the way ; your other tenants are all here, (*the tenants enter with Ralph on one side, Frank on the other, and with the Steward at the back of the stage.*)

Rosa. In offering your house to me, a helpless female and a stranger, you gave an asylum to your own daughter. In providing for the happiness of your tenants, you secured your own ; and the hour of distress has group'd around you every social affection.

END OF ACT V.

[illegible]

and at the back of the house.

of others has given you every-
thing you need; and the
your daughter, in providing for the support of
estate and a large; you give an asylum to your
efforts, in offering your house to me, a hospital

EPILOGUE,

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

IT is an adage—wond'rous old, and wise!—
That—"There are Secrets in all Families."
And, to put families into a fufs,
There's nothing like—a Secret to difcufs,
All branches, when The Secret's thrown among 'em,
Dispute, as if the very Devil had ftung 'em:
All, from the Master, higheft in dominion,
E'en to the Scullion, hold their own opinion.

Here is a Family before me, now :—
A charming looking Family, I vow !
Such handsome, well-grown children, I affure you,
Do no fmall credit to the Houfe of Drury.
A Secret—to fome taftes we hope well-fitted,—
This Night, has to your notice been fubmitted.

What think you of it?—Hufh ! for there, I fee,
Sits the grum Father of this Family. *(looking to the Pit.)*
He is againft the bufinefs, I fuppofe,
By the difdainful curling of his nofe.

Ah ! ponder well, thou Critic-Parent, dear !
And, be not on The Secret too fevere !
Blefs your wife head !—our Secret may not ftrike it,
But many of the Family may like it.
And, learn, before The Secret you defpife,
To be ill-natur'd is not to be wife.

Another

EPILOGUE.

Another of the Family!—I spy him; [*looking to the Boxes.*
With a smart, lively lady, sitting by him.
'Tis Master Jacky;—he is thinking deep
Upon The Secret.—No;—he's fast asleep.
Don'r jog him, Madam!—he is one of those
Who think as well whether they wake or dose.
And many brothers of this Family
Are as like Jacky as pea is to pea:
But still, though dull, their presence, here, does good;
It helps to prop the House;—and so does wood.

You like The Secret, Lady Fair, I'm sure.

[*to another part of the Boxes.*

To one so young, a Secret is so pure!
Nay, vote a Secret; and 'twill always follow
All Females, in the House, are for it, hollow.
For you, my merry friends! we soon may learn [*to the Galleries.*
How your opinions on The Secret turn.
Good souls! you never from the question shrink:—
You're pretty loud in telling what you think.

But, ah! there is one Secret still behind,
Our Bard, to-night, has struggled hard to find.
'Tis one on which depends his Rise or Fall;—
It is the Secret—how to please you All.



Written by the same Author, and printed for
T. CADELL, JUN. and W. DAVIES, Strand.

FALSE COLOURS,

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

[PRICE EIGHTEEN-PENCE.]

Also a second Edition, considerably enlarged, of

A

SHORT ENQUIRY

INTO THE NATURE OF

MONOPOLY AND FORESTALLING.

With an APPENDIX on the probable Effect of an Act of the Legislature to enforce the Use of a COARSER SORT of BREAD; and some CONSIDERATIONS on the proposed Plan for the SALE of CORN by WEIGHT.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Public House—Sign the Admiral R. H. a Turnpike and House, L. H. in back ground a Milk House with latticed Windows, SMART discovered preparing Guns for shooting.

Sir EDWARD (within).

SMART, get the guns ready. Is my new Keeper come from the Lodge?

Smart. No, Sir Edward.

PEGGY crosses the stage with a milk jug.

Servant, Miss Peggy—*(she sneers)*—Ugh! A kiss from my master has raised your nose an inch higher, I see.

Peggy. Joke with your equals man; don't talk to me. *[Exit L. H. conceitedly.]*

Smart. I shall make you remember this. My master's Grand Turk here. He monopolizes all the wenches.

*Enter HENRY BLUNT L.H. in shooting Dress,
with Gun, (singing).*

Henry. Morrow fellow servant—Sir Edward stirring?

Smart. Yes: just asked for you: mind your hits to-day, Mr. Henry. You shot for your place, and won it; but you'd better not outshoot Sir Edward.

Henry. Oh! ho!—vain of his abilities that way, ha?

Smart. That way! yes, and every other; I've dropped being his rival some time.

Henry. Sir Edward seems to have a fine estate here?

Smart. Yes, that belonging to the lodge is eight hundred a year; the Upland Farm three; and his estate in Norfolk as much as both.

Henry. The lodge being but at the head of the village, why does he prefer a bed at this Public House?

Smart. Pleasure, Sir, pleasure—but here comes *one* answer to your two questions.—Step this way, and I'll give you another.

[They retire, R. H.]

PEGGY *from the Milk House, followed by*
ROBERT MAYTHORN.

Robert. If that be your mind, Peggy, it can't be help'd—If you can't love me, you can't.

Sir Edw. (within). Peggy, my dear; bring my breakfast.

Peggy. Coming, Sir Edward.—I've only been to fetch the cream. You hear, Robert.

Robert. Yes,—I do *hear*, and *zee* too—I be neither deaf nor blind.

Peggy. The young Baronet expects me *above*.

Robert. 'Tis well if old Belzeebub don't expect thee *below*, zo there's an end o'that:—however, d'ang it, let's shake hands.

Peggy. Paws off, if you please;—your hands are rough, man, and I can't bear any thing dirty or sun-burnt.

SONG—PEGGY.

Pray, young man, your suit give over,

Heav'n design'd you not for me;

Cease to be a whining lover,

Sour and sweet can ne'er agree:

Clownish in each limb and feature,

You've no skill to dance or sing;

At best you're but an awkward creature,

I, you know, am quite the thing.

II.

As I soon may roll in pleasure,

Bumpkins I must bid adieu;

Can you think that such a treasure

E're was destin'd, man, for you?

No—mayhap, when I am carry'd,

'Mongst the great to dance and sing,

To some great Lord I may be marry'd;

All allow—I'm quite the thing.

III.

"Beaux to me will then be kneeling,
 "Ma'am, I die, if you don't yield:
 "Let 'em plead their tender feeling,
 "While my tender heart is steel'd.
 "When I dance they'll be delighted,
 "Ravish'd quite to hear me sing,
 "At Routs, whenever I'm invited,
 "All will swear—I'm quite the thing."

[*Exeunt.*]

HENRY BLUNT and SMART advance.

Smart. Ha! ha! Oh, you bumpkin! I was romping with his sweetheart last night, and he was at me like a bull-dog; the mastiff would bite, fir; but we have muzzled him.

Henry. As how?

Smart. Management, Sir: his father lives at that Turnpike House, which, with a small Dairy and Farm, he holds of Sir Edward: the old fellow has seen better days; the Admiral who died a twelvemonth since, and to whom Sir Edward is heir at law, was very partial to him and his daughter, for during his life they needed nothing; but being in arrears for rent, they are all muzzled now; all at Sir Edward's mercy; young Sulkey therefore must lose his sweetheart; and as to the Turnpike Beauty, his sister, we have offered her a curricule, and if she does not sport it in Bond-street in less than a month, we don't understand trap.

Henry.

Henry. What, she encourages him?

Smart. A little coy, or so; but she's one of your die-away dames; in the dumps too at present for the loss of her "True Lovier," (a booby Sailor):—but I'll bet fifty she's easier *had* than little forward here, with all her avarice and vanity.

Henry. And these are the reasons for Sir Edward's lodging here?

ROBERT *appears* *L. H.*

That's the lad who tried his skill with me for the Gamekeeper's place?

Smart. The same.

ROBERT *advances.*

Henry. Morrow, brother sportsman—you shoot well.

Robert. Yes, Sir—and you better.—However, 'twas all fair, and I do wish you joy of the place.

Henry. Nay, the place may be your's yet:—I am elected only to trial, and self recommended: my character, when it comes, may not please Sir Edward.

Robert. Mayhap you'd please him best with noo character at all. *You* be much in favour, be'nt you, Mr. Smart?—(*fulkily*).

Smart. Ha!—(*Stares, and makes signs of boxing*)—Oh!

[*Exit.*

Henry.

Henry. Things are a little changed since Sir Edward came among you. Ha Robert?

Robert. Yes, Sir; another Laayer would ha done less mischief in the parish; but it is not the first time the devil got into Paradise.

[*Robert retires to Milk House.*]

Enter JOE STANDFAST L. H. singing, (his Knee bound.)

Joe. So, Master Blunt—prepared, I see, to give the birds a broadside. Ah! there's the old boy—(*looking at sign*)—who has given our enemies many a broadside! Bless your old weather-beaten phiz.—(*Bows to him.*)

Henry. You're very polite.

Joe. To be sure I am—I strike my main-top to him by way of salute, every morning before I flow my locker:—that's the face of an honest heart, Master Blunt.—'Tis not to be sure done to the life; but what the painter han't made out, a grateful mind can: I fought under him when he was Captain, and twice after he was *Vice*.—He made me Master after our first brush, and, but for this splintered timber of mine, I'd been by his side in the West-Indies, when the brave old boy died. Died!—I lie, he did not die; for he made himself immortal! His goodness laid me up in a snug cabin here on the larboard tack, made me a freeholder with 30l. a year, and when your master, his Honour's cousin and heir, steers by the compass of true glory, as the Admiral did, he shall have my
vote

vote for sailing into the port of Parliament; if he gets it before, damme!

Henry. Sir Edward resembles him at least in his fondness for the sex, it seems.

Joe. Why, to be sure, the old buck did love the lasses—What brave fellow does not? We Tars live but to love and fight; but the wenches often jilt us, Master Blunt, for all that.

SONG—JOE.

Britannia's sons at sea,
In battle always brave,
Strike to no pow'r, d'ye see,
That ever plough'd the wave.

Fal, lal, la!

But when we're not afloat,
'Tis quite another thing;
We strike to petticoat,
Get groggy, dance and sing.

Fal, lal.

II.

" There's Portsmouth Polly, she,
" When forc'd to go ashore,
" Vow'd constancy to me,
" And sometimes twenty more.

" Fal, lal.

" But give poor Poll her due,
" For truth's a precious thing,
" With none but Sailors true
" Would she drink grog and sing.

" Fal, lal."

With

III.

With Nancy deep in love,

I once to sea did go;

Return'd, she cry'd, "By Jove!

"I'm married, dearest Joe."

Fal, lal.—(*Mimicks her*).

Great guns I scarce could hold,

To find that I was flung;

But Nancy prov'd a scold,

Then I got drunk, and sung

Fal, lal.—(*Hiccups*).

IV.

At length I did comply,

And made a rib of Sue;

What tho' she'd but one eye?

It pierc'd my heart like two.

Fal, lal.

And now I take my glass,

Drink England and my King;

Content with my old lass,

Get groggy, dance, and sing—(*Hiccups*)

Fal, lal.

MARY appears dejected; in her Hand a News-paper.

Joe. Yes, yes; the old boy lov'd the sex, I grant; but he never hung out false colours to deceive the innocent; and if in the heat of action his passions gave a wound, he never rested till he found a balm to heal it again—(*looking with kindness at Mary*).—Ah! bless thy

thy little tender heart; I wish, for thy sake, he had liv'd to come home again!

Henry. Does she grieve for the Admiral, who died more than a year since?

Joe. Why, no; but she's the child of ill-luck. Her sweetheart, you see, about four years since, was down here at the Lodge, when their hearts, it seems, were secretly grappled to each other. The lad was a favourite of the Admiral, and went out to the Indies with him: there he got promotion; and when death struck the old boy's flag, and no will left, this lad, d'ye see, was their sheet anchor; but returning home, in the very chops of the Channel they engag'd an enemy, and after three hours hard fighting, the *Mounseer* struck; but her poor lad, Lieutenant Travers, was among the brave boys that fell. Had he liv'd, he had now been promoted. The newspaper she holds in her hand brought the account but two days since.

Henry. Then you seem to think, spite of your experience, she is sincere?

Joe. Why, if death and disappointment don't make folk sincere, what should? But a braver lad, they say, never kept the mid-watch.

[Mary weeps, and retires.]

Poor wench! No wonder it makes her weep—tough as my heart is, damme, but it almost sets my pumps a-going!—But he died as a British seaman should, in the lap of victory; and his death was glorious! And I dare say he did not fight the worse for loving a pretty girl.

Henry. If you doubt that, hear the story of poor Tom Starboard.

SONG.—HENRY.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did; and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew were lost.

II.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd,
Said, Love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind.
And now, tho' wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
Of all past hardships made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak!

III.

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before her Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life cou'd save;
And Tom arriv'd—the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave!

[*Joe and Henry Blunt go into Admiral.*

Old

Old MAYTHORN and ROBERT advance from Milk-house.

Old May. Nay, nay, boy, bridle thy temper; Sir Edward is licentious, hot-brain'd, and giddy; but so he don't dishonour us——

Robt. Aye, to be sure! Let the vox devour the lamb, and zay nothing. Pegg at the Admiral is mark'd for 'un already; and he must have Mary too, or you'll no longer have the turnpike, farm, or dairy.

Old May. I don't fear Sir Edward, boy, more than thy temper—I always understood from the good Admiral that I was rent-free; yet Sir Edward claims arrears for years past; and as I have no acquittal to shew, we must take care what we do. Thou shouldst not have beat his servant last night.

Robt. Damn un! the rogue's no better than a pimp; and if it wer'n't for bringing you and zister to poverty——

Old May. There again—I was going to tell thee, boy, that *Mary is not thy sister*.

Robt. No!

Old May. No! She's a natural daughter of the late Admiral. At three months old, her mother dying, he plac'd her under my care, to be brought up as my own child; but as she (poor innocent) must now share our lot, I charge thee, boy, not even to hint it to her—twou'd break her heart.—Hush!

[*Mary advances, Robert retires R. H.*

Old May. Don't weep, my dearest lamb—
Heaven's will be done!—It is, I own, a woeful
change!

Mary. Ah, Sir! the Admiral, whose good-
ness gave us abundance; whose parental kind-
ness (for such it was) kept me at school, and
bred me as his daughter; *his* loss was heavy to
us all: and now my dearest William too! our
only hope! after five years absence—(*weeps*)—
Oh! had he but surviv'd——

Old May. Aye, aye, child, had he and
the good Admiral return'd, your union would
have been blest with abundance!—Ah! well!
we have seen better days! but we must now
submit. [*Exit.*

Mary. Oh! how chang'd is all the world to
me!—Objects which us'd to inspire delight,
now only serve to increase my affliction!

SONG.—MARY.

The poplar grove his presence grac'd,

Where William oft wou'd bless me;

The smooth-bark tree—the turf he trac'd

With love-knots—now distress me!

The silent lane, the busy field,

All gladsome once, seem dreary

No place, alas! can pleasure yield,

E'en life's a blank to Mary! [*Exit.*

Enter

—Enter Sir EDWARD with gun, &c. R. H.

Sir Edw. Take out the greyhounds, and give them a course; and let the groom exercise the curriclè horses.

CRACK *slips from behind the public-house.*

Crack. Sir, I'll exercise the curriclè and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

Sir Edw. Are you there, my impudent friend?

Crack. That epithet does not suit me, Sir—I'm remarkably *modest*. Many pretend to do what they can't; such, I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and I don't pretend at all.

Sir Edw. And pray, who are you, that are so very officious?

Crack. If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, Sir, I believe I am the overseer of the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every Sabbath-day.

Sir Edw. Yes, and most other days—I saw you drunk last night.

Crack. Purely out of respect to sobriety—I told you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak *heads*; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their *hands*, rather than they shou'd neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share, and my own too—I fav'd five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work—however, good deeds reward themselves.

Sir

Sir Edw. Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues—(*bowing*).

Crack. No, Sir, few are—(*bows*)—or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

Sir Edw. And pray, Sir, how do you get your living?

Crack. Sometimes one way—sometimes another: I am first ringer of the bells, and second huntsman to Old Tantivy; and though its not in my power to improve the *weak heads* of my neighbours, yet I often mend their faulty understandings—(*pointing to his shoes*)—*ecce signum*—(*shewing his apron*).

Sir Edw. Any thing rather than work, ha?

Crack. Any work, Sir, to get an honest penny—Twice a week I turn pack-horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town; and t'other day I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but—

Sir Edw. The badness of your character prevented your election?

Crack. No, Sir, it was the goodness of my voice—You hear how musical it is, when I only speak. What wou'd it have been at an *Amén*?—(*whispering*).—The parson didn't like to be outdone—Envy often deprives a good man of place, as well as perquisites—(*A pause*).

(*CRACK laughs, and then nods.*)

Sir Edw. What's that familiar nod for?

Crack. It's a way I have when I give consent.

Sir

Sir Edw. Consent; to what?

Crack. That you may give me what please above half-a-crown—*(they laugh)* *pause*—Oh! I'm a man of my word, I'll care to exercise the curricule and horses.

Sir Edw. You will?—You had better take my riding coat, and whip too, and go in stile. *[ironically.]*

Crack. Had I Sir?—Well; I'am going to market, and can bring back your honour's letters and parcels at the same time; and in the evening we'll all be jolly. *[going.]*

Enter SMART.

Sir Ed. Who is that familiar gentleman, Smart?

Smart. He's is a sort of jack-of-all-trades, but chiefly a cobbler.

Crack. Well; don't sneer at the cobbler; many of your betters have made their fortunes by cobbling: Sir I thank you; I'm glad to find you more of a gentleman than your servant, which is not always the case. I'll look to the curricule and horses, Sir, before I drink your health; I love business, and I hate a guzzler. *[Exit.]*

Sir Edw. Give this letter to my steward, and tell him, if old Maythorn can't pay his arrears, he must arrest him. *[Exit Smart.]* The old fellow in confinement, his daughter Mary will gladly pay the price of his release.

Enter

Enter HENRY BLUNT, *R. H.*

Have you your character yet, Blunt, from your last place?

Henry. No, Sir Edward; I expect it to day.

Sir Edw. Very well. Go to the hill opposite the lodge; should you spring any birds, don't shoot, but mark them: and, d'ye hear? I have a little love affair upon my hands; keep at a distance, I shall be near the copse; when I need you I'll fire.

Henry. Oh! Sir; I know my duty.

[Exit. L. H.]

ROBERT *returns.*

Sir Edw. You, Sir, direct my keeper to Barrow-hill, and don't let me hear of your firing a gun again upon my manors, or you'll visit the county goal.

Robert. Shall I? No, but I don't think I shall visit the gaol.

[Exit sulkily after Blunt.]

Enter PEGGY *in a Bonnet with a little Basket.*

Sir Edw. Ah! my bonny lass in a bonnet! —What, you're going a nutting I see. The clusters hang remarkably thick in lower bye-field, beneath the copse; in the hedge, joining the cut hay-stack.

Peggy.

Peggy. Ah! that's the way you're going to shoot; if I had known that now, I'd have chose another place.

MARY appears at her own Door.

Hush! there's Miss Maythorn;—she's always on the watch.—(*Smiles*)—How do, Miss Mary? I'm sorry to see you distress'd.—(*Astute*)—Conceited Moppet. [*Exit Peggy.*]

Sir Edw. My dear Mary, you seem dejected.

Mary. Misfortune, Sir Edward, has press'd hard upon us of late.

Sir Edw. The fault my love is yours. I wish to be more the friend of you and your family, than ever the late Admiral was.

Mary. Do you, Sir Edward? [*Eagerly.*]

Sir Edw. Certainly. I wish your father to be rent free. I long to give you an annuity and a coach; take you to town and make you happy.

Mary. I doubt, Sir, if that would make me so; and if there are fathers whose necessities press them to seek subsistence by the sale of a daughter's virtue, how noble were it in the wealthy to pity and relieve them? [*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Edw. Stubborn and proud still; but resistance makes victory glorious. Since soothing won't do, we'll try a little severity. She's a sweet girl, and I must have her.

SONG.

Lovely woman 'tis thou!
 To whose virtue I bow;
 Thy charms to sweet rapture give birth;
 Thine electrical soul
 Lends life to the whole,
 And a blank, without thee, were this earth;
 Oh! let me thy soft pow'r,
 Ev'ry day—ev'ry hour,
 With my heart honour, worship, adore;
 Thou present—'tis May;
 Winter, when thou'rt away;
 Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

II.

In a dream oft I've seen,
 Fancy's perfect-made queen,
 Which waking in vain have I sought;
 But sweet Mary 'twas you,
 Rich fancy then drew;
 Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she wrought;
 Lovely woman's soft power,
 Every day—every hour,
 Let my heart honour, worship, adore;
 Thou present—'tis May;
 Winter, when thou'rt away;
 Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

[Exit. L. H.]

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Room in the Public-house.

Enter CRACK R. H. with Sir EDWARD'S Box-coat, Whip, and Hat. LANDLADY following.

Landlady. Don't tell me: I'll not believe Sir Edward ordered any such thing.

Crack. I say he did—"My dear Crack," says he, shaking my hand, "you had better take my riding-coat and whip, and go in stile." And let me see the man, or woman, who dare dispute it.—(*struts*)—Now I'm a kind of Bond-street man of fashion.

Landlady. You a Bond-street man of fashion!

Crack. Yes, I am—I'm all *outside*. Where are those idle scoundrels? Oh! I see; they are getting the curricie and horses ready.

Landlady. By my faith, and so they are.—Well, 'tis in vain for me to talk, and so I'll leave you. Peggy—(*calling*)—Where can this girl of mine be! Why, Peggy!— [*Exit.*

Crack. I have often wonder'd why they drive two *big* horses in so *small* a carriage!—Now, I find, *one's* to draw the gentleman, and *t'other* his great-coat!—(*shrugs.*)

Enter JOE STANDFAST.

Joe. They tell me, Crack, that you are under failing orders for town. I'm bound so far

d'ye see, on business for Master Blunt, the new keeper; mayhap, you'll give a body a birth on board the curricke?

Crack. Yes, I'll give your body a birth on board;—and Heav'n send it a safe deliverance! *[Aside.*

Joe. Are you steady at the helm?

Crack. Unless your treat shou'd make me tipsy;—in that case, you must steer.

Joe. Me! damme, I'd rather weather the Cape in a cock-boat, than drive such a gingerbread jinkumbob three miles; but for this stiff knee of mine, I'd rather walk. Oh! I see they're weighing anchor yonder—*(pointing to the stable)*—but what need of this friend?—*(taking his coat)*—the sun shines, and no fear of a squall.

Crack. Lord, help your head! We drivers of curricles wear these to keep off the wind, the sun, and the dust.

—*Joe.* Damme! but I think your main sheet is more for shew than service.

Crack. Oh! fie!—We could not bear the inclemencies of the summer if we weren't well cloathed.—But come, let's mount; and if we don't ride in our own carriage, we're better off than many who do; we pay no tax, and the coach-maker can't arrest us.

DIALOGUE DUET.—*Crack and Joe.*

Crack. When off in curricle we go,
Mind, I'm a dashing buck friend Joe.

My

My well match'd nags, both black and roan,
Joe. Like most buck's nags, are not your own.

Crack. Paid for, I vow,

Joe. —————Avast! prithee, how?

Crack. In paper at six months credit, or nearly.

Joe. No cash?

Crack. —————Oh! no—that's mal-a-propos.

We bucks pay in paper, and that is merely
 Fal, lal, lal.

Both. Fal, lal, lal, la, &c. &c.

II.

Crack. When mounted I, in stile to be,
 Should sport behind in livery
 Two footmen in fine clothes array'd.

Joe. For which the taylor ne'er was paid.

Crack. We men of ton—

Joe. —————Have ways of your own.

Crack. Plead privilege to lead our tradesmen a dance, Sir,
 John, when they call—(*mimicking*)—let'em wait
 i'th' hall;

And two hours after send them for answer—

Fal, lal, &c.

Both. Fal, lal, lal, &c.

III.

Joe. If this be ton, friend Crack, d'ye see,
 We're better from such lumber free.

No debts for coaches we can owe;

Crack. Because no one will trust us Joe;

Joe. Then I say still—that no man his bill,

Crack. To us, for a carriage, with justice can bring in;

Joe.

Jac. Then mount—never mind, I say.

Crack. —Leave old Care behind;

Both. Or shou'd he o'ertake us, we'll fall a singing—

Fal, lal, lal, &c.
Fal, lal, la, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A romantic rural Prospect—On L. H. a cut Hay-stack.—In the Back-ground a distant View of white Cliffs and the Sea.

HENRY BLUNT enters.

Henry. **T**HIS is Sir Edward's rendezvous—he does not want taste. The distant ocean, the island, with its chalky cliffs rising from it, add to the beauty of the scene; while its stillness and solitude render it favourable to harmony and love!

SONG.

Calm the winds; the distant ocean,
Where our ships in triumph ride,
Seems to own no other motion
But the ebb and flow of tide.

High perch'd upon his fav'rite spray,
The thrush attention hath bespoke;
The ploughman, plodding on his way,
To listen, stops the sturdy yoke.

But see, the loud-tongu'd pack in view,
The peopled hills the cry resound;
The sportsmen joining chorus too,
And rapt'rous peals of joy go round.

Soon, soon again, the scene so gay,
 In distant murmurs dies away;
 Again from lazy Echo's cell,
 No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
 Save but the crazy tinkling bell
 The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

ROBERT enters.

Henry. Honest Robert, I thought I had lost you.

Robt. No! I was but just bye here, vast'ning a hurdle to keep the sheep from breaking out.

Henry. And Sir Edward, you say, solicits your sister Mary's affection?

Robt. As to affection, he don't care much vor that, I believe, so he cou'd get her good will.

Henry. Do you think him likely to obtain it?

Robt. She shall die first.

Henry. And who is Sir Edward's appointment with here, think you?

Robt. Why, I be inclin'd to think (but I be'n't sure) it is wi' Miss Change-about at the Admiral—Speak o' th' devil, and behold his horns!—This way. [*They retire—Robert behind the hay-stack.*]

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. I heard a rustling as I pass'd the copse. I began to think 'twas Old Nick!—That fellow Robert does love me a little, to be sure—

sure—but Sir Edward! if he shou'd make me
Lady Sir Edward Dalshaway——

ROBERT *advances.*

Robt. (*Aloud*) Hem! a little patience, and
may hap he will. [*She screams.*]

Peggy. How cou'd you frighten a body so?

Robt. Frighten thee, Peggy—it mustn't be
a trifle to do that. Have you set all shame at
defiance? I do wonder Old Nick didn't ap-
pear to thee in thy road hither.

Peggy. Don't you go to terrify me—now
don't—if you do, you'll repent it.

Robt. No, Peggy!—'tis you that'ul repent.
However, I do hope zome warning voice, zome
invizible spirit, will appear to thee yet, bevore
it be too late.

Peggy. You had better not terrify me now,
I tell you—you'd better not.

Robt. Take care where thee dost tread,
Peggy—(*she trembles*).—I wou'd not swear
there is not a well under thy feet—(*she starts*).
—Dam un, here he is, zure enow!—(*aside*).—
One word more, an' I ha' done. If in this loan-
some place—(*very solemn*)—Belzeebub shou'd
appear to thee in the likeness of a gentleman,
wi' a gun in his hand, look for his cloven foot,
repent thy perjury, and wi' tears in thy eyes
go whoam again, and make thy mother happy.

[*Retires again behind the hay-stack.*]

Peggy. Dear heart! dear heart!—I wish I
hadn't come. I'm afraid to stir out o' my
place,

place. Oh, lud!—I wish I was at home again.

Sir EDWARD, having put his Gun against the Rails of Hay-stack, steals behind, and taps her Shoulder.

Peggy. Mercy upon me, Sir Edward!—I took you for Old Nick.

Sir Edw. You did me great honour.

Peggy. Are you sure you have not a cloven foot?—(*looking*).—I was caution'd to beware of you.

Sir Edw. By young Maythorn, I suppose—I saw the impudent rascal. Upon my soul, you look divinely! [*Takes her to the R. H.*]

(*Robert shews signs of displeasure.*)

Is not that a sweet cottage in the valley?—Shall I make you a present of it, Peggy?

Peggy. Why, Sir Edward, tho' I don't think Robert Maythorn is a fit match for me—yet, you know, in losing him—

Sir Edw. You have found a better match.

Peggy. Oh!—if your honour means it to be a match!—(*Sir Edward turns*)—that is, a lawful match—

Sir Edw. To be sure I do—you little rogue—(*she repulses him*)—Nay, one kiss of your pretty pouting lips.

Peggy.

Peggy. Why, as to a kifs, to be sure—(*wipes her lips*)—I hope no one sees. [*She holds up her face; and, as he approaches, ROBERT reaches out his hand, fires the gun, and conceals himself again.*]

(*Sir EDWARD and PEGGY start.*)

Henry. (*Without*) Mark! mark!

(*Music plays.*)

Peggy. Good Heaven protect me!—'twas Old Nick!

Sir Edw. 'Tis odd!—'twas sure my gun!

Or Robert's play'd some devilish trick.

Peggy. Ah, me! I am undone!

'Twas sure a warning voice that spoke!

Sir Edw. A warning voice!—oh, no! [*Robert steals off.*]

Peggy. Believe me, Sir, it was no joke.

Sir Edw. ———One kifs before we go.

Peggy. Nay, cease your fooling, pray, awhile,

Your keeper's coming now;

And mother's hobbling o'er the stile,

She is—I swear and vow!

HENRY BLUNT *enters.* R. H.

Sir Edw. Hey!—what the devil brought you here?

I pr'ythee, man, retire.

Henry. I thought you told me to appear,

When I shou'd hear you fire.

Enter LANDLADY with ROBERT, L. H.

Landlady. Where is this plaguy maid of mine?

An't you a pretty jade?

'Tis near the hour that we shou'd dine,

And yet no dumplings made.

Peggy. To gather nuts for you I've been,

And cramm'd my basket tight,

[Mother examines it.]

But, Mother, I old Nick have seen,

So dropt 'em with the fright.

Robert. With fancy's tale, her mother's ear,

She knows how to betray;

For staying out so long she'll swear,

The devil slopt her way.

Sir Edw. Come, come, let's home with merry glee,

On dinner to regale,

And, Hostess, let our welcome be

A jug of nut-brown ale.

All repeat the last verse.

[Exit L. H.]

SCENE II. *Another rural Prospect.*

MARY enters.

Mary. The bright evening sun dispels the farmer's fears, and makes him with a smile anticipate the business of to-morrow. How different our state! Our future day looks dark

dark and stormy, and Hope (the sun which gladdens all beside) sheds not for us a single ray.

SONG—MARY.

'Ere sorrow taught my tears to flow
 They call'd me—happy Mary,
 In rural cot, my humble lot,
 I play'd like any fairy;
 And when the sun, with golden ray,
 Sunk down the western sky;
 Upon the green, to dance or play,
 The first was happy I:
 Fond as the dove, was my true love,
 Oh! he was kind to me!
 And what was still my greater pride,
 I thought I should be William's bride,
 When he return'd from sea.

II.

Ah, what avails remembrance now?
 It lends a dart to sorrow;
 My once-lov'd cot, and happy lot,
 But loads with grief to-morrow:
 My William's buried in the deep,
 And I am sore oppress'd!
 Now all the day I sit and weep,
 At night, I know no rest:
 I dream of waves,—and sailors' graves,
 In horrid wrecks I see!
 And when I hear the midnight wind,
 All comfort flies my troubled mind,
 For William's lost at sea.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Turnpike, &c. as before, with a Bench and Table, at the Alehouse Door. Sir Edward's Groom calls "Gate," Robert opens it, and the Groom crosses the Stage with a Bag of Oats; Robert locks the Gate; then enter Joe and Crack, with a Trunk: Crack a little tipsey, and singing.*

Joe. Damme, shipmate, but you are the worst steersman I ever met with.

Crack. Don't say so; if the horses had not run so fast, we should not have upset.

Joe. Well, be it as it may, we brought home one of the nags safe.

Crack. There you mistake—it was the nag brought us home safe; we three rode upon his back.

Joe. We three!

Crack. Yes, you, I, and the trunk.

Joe. I'm sorry t'other poor devil is left behind.

Crack. You're out again; for when he broke loose, he left us behind; and if he continued to gallop as he began, he's a long way before.

Joe. Well, mesinate, it's your own business. My head! here comes the groom; get out of it how you can! There's the trunk—*(lays it on the table)*—And now for a peep at the paper: I'll not be overhauled, d'ye see; and so, Friend Crack, I advise you to prepare a good answer—*(goes in to the Admiral)*.

Crack.

Crack. I never was without one in my life.
—If the Groom won't stand quizzing, I'll be impudent.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. Why, that trunk, you, and the sailor, for a light carriage, were a little too weighty, I think, friend.

Crack. Not weighty enough, friend, or your trotting nags would not have galloped so fast; but it seems your and your horses wits jump.

Groom. How so?

Crack. Why, your horses, like you, voted us too weighty, and so unloaded us.

Groom. Unloaded you!

Crack. Yes; if you won't believe me, ask your master's great coat—(*gives it*)—Brush it, d'ye hear, it has been rubb'd already.

Groom. And hav'n't you brought the black horse back?

Crack. Why, how you talk! the black horse would not bring us back.

Groom. And where is he?

Crack. He's gone.

Groom. Gone! Where?

Crack. He did not tell me where he was going; I was not in his confidence; when you catch him teach him better manners.

Groom. Dam'me, if ever I heard the like before!—(*amazed.*)

Crack. No, nor saw the like *behind*! He winc'd like a devil! the worst bred horse I ever saw.

Groom

Groom. What do you talk of? Not a better bred horse in the kingdom—(*with a knowing slang manner*).

Crack. Then the manners of horses are not more refined than their masters; he kick'd up, as much as to say, that for you—(*kicks up*).

Groom. Dam'me, but you seem to have made a very nice job of it.

Crack. If you flatter at hearing *half*, what will you say when you know the *whole*? The carriage, you see——

Groom. Is that run away too?

Crack. No; but it might, if I hadn't taken good care of it.

Groom. By driving over posts, I suppose?

Crack. No; by driving *against* posts—(Oh! you'll find me correct)—by which I took off one wheel, and broke the other.

Groom. And havn't you brought it with you?

Crack. Without wheels! how could I?—'would have broke my back.

Groom. I wish you mayn't get your head broke, that's all!

Crack. So far from that, I expect to be complimented for my judgment; for if I had not, like a skilful whip, whipped off the wheels, I might have lost the carriage and all its valuable contents: by being expert I have saved both.

Groom. Well, friend, you seem very merry under misfortune, and I wish you luck; It was Sir Edward's own doing, he can't blame me.

[*Exit.*

Crack. If he should, I'll make a neat defence for the sake of your nice feeling: damn'd hard, if at a battle of brains, I could not out-gossip a grumbling groom. Whenever I'm puzzled, I always hum folk: humming's all the fashion.

SONG—CRACK.

With a merry tale

Serjeants beat the drum;

Noddles full of ale,

Village lads they *hum*:

Soldiers out go all,

Famous get in story;

If they chance to fall,

Don't they sleep in glory?

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

II.

Lawyers try, when fee'd,

Juries to make pliant,

If they can't succeed,

Then they *hum* their client;

To perfection come,

Humming all the trade is,

Ladies, lovers *hum*,

Lovers *hum* the ladies.

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

III.

Han't Britannia's sons

Often *humm'd* Mounseer?

Han't they *humm'd* the Dons?—

Let their fleets appear—

Strike

Strike they must tho' loth,

(Ships with dollars cramm'd,)

If they're not *hum*m'd both,

Then will I be d——,

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

*Old MAYTHORN crosses to his own house from
R. H. to L. H. very disconsolate.*

Crack. There goes a man of sorrow; I remember him a jester: it may be my turn next; I'll never joke again till I see a—

Enter STEWARD and BAILIFF.

Lawyer and Bailiff!—Gentlemen, your humble; I reverence your callings, and I respect your power, for you two are a match——

Bailiff. For what?

Crack. The devil!—(*sings*)—Towdy rowdy, &c. [*Exit after Joe.*

HENRY BLUNT enters behind.

Steward. You have the writ?

Bailiff. I have, master Steward.

Steward. Secure the old man, and carry him to your house till you have further orders.

[*Bailiff goes into Maythorn's.*

Henry. Rather severe of our master, to send the old man to prison; is it not, Sir?

Steward.

Steward. Sir Edward is a young man, and loves his pleasures. Bye and bye, I hope he'll better know the use of wealth.

Henry. Pray, what is the old man's debt to Sir Edward?

Steward. He claims (for five years arrears and all) upwards of three hundred pounds. I am the instrument of his severity, and I am sorry for it.

Henry. Is it the love of money, or——

Steward. I am afraid not; the old man has a pretty daughter, who, Sir Edward's servant tells me, has given him some encouragement.

[*Henry Blunt retires.*

Old MAYTHORN, BAILIFF, ROBERT, and MARY, enter.

Mary. Oh! my dearest father; is it already come to this?

Old May. Don't weep, my child; I prithee do not weep.

Robert. I tell ye what, Mr. Steward; I do know Zir Edward's tricks; I be noo vool d'ye fee; but it wont do—and zoo you may tell'n if you please; I don't care a zingle rush for him, nor——

Old May. Nay, prithee now, boy, prithee——

[*Exit Steward.*

Robert. Why, the very worm ull turn when trod on, vather; and shall we——

Old May. Nay, but keep thy temper, keep thy temper lad; by soothing we may settle all.

Robert. I wish I had the settling on't; dam, if I would n't.—(*threatens with fist*)—Zir Edward don't care a fig for justice; he do make his wish, his will: and tho' he be a knight; he is but a man; and if a knight, or even a barrow-knight, do behave unlike a man—

Old May. Thou must be a monster! foolish boy! I'm vexed to hear thee! Robert, you vex me.

Mary. Don't agitate yourself, dear father, pray don't.—(*turns to Robert*)—Fear not me; I'll put myself out of Sir Edward's reach; I'll go with father to prison.

Robert. That's right; goo you to prison, then you'll be free from un.

Old May. This business has flurried me a little; Will you be good enough (for I am very feeble) to let me sit down awhile?

Bailiff. Can't delay, Master Maythorn.

Mary. Rest on my arm; I can support you father.—(*weeps*)—

Robert. Ay, ay, we'll both support you; here's mine too.—(*suppressing his tears*)—We'll support ye, vather; don't ye cry, Mary; what signifies crying? Don't ye cry, vather; Heaven will comfort the innocent, and the good man won't be forsaken, I warrant ye!

[*Exeunt—Old Maythorn, resting on Mary and Robert; the Bailiff after.* R. H.

Enter

Enter TWO SAILORS. L. H.

1st. Sailor. I believe, mesmate, we have trac'd him to his moorings.

2d. Sailor. You're right; for there you see is the Port Admiral.—(*points to sign*)—

1st. Sailor. House! bring us a mug of beer.
[*They sit at the Table.*]

PEGGY brings beer.

A pretty little tight wench, faith!

Peggy. Yes; pretty—but the grapes are four.
[*Exit with great conceit.*]

1st. Sailor. The folk here will hardly guess our errand.—(*they drink.*)

Enter JOE in rapture, with Newspaper, passes the SAILORS.

Joe. Here it is! On board the Turnpike a-hoy! Dam'me, here it is:—He's alive; the boy's alive! And—but hold, avast! the last paper said he was dead; this says its a lie: which shall I believe?—(*turning, sees the Sailors*)—What cheer, brother Sailors? From what Port?

1st. Sailor. Portsmouth.

Joe. Whither bound?

1st.

1st. Sailor. Can't you see we have cast anchor?

Joe. I say, Bob—Miss Mary: but avast! mayhap, they can inform me. You have had a severe engagement in the chops of the channel, I hear?

1st. Sailor. Yes, we have.

Joe. And just as the Frenchman struck she went down? Dam'me, that was a pity! But we sav'd many of their hands, they say.

1st. Sailor. Yes; and but it blew a hard gale we should have saved more. We lost one boat's crew in picking them up.

Joe. Among which, mayhap, was poor Will Travers. Well, dam'me, 'twas noble; 'twas a saying of the old buck aloft, "Be devils in fight, boys, the victory gained, remember you are men;" and as he preached, so he practised. This action, my hearties, brings to my mind the one we fought before the old boy had a flag, when he commanded a seventy-four.

1st. Sailor. Mayhap, so.

Joe. We were cruizing, d'ye see, off the Lizard: on Saturday the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six, A. M. A sail hove in sight, bearing south south west, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails; away we stood; the wind right east as it could blow; we soon saw she was a Mounseer of superior force, and damn'd heavy metal!

1st. Sailor. A ninety gun ship, I suppose?

Joe. A ninety. We received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment; 'till about five and-twenty minutes past eight,

we

we opened our lower deck ports, and as we crossed plump it right into her ! we quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tune ; ditto repeated, as our Doctor writes on his doses ; my eyes ! how she rolled ! She looked like a floating mountain.—“ ’Tother broadside, my boys,” says our Captain, and “ dam’me, you’ll make the mountain a molehill !” We followed it up, every shot told ! We gave her broadside for broadside, till her lantern ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon-box ! By nine she had shiver’d our canvass so, I thought she’d have got off ; for which she crowded all sail.

1st. Sailor. Let the Mounseers alone for that.

Joe. We turned to, however, and wore ; and in half an hour got alongside a second time : we saw all her mouths were open, and we drenched her sweetly ! She swallowed our English pills by dozens ; but they griped her damnably ! By and bye we brought all our guns to bear at once ; bang ! she had it ! Oh, dam’me, ’twas a settler ! In less than *two* minutes after she cried “ pecavi ;” in *five* more she took fire abaft, and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam end, whush ! down she went by the head ! My eyes, what a screech was there ! Out boats, not a man was idle ; we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, sound and wounded ; and if I did not feel more joy of heart at saving their lives than at all the victories I ever had a share in, dam’me ! The old boy above knows it to be true, and can vouch for every word of it !

it! Can't you, my old buck!—(*flinging his hat up at him in great rapture*).

1st. Sailor. Why, it is not unlike the late action, and you'd say so too, if you'd been in it, as we were.

Joe. You in it? You on board?

1st. Sailor. We were.

Joe. (*eagerly*) Then tell me at once, for I can't believe the papers, is Lieutenant Travers alive or dead?

1st. Sailor. Alive, and promoted.

Joe. I said so—Dam'me, I knew he was alive; Huzza! old Maythorn! Mary! Bob! are you all asleep?—(*hollowing at Turnpike House*).

1st. Sailor. And now give us leave to ask you a question.

Joe. Ask a hundred thousand, my hearty! I'll answer all! Will you drink any thing more? Bring out a barrel of grog! Call for what you like, my lads; I'll pay all.

1st. Sailor. Can you inform us of one Henry Blunt?

Joe. Aye, to be sure I can; why, Bob, I say—(*calling*)—he's hired as Gamekeeper here to Sir Edward What d'ye call him; Whifflegig. I say Bob!

1st. Sailor. Hired as a Gamekeeper.

Joe. Yes; a damn'd good shot—he shot—Old Maythorn!—(*aloud*.)

1st. Sailor. The devil he did! Can you tell us where we can find him?

Joe. Why, he has not slipped his cable, has he?—(*eagerly*).

1st Sailor. We should be glad to light of him, d'ye see.

Joe. I thought as much; dam'me, I knew he was a bastard kind of failor by his talk; but the lubber, to skulk, to run from his post! Shiver my timbers! I can't bear to hear of a seaman's disobedience! But I'll blow him up—Why, Bob, I say! Where the devil are ye all?

Enter ROBERT in haste.

Robert. Here be I.

Joe. Bob, you dog, where's your father and mother?

Robert. My mother's in heaven, I hope.

Joe. Pshaw! dam'it! I mean your sister.

Robert. She's at the Bailiff's house with vather; the Steward's arrested him.

Joe. Arrested your father! for what? I'll pay the debt.

Robert. You pay dree hundred pound?

Joe. Ay, dam'me, three thousand if he need it.

Robert. Yes; but when?

Joe. Why now; that is, when I have it:—te I 'em I'll bail him.

Robert. Yes; but you are only *one*, and though *one* friend be a rare thing, a poor man in trouble must find *two*, and both housekeepers.

Joe. Dam'it, that's unlucky! Shipmates, are either of you housekeepers.

1st Sailor. No.

Joe. I fear'd as much: but no matter; go, tell your sister, her dear William's alive and well.

Robert. Lieutenant Travers alive!

Joe. Aye, you dog; alive, and promoted:—now you know, go tell her the whole story, every particular. Hop, skip, jump, run—
(*Pushing him off.*)

Tell her he never was dead—(*calling*)—What shall I do for another bail?

HENRY appears in the back Ground.

I would ask this lubber, but dam'me if I ever ask a favour of a Seaman who deserts his country's cause! There's your trunk. Had I known you before I would not have fetch'd it; You a Seaman—you be——hem.

Henry. What's the matter, man?

(*The Sailors hearing him, turn and rise.*)

1st Sailor. Oh, here he is! noble Captain! for so you now are. We have brought—

(*With great respect.*)

Henry. Hush, for your lives.

Joe. (*Surprized*)—Eh! What?

Henry. Take up that trunk, and follow me quickly.

[*Exit Blunt; and Sailors after in great haste.*]

Joe. Oh, for a douse of the face now! To be sure I'm not dreaming! It surely must; dam'me, here goes, in spite of splinters and stiff

stiff knees—(*sings and dances*)—What an infernal blockhead I must be! if the Bailiff and Attorney won't take my word for the bail, I'll blow up one, and I'll sink the other.

[*Pulls off his Hat, and follows dancing and singing.*]

CRACK *enters from the Admiral, with a Mug in his Hand, singing.*

Sir Edw. (Aloud without.)—Where are all my servants?

Crack. There's Sir Edward!

Sir Edw. Get the curricule ready immediately.

Crack. Oh lord! I shall be blown here! Quiz is the word.

Enter Sir EDWARD (goes towards Maythorn's).

Sir Edw. Now, if Old Maythorn is arrested, Mary, I think, is mine.—(*seeing Crack*)—Where did you learn music?

Crack. No where, Sir—its a gift: I was always too quick to learn.

Sir Edw. Yet you seem tolerably knowing.

Crack. Yes, Sir, knowing, but not wise: as many have honour without virtue. Come, he does not smoke.—(*aside.*)

Sir Edw. "Why, you're witty you rogue?"

Crack. "Ah, Sir! I wish I were as witty as you, and as rich; or, if I were as rich without being as witty, I'd be content. I should have been rich, but for my cursed name."

Sir Edw. "What may that be, pray?"

Crack. "My first, Sir, is Christopher; my second is Crack. My father was a Crack; so was my mother; and being both Cracks, of course I was born a Crack; and tho' I have mended many, that's a Crack I never could mend; it was my ruin."

Sir Edw. "Ha, ha! and so your name was your ruin?"—(*still peeping.*)

Crack. "Yes, Sir; for being comely, the maidens called me 'the Crack of the village;' and flattery, as you know Sir, plays the devil with the innocent; so, like one born to greatness and fortune, and surrounded by sycophants, I thought myself all-sufficient, 'till experience told me, I had little wit, and less money."

1st. Voice. (Without)—Gate!

2d. Voice. (Without)—Gate!

PEGGY peeps from the Admiral.

Sir Edw. Miss Mary! Sure, there's no one at home!

Crack. No, Sir; no one at all: so that there's no occasion for your curricule. And if there were, you would not get it—(*aside*)—You see, Sir, I am up!—(*significantly*).

Enter SMART, in haste.

Smart. Oh, Sir; there's fine work! Joe and two other sailors, and young Mythorn, have

have rescued the old man, and are all gone to the lodge in triumph.

Sir Edw. To the lodge! for what? Is Mary with them?

Smart. Yes, Sir.

Sir Edw. Follow me immediately.

[*Exit Sir Edward and Smart.*]

Crack. Yes; we'll all follow to the lodge, because the ale is good.

PEGGY advances.

Peggy. Hoity toity! he's very anxious about Miss Maythorn, methinks.

Crack. Yes; he was going to take her to London; but I took up a wheel, and let go a horse.

Peggy. Take her to London.—(*piqued*).

Crack. Yes, he was; and you don't like it; your stockings are yellow; you are jealous.

Peggy. Jealous! jealous of her! Oh, yes—that—he shall never speak to me again: I'll follow, and tell him so.—(*angrily*).

1st. Voice. Why, gate, I say!

2d. Voice. Are the folk asleep? Why, gate!

[*Others hollow.*]

Crack. I think I'll open the gate, and pocket the pence.—(*tries*)—By the Lord its lock'd, and the key gone!

Peggy. Oh, ho! here'll be fine work! Miss Mary had better mind her business.

[*Travellers and Horses appear at the Gate.*]

Crack.

Crack. And here come a dozen pack-horses; an old woman and a basket of eggs, on two tubs of butter, thrown across a fat mare, with half a dozen turkeys, and all their legs tied.—

MUSIC.

1st. Voice. Gate, I say; why, Gate!

2d. Voice. ————— Gate!

3d. Voice. ————— Gate!

4th. Voice. ————— Gate!

Peggy. Like bells they ring the changes o'er,
One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four.
They can't come thro'

Crack. ————— Pray, hold your prate;

Peggy. What can we do?

Voices. ————— Open the gate!

Crack. No, no, we can't; but if you please,
You'll go round Quagmire-lane with ease.

Peggy. Turn by the hawthorn, near the mill,

Crack. And if you stick i'th' mud, stand still!

Peggy. When got half way; beyond all doubt,

Crack. Each step you take, you're nearer out.

1st. Voice. I'll be reveng'd—must I, with load
Be stopt here, on the king's high road?

2d. Voice. E'en poor folk may find law I'm told,

Crack. And lawyers too—if you'll find gold.

Nay, should you need—you silly elf,
For gold, you'll get the dev'l himself!

Voices. For your advice, our thanks are due,

We must go round, we can't get thro'; }
Crack & Peggy. You must go round—you can't come thro'. }

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE *the Last.* *The Inside of the Lodge.*

Old MAYTHORN, MARY, ROBERT, JOE, and
STEWARD, *enter.* L. H.

Joe. (*as he enters, sings*)—"We'll sing a little, and laugh a little, &c." Your dear William's alive and well, my sweet girl, with his limbs whole, and his love true, my life on't. So, hang it, don't be sad now the sun shines.

Robert. —(*with affection.*)—Oh! 'tis her joy, mun, that makes her sad now. Is not it, Mary?

Old May. And did the keeper kindly say, he would satisfy Sir Edward?

Joe. He did, my old friend.

A SAILOR *enters, and takes STEWARD off.*
R. H.

You see, I fancy he has sent for the Steward for that purpose.

Mary. Oh, Joseph! you are our better angel! Heavens! here's Sir Edward!

Sir EDWARD *enters in haste.*

Sir Edw. Heyday! What does all this mean?

Joe. Mean! that Mr. Blunt is going to answer your demands on the old man here.

Sir

Sir Edw. He answer!—where's my steward?
—(*with passion.*)

Joe. (Firmly) Stepp'd to your keeper, to overhaul accounts, and prepare a receipt for you, I take it.

Sir Edw. Without my concurrence!—Order the bailiff to take old Maythorn into custody immediately.

Robt. (Steps before his father) No, I don't think he'll do that again.

Sir Edw. Indeed, Sir! and which of these fellows was it who dared to effect a rescue?

HENRY, in his real Character of Captain TRAVERS, dressed in his Uniform, enter suddenly—STEWART follows with a Will.

Travers. That fellow, Sir, was I, and ready to answer it in any way you think proper.

Mary. Heavens!—my William!

Travers. My dearest Mary!—(*turns to her.*)

Joe. Did not I tell you he was right and tight?—Now, then, clear decks. I suppose he won't surrender without a rumpus.

[*Mary is shocked—Old Maythorn and Travers support her.*]

Sir Edw. So, so! a champion in disguise!—And pray, Sir, on what authority have you done this?

Travers. On one, Sir—(*turns quickly*)—paramount

ramount to any you possess—a will of the late Admiral.

Sir Edw. A will?

Travers. Aye, Sir, a will!—by which *this lady*, and not *you* (as you have for some time supposed), succeeds to his estates. Your attorney, who holds it in his hand, will inform you of particulars.

Sir Edw. The devil!

Travers. Consult him; and the sooner you give possession the better.

[STEWART *solicits* Sir EDWARD'S attention—they retire.]

Joe. Aye, aye, sheer off, or dam'me, but you must bear a broadside.

Travers. Pardon, my dearest Mary, this trial of your constancy. “The good Admiral, your honoured father——

Mary. “My father!

Old May. “Yes, child, he was your father.”

Travers. “During his illness in the West-Indies, he committed his will to my care——
“for us, love, he has provided amply; and to
“his old friend here he has bequeathed the
“Upland Farm and house of three hundred
“a year.”—The report of my death prompted this stratagem, for which I ask——

Enter CRACK and PEGGY.

Crack. (*Aloud*) By the Lord, the folk at the turnpike are all stopp'd!

Joe. Stop your mouth!—(*stopping it*).

Crack. Hey—what—oh!

[*Joe takes Peggy and Crack aside, and tells what has happened.*]

(*Sir EDWARD and STEWARD advance.*)

Steward. 'Tis even so, indeed—(*gives Travers the will*).

Travers. I hope, Sir Edward, you are satisfied.

Sir Edw. This is not the place to dispute it, Sir.

Travers. Before we part (lest my character might offend your morality), give me leave to resign my office.

Robt. That's right, Captain; and make I gamekeeper instead.

Travers. That I will, Robert, and bailiff too.

Robt. (*With authority*) Then I warn you, Sir Edward, not to vire a gun again upon my manors, or I'll zend you to the county gaol—I will, as sure as you're born.

Sir Edw. (*Aloud*) Order my curricule—I'll set off immediately for town. [*Exit Sir Edward.*]

(*CRACK advances with JOE and PEGGY.*)

Crack. You had better go in the mail—(*calling after him*)—they'll be some time getting the curricule ready.—Won't you follow your swain, Miss Peggy?

Peggy. Prithee, be quiet—(*advances to Robert*).—I hope young Mr. Maythorn here—(*pulling his coat, and making a curtsey.*)

Robt. Hem!—Paws off, if you please, my Lady Sir Edward Dashaway.—Its my turn now. However, if in a year or two's time—

Peggy. Dear heart!—a year or two is such a long—

Robt. Oh!—if you are not content—

Peggy. Yes—I am—I am content.

Travers. Aye, aye, contented all—and while friends and fortune continue thus to smile, let us in love and harmony manifest our gratitude.

FINALE.

Travers. Love's ripen'd harvest now we'll reap,
My fancied dream's reality;
Here Mary still the gate shall keep,
I mean—of hospitality.

Mary. And for the task, the toll I ask
(Still mindful of my lot of late),
(*To the audience*) Is from this court a good report,
To-morrow, of our Turnpike Gate.

Peggy. We bar-maids, like the lawyers, find
Words at the bar, for tolls will flow;
Some we in *cash* take, some in *kind*;
At all toll-bars no trust you know.

Robt. The doctor too—'tis nothing new,
Will hardly ever tolls abate;
Then give us, pray, on this high way,
Your leave to keep the Turnpike Gate.

Crack

Crack. I'd ask the bachelors of mode,
 And spinners—are you free of toll?
 Or *you*, that jogg the married road?
 Oh! no—your're not, upon my soul!
Joe. Then since 'tis clear, most of you here
 Pay swinging tolls—in ev'ry state,
 Grudge not, we pray, the toll to pay
 Here nightly at our "Turnpike Gate."

 FINALE.

My fancy dream's reality;
 Here Mary still the gate shall keep,
 I mean—not hospitably,
 And for the toll, the toll I say,
 (Still mind'd of my lot of late),
 (Ye the nation) is from this court a good report,
 To-morrow, of our Turnpike Gate,
 We bar-maid, like the lawyers, and
 Words at the bar, for toll will flow;
 Some we in law take, some in law;
 A toll-toll-bar no toll you know,
 The doctor too—is nothing new,
 Will he'llly ever toll again;
 Then give us, pray, on this night way.

Printed by G. Woodfall, No. 22, Paternoster-Row, London.

P I Z A R R O;

A

T R A G E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN

Drury-Lane:

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

K O T Z E B U E;

AND

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

London:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, YORK STREET,
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

1799.

Price 2s. 6d.

A superior Edition, on fine wove Paper, hot-pressed, Price 5s.

P I A R O

T R A G E D Y

IN FIVE ACTS

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN

DUBLIN

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

KOTZEBU

AND

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE

BY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES KNOX, YORK STREET,
ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

1799.

Price 2s. 6d.

A second Edition on new Paper, with Corrections.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the two translations which have been published of Kotzebue's "SPANIARDS IN PERU" have, I understand, been very generally read, the Public are in possession of all the materials necessary to form a judgment on the merits and defects of the Play performed at Drury Lane Theatre.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the two tracts which have been published of Kormoran's "Savage in Paris" have, I understand, been very generally read, the Public are in possession of all the materials necessary to form a judgment on the merits and defects of the Play performed at Drury Lane Theatre.

DEDICATION.

TO HER, whose approbation of this Drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the Public, have been to *me* the highest gratification its success has produced—I dedicate this Play.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

DEDICATION.

TO HER, whose approbation of this
Drama, and whose personal delight in
the spectacle it has received from the Pub-
lic, have been to me the highest gratifica-
tion its success has produced—I dedicate
this Play.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERRINHAM.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day ;
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love ;
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted power :
Then blame not, Critics, if, thus late, we bring
A Winter Drama—but reproach—the spring.
What prudent Cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust ?
Hors'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park ;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New Road, and dash thro' Grosvenor-gate :—
Anxious—yet timorous too !—his steed to show,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-row.
Careless he seems, yet, vigilantly fly,
Woos the stray glance of Ladies passing by,
While his off heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains ;
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains !
Where white-rob'd misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How'do, how'do?"
With gen'rous questions that no answer wait,
"How vastly full! A'n't you come vastly late?"
"I'n't it quite charming? When do you leave town?"
"A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray can we set you down?"
These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay ;
Should our Play please—and you're indulgent ever—
Be your decree—" 'Tis better late than never."

Dramatis Personae.

ATALIBA, <i>King of Quito,</i>	-	Mr. POWELL.
ROLLA, } <i>Commanders of his Army,</i>	{	Mr. KEMBLE.
ALONZO, }	{	Mr. C. KEMBLE
CORA, <i>Alonzo's Wife,</i>	- -	Mrs. JORDAN.
PIZARRO, <i>Leader of the Spaniards,</i>	-	Mr. BARRYMORE.
ELVIRA, <i>Pizarro's Mistress,</i>	-	Mrs. SIDDONS.
ALMAGRO, - - - -	-	Mr. CAULFIELD.
GONZALO, }	{	Mr. WENTWORTH.
DAVILLA, } <i>Pizarro's Associates,</i>	{	Mr. TRUEMAN.
GOMEZ, }	{	Mr. SURMONT.
VALVERDE, <i>Pizarro's Secretary,</i>	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
LAS-CASAS, <i>a Spanish Ecclesiastic,</i>	-	Mr. AICKIN.
<i>An old blind Man,</i>	- - -	Mr. CORY.
OROZEMBO, <i>an old Cacique,</i>	-	Mr. DOWTON.
<i>A Boy,</i>	- - - -	Master CHATTERLEY.
<i>A Centinel,</i>	- - - -	Mr. HOLLAND.
<i>Attendant,</i>	- - - -	Mr. MADDOCKS.
<i>Peruvian Officer,</i>	- - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
<i>Soldiers, Messrs. FISHER, EVANS, CHIPPENDALE, WEBB, &c.</i>		

The Vocal Parts by

*Messrs. KELLY, SEDGWICK, DIGNUM, DANBY, &c. —
 Mrs. CROUCH, Miss DE CAMP, Miss STEPHENS, Miss
 LEAK, Miss DUFOUR, &c.*

PIZARRO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A magnificent Pavilion near PIZARRO's Tent—a View of the Spanish Camp in the back Ground.—ELVIRA is discovered sleeping under a canopy on one side of the Pavilion—VALVERDE enters, gazes on ELVIRA, kneels, and attempts to kiss her hand; ELVIRA, awakened, rises and looks at him with indignation.

Elv. **A**UDACIOUS! Whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harassed mind can snatch amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform your master of this presumptuous treachery? Shall I disclose thee to Pizarro? Hey!

Val. I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I ask, by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart, by what fatality still holds he your affection?

Elv.

Elv. Hold! thou trusty SECRETARY!

Val. Ignobly born! in mind and manners rude, ferocious, and unpolished, though cool and crafty if occasion need—in youth audacious—ill his first manhood—a licensed pirate—treating men as brutes, the world as booty; yet now the Spanish hero is he styled—the first of Spanish conquerors! and for a warrior so accomplished, 'tis fit Elvira should leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to share the dangers, humours, and the crimes of such a lover as Pizarro!

Elv. What! Valverde moralizing! But grant I am in error, what is my incentive? Passion, infatuation, call it as you will; but what attaches *thee* to this despised, unworthy leader?—Base lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could you gain me, you only hope to win a higher interest in Pizarro—I know you.

Val. On my soul, you wrong me; what else my faults, I have none towards you: but indulge the scorn and levity of your nature; do it while yet the time permits; the gloomy hour, I fear, too soon approaches.

Elv. Valverde, a prophet too!

Val. Hear me, Elvira—Shame from his late defeat, and burning wishes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru; but trust me, he over-rates his strength, nor measures well the foe. Encamped in a strange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a single friend, what have we to hope? The army murmuring at increasing hardships, while Pizarro decorates with gaudy spoil the gay pavilion of his luxury! each day diminishes our force.

Elv. But are you not the heirs of those that fall?

Val.

Val. Are gain and plunder then our only purpose? Is this Elvira's heroism?

Elv. No, so save me Heaven! I abhor the motive, means, and end of your pursuits; but I will trust none of you:—in your whole army there is not one of you that has a heart, or speaks ingenuously—aged Las-Casas, and he alone, excepted.

Val. He! an enthusiast in the opposite and worse extreme!

Elv. Oh! had I earlier known that virtuous man, how different might my lot have been!

Val. I will grant, Pizarro could not then so easily have duped you; forgive me, but at that event I still must wonder.

Elv. Hear me, Valverde.—When first my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my country's idol. Self-taught, self-raised, and self-supported, he became a hero; and I was formed to be won by glory and renown. 'Tis known that when he left Panama in a slight vessel, his force was not an hundred men. Arrived in the island of Gallo, with his sword he drew a line upon the sands, and said, "Pass those who fear to die or conquer with their leader." Thirteen alone remained, and at the head of these the warrior stood his ground. Even at the moment when my ears first caught this tale, my heart exclaimed, "Pizarro is its lord!" What since I have perceived, or thought, or felt! you must have more worth to win the knowledge of.

Val. I press no further; still assured that while Alonzo de Molina, our General's former friend and pupil, leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror. (*Trumpets without.*)

Elv. Silence! I hear him coming; look not perplexed.

perplexed.—How mystery and fraud confound the countenance ! Quick, put on an honest face, if thou canst.

Pizarro. (Speaking without.) Chain and secure him ; I will examine him myself.

PIZARRO enters.

(*Valverde bows—Elvira laughs.*)

Piz. Why dost thou smile, Elvira ?

Elv. To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges we women have.

Piz. Elvira, I will know the cause, I am resolved !

Elv. I am glad of that, because I love resolution, and am resolved not to tell you. Now my resolution, I take it, is the better of the two, because it depends upon myself, and yours does not.

Piz. Psha ! trifter !

Val. Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions that——

Piz. Apprehensions !

Val. Yes—that Alonzo's skill and genius should so have disciplined and informed the enemy, as to——

Piz. Alonzo ! the traitor ! How I once loved that man ! His noble mother entrusted him, a boy, to my protection. At my table did he feast—in my tent did he repose. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Often I had talked to him of our first adventures—what storms we struggled with—what perils we surmounted. When landed with a slender host upon an unknown land—
then,

then, when I told how famine and fatigue, discord and toil, day by day, did thin our ranks; amid close-pressing enemies, how still undaunted I endured and dared—maintained my purpose and my power in despite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till with my faithful few remaining I became at last victorious!—When, I say, of these things I spoke, the youth, Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear, his soul's ambition owned no other leader.

Val. What could subdue attachment so begun?

Piz. Las-Casas—he it was, with fascinating craft and canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to forego his country's claims for those of human nature.

Val. Yes, the traitor left you, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's.

Piz. But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

Val. They!—Obdurate heathens!—They our brethren!

Piz. But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropt upon my bosom fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe: then, profiting by the lessons he had gain'd in wrong'd Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forc'd me—Ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it!—in

base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

Val. But the hour of revenge is come.

Piz. It is; I am returned—my force is strengthened, and the audacious Boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

Val. 'Tis doubted whether still Alonzo lives.

Piz. 'Tis certain that he does; one of his armour-bearers is just made prisoner: twelve thousand is their force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a solemn sacrifice on their ungodly altars. We must profit by their security, and attack them unprepared—the sacrificers shall become the victims.

Elv. (*Aside.*) Wretched innocents! And their own blood shall bedew their altars!

Piz. Right! (*Trumpets without.*) Elvira, retire!

Elv. Why should I retire?

Piz. Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

Elv. O, men! men! ungrateful and perverse! O, woman! still affectionate though wrong'd! The Beings to whose eyes you turn for animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whose bosoms in the hour of sore calamity you seek for rest and consolation; THEM, when the pompous follies of your mean ambition are the question, you treat as playthings or as slaves!—I shall not retire.

Piz. Remain then---and, if thou canst, be silent.

Elv. They only babble who practise not reflection. I shall think---and thought is silence.

Piz.

Piz. Ha!—there's somewhat in her manner lately—

[*Pizarro looks sternly and suspiciously towards Elvira, who meets him with a commanding and unaltered eye.*]

Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILLA, Officers and Soldiers. — Trumpets without.

Las-C. Pizarro, we attend your summons.

Piz. Welcome, venerable father—my friends, most welcome. Friends and fellow-soldiers, at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice: if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity---trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

Alm. Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast—our stores exhausted, and our soldiers murmuring—Battle! Battle!—then death to the arm'd, and chains for the defenceless.

Dav. Death to the whole Peruvian race!

Las-C. Merciful Heaven!

Alm. Yes, General, the attack, and instantly! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering and scorn our force.

Las-C. Alonzo!—scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. 'Tis fit Las-Casas should defend his pupil.

Piz. Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name
but

but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?

Alm. and Dav. We are.

Gon. All!—Battle! Battle!

Las-C. Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet compleat?—Battle!—gracious Heaven! Against whom?—Against a King, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a People who never wronged the living Being their Creator formed: a People, who, children of innocence received you as cherish'd guests with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as Gods you were received; as Fiends have you acted.

Piz. Las-Casas!

Las-C. Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, All-powerful! whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamantine rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—Oh! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, Chieftains—Countrymen—Do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race!—But hush, my sighs—fall not, drops of useless sorrow!—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance—All I entreat is, send me once more to those you *call* your enemies—Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence

nitence from you, I shall return with blessings and with peace from them.—Elvira, you weep!—Alas! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?

Alm. Because there are no women here but she and thou.

Piz. Close this idle war of words: time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle?

All. We are.

Las-C. Oh, men of blood!—(*Kneels.*) God! thou hast anointed me thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness.—(*Rises.*) No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes! On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be scared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with Tigers and with savage beasts will I commune: and when at length we meet again before the bless'd tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now! (*Going.*)

Elv. Las-Casas! Oh! take me with thee, Las-Casas.

Las-C. Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures

if thou canst: then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest.

[Exit.]

Piz. How, Elvira! wouldst thou leave me?

Elv. I am bewildered, grown terrified!—Your inhumanity—and that good Las-Casas—oh! he appeared to me just now something more than heavenly: and you! ye all looked worse than earthly.

Piz. Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

Elv. Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

Alm. Well! Heaven be praised, we are rid of the old moralist.

Gon. I hope he'll join his preaching pupil, Alonzo.

Piz. Now to prepare our muster and our march. At mid-day is the hour of the sacrifice. Consulting with our guides, the route of your divisions shall be given to each commander. If we surprise, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

Alm. And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

Piz. Not so fast—ambition for a time must take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must hold the shadow of a sceptre in his hand—Pizarro still appear dependant upon Spain: while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, secures the proud succession to the crown I seek.

Alm. This is best. In Pizarro's plans observe the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's valour.

Val. (Aside to Elvira.) You mark, Elvira?

Elv. O, yes—this is best—this is excellent.

Piz. You seem offended. Elvira still retains my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

Elv. Offended?—No!—Thou know'st thy glory

glory is my idol ; and this will be most glorious, most just and honourable.

Piz. What mean you ?

Elw. Oh ! nothing—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps : but let it not impede the royal hero's course.—(*Trumpets without.*) The call of arms invites you—Away ! away ! you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

Piz. And go you not with me ?

Elw. Undoubtedly ! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

Enter GOMEZ.

Alm. How, Gomez ! what bring'st thou ?

Gom. On yonder hill among the palm-trees we have surpris'd an old cacique ; escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting ; yet his lips breathe nought but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us.

[*Gomez leaves the tent, and returns conducting Orozembo and Attendant, in chains, guarded.*]

What art thou, stranger ?

Oro. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Ha !

Alm. Madman !—Tear out his tongue, or else—

Oro. Thou'lt hear some truth.

Dav. (*Shewing his poniard.*) Shall I not plunge this into his heart ?

Oro. (*To Piz.*) Does your army boast many such heroes as this ?

Piz. Audacious !—This insolence has sealed thy

thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity perhaps might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree—it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong-hold among the rocks : guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer ?

Oro. Thee and thy offer !—Wealth !—I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons—I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

Piz. What is that ? Inform me.

Oro. I will ; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost !

Gon. (*Aside.*) Obdurate Pagan !—How numerous is your army ?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp ?

Oro. It has no weak part—on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children ?

Oro,

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Know'st thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him!—Alonzo!—Know him!—Our nation's benefactor!—The guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the King, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace as gentle as the unweaned lamb. CORA was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to CORA's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage!—I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled before God—why should I tremble before man?—Why before thee, thou less than man!

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee! (*Stabs him.*)

Piz. Hold!

Dav.

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True! Observe, young man—your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments, and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Elv. (*Supporting Orozembo's head upon her bosom.*) Oh! ye are monsters all. Look up, thou martyr'd innocent—look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me!—Me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. (*Orozembo is borne off dying.*)

Piz. Away!—Davilla! If thus rash a second time—

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which—

Piz. No more—unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart; 'tis well he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance.—Hark!—our troops are moving.

Attendant. (*On passing Elvira.*) If through your gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult—

Elv. I understand you.

Att. His sons may yet thank your charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [*Exit,*

Piz. What says the slave?

Elv. A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

Piz. Our guard and guides approach. (*Soldiers march through the tents.*) Follow me, friends—
each

each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peru-
 ruvia's God shall sink beneath the main, the
 Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float
 above the walls of vanquish'd Quito. [*Exeunt.*

Manent ELVIRA and VALVERDE.

Val. Is it now presumption that my hopes gain
 strength with the increasing horrors which I see
 appal Elvira's soul?

Elv. I am mad with terror and remorse!
 Would I could fly these dreadful scenes!

Val. Might not Valverde's true attachment be
 thy refuge?

Elv. What wouldst thou do to save or to
 avenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand—
 a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Elv. Perhaps we will speak again of this.
 Now leave me. [*Exit Valverde.*

Elv. (Alone.) No! not this revenge—no!
 not this instrument. Fie, Elvira! even for a
 moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor!
 —Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be
 true to any pledge of love or honour?—Pizarro
 will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake,
 have sacrificed—Oh, God!—What have I not
 sacrificed for him; yet, curbing the avenging
 pride that swells this bosom, I still will further
 try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the
 fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the
 wanton's flattery a new delight, oh, ye may
 insult and leave the hearts to which your faith
 was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may
 fear no other peril; because such hearts, how-
 e'er you injure and desert them, have yet the
 proud

proud retreat of an unspotted fame--of unreproaching conscience. But beware the desperate libertine who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection---of all self-consolation! What has he left her?---Despair and vengeance! [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Bank surrounded by a wild Wood, and Rocks.—

CORA, sitting on the root of a tree, is playing with her Child.—ALONZO looks over them with delight and cheerfulness.

Cora. **N**OW confess, does he resemble thee, or not?

Al. Indeed he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.—O! my lord's image, and my heart's adored! (*Pressing the Child to her bosom.*)

Al. The little daring urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least he shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. Oh no, Alonzo! a mother's love for her dear babe is not a stealth, or taken from the father's store; it is a new delight that turns with quicken'd gratitude to HIM, the author of her augmented bliss.

Al. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon: then will be the last of the three holydays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Al. What are those three?

Cora. The ecstasy of his birth I pass; that in part is selfish: but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them; that is a day of joy: next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holyday: and sweeter still the third, when-e'er his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of, Father, Mother!—O! that is the dearest joy of all!

Al. Beloved Cora!

Cora. Oh! my Alonzo! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Al. To Heaven and Rolla.

Cora. Yes, to Heaven and Rolla: and art thou not grateful to them too, Alonzo? art thou not happy?

Al. Can Cora ask that question?

Cora. Why then of late so restless on thy couch? Why to my waking watching ear so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs?

Al. Must not I fight against my country, against my brethren?

Cora. Do they not seek our destruction, and are not all men brethren?

Al. Should they prove victorious?

Cora. I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

Al. Fly, with thy infant, Cora?

Cora. What! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child?

Al. Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest?

Cora.

Cora. Oh yes! yes! yes!

Al. Hasten then now to the concealment in the mountains; there dwells your father, and there all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sisters', and her monarch's wish.

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot leave you: Oh! how in every moment's absence would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandon'd! No, no, I cannot leave you.

Al. Rolla will be with me.

Cora. Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee. But I have sworn never to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo! can you wish that I should break my vow?

Al. Then be it so. Oh! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth; my pride, my content, my all! Can there on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit?

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot thank you: silence is the gratitude of true affection: who seeks to follow it by sound will miss the track. (*Shout without.*) Does the King approach?

Al. No, 'tis the General placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes. (*Trumpets sound.*)

ROLLA.

Rol. (*as entering.*) Then place them on the hill fronting the Spanish camp. (*Enters.*)

Cora. Rolla! my friend, my brother!

Al. Rolla! my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe you?

Rol. Pass them in peace and bliss.—Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.

Cora. Look on this child—He is the life-blood of my heart; but if ever he loves or reveres thee less than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him!

Rol. Oh, no more!—What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness.—I see her happy.—Is not my object gain'd, and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice. You must away; you must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofan'd recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and e'en the Virgins of the Sun, retire.

Cora. Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

Rol. We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surprise us.—Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

Cora. Impede!

Rol. Yes, yes. Thou know'st how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our valour—vengeance will not be our own.—No advantage will be pursued that leads us from the spot where thou art placed; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

Al. Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.

Cora.

Cora. This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valour, flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

Rol. And is the mother unbelieving too?

Cora. No more—Do with me as you please. My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

Al. My adored! we thank you both. (*March without.*) Hark! the King approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise.—A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

Rol. It matters not. We are every where prepared. Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks thou'lt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Temple of the Sun: it represents the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry: in the centre is the altar.—A solemn march.—The Warriors' and King enter on one side of the Temple.—ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA, on the other.

Ata. Welcome, Alonzo!—(*To Rolla.*) Kinsman, thy hand.--(*To Cora.*) Bless'd be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. May the sun bless the father of his people!

Ata. In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their King. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rol. Such as becomes the cause which they support;

support; their cry is, Victory or death! our King! our Country! and our God!

Ata. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valour knows so well to guard.

Rol. Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? —No—you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and *ours*.—THEY, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—WE, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—THEY follow an Adventurer whom they fear—and obey a power which they hate—WE serve a Monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be
7
our

our plain answer this : The throne we honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change ; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

[*Trumpets found:*

Ata. (*Embracing Rolla.*) Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice. (*A solemn Procession commences from the recess of the Temple above the Altar—The Priests and Virgins of the Sun arrange themselves on either side—The High-Priest approaches the Altar, and the solemnity begins—The Invocation of the High-Priest is followed by the Chorusses of the Priests and Virgins—Fire from above lights upon the Altar.—The whole assembly rise, and join in the Thanksgiving.*) Our offering is accepted.—Now to arms, my friends, prepare for battle.

Enter ORANO.

Ora. The enemy !

Ata. How near ?

Ora. From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion : with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. They must be met before they reach it.

Ata. And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

Cora.

Cora. Oh, Alonzo! (*Embracing him.*)

Al. We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more, ere you leave us.

Al. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

Ata. Haste, haste!—each moment is precious!

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

Rol. Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. (*Giving him her hand.*) Farewell! The God of war be with you: but, bring me back Alonzo. [*Exit with the Child.*]

Ata. (*Draws his sword.*) Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour.—Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts.—If successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, strait forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their Monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God! and our native land. (*A march.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Wood between the Temple and the Camp.

Enter ROLLA and ALONZO.

Rol. Here, my friend, we separate—soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

Al. Or perhaps we part to meet no more. Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's

army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

Rol. There is in language now no word but battle.

Al. Yes, one word more—Cora!

Rol. Cora! Speak!

Al. The next hour brings us—

Rol. Death or victory!

Al. It may be victory to one—death to the other.

Rol. Or both may fall.

Al. If so, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of Heaven and my King. But should I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

Rol. How?

Al. Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

Rol. Rouse thee, Alonzo! Banish these timid fancies.

Al. Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me: thou know'st it will not shake me in the fight; but give me your promise.

Rol. If it be Cora's will—Yes—I promise—
(*Gives his hand.*)

Al. Tell her it was my last wish! and bear to her and to my son, my last blessing.

Rol. I will.—Now then to our posts, and let our swords speak for us. (*They draw their swords.*)

Al. For the King and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the King!

[*Exeunt different ways. Alarms without.*]

SCENE IV.

A View of the Peruvian Camp, with a distant View of a Peruvian Village. Trees growing from a rocky Eminence on one Side. Alarms continue.

Enter an Old blind Man and a Boy.

O. Man. Have none returned to the camp?

Boy. One messenger alone. From the temple they all march'd to meet the foe.

O. Man. Hark! I hear the din of battle. O! had I still retain'd my sight, I might now have grasp'd a sword, and died a soldier's death! Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes!—I hope my father will be safe!

O. Man. He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

Boy. I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

O. Man. But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

Boy. Impossible, grandfather! for they will see at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

O. Man. Poor child! you little know the hearts of these inhuman men.—(*Discharge of cannon heard.*) Hark! the noise is near—I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers.—(*Shouts at a distance.*) At every shout, with involuntary haste I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant soldiers!

Boy. O father! there are soldiers running—

O. Man. Spaniards, boy?

Boy. No, Peruvians!

O. Man.

O. Man. How! and flying from the field!—
It cannot be.

Enter two Peruvian Soldiers.

O speak to them, boy!—Whence come you?
How goes the battle?

Sol. We may not stop; we are sent for the
reserve behind the hill. The day's against us.

[Exeunt Soldiers.]

O. Man. Quick, then, quick!

Boy. I see the points of lances glittering in
the light.

O. Man. Those are Peruvians. Do they bend
this way?

Enter a Peruvian Soldier.

Boy. Soldier, speak to my blind father.

Sol. I'm sent to tell the helpless father to re-
treat among the rocks: all will be lost, I fear.
The King is wounded.

O. Man. Quick, boy! Lead me to the hill,
where thou may'st view the plain. *(Alarms)*

*Enter ATALIBA, wounded, with ORANO, Offi-
cers, and Soldiers.*

Ata. My wound is bound; believe me, the
hurt is nothing: I may return to the fight.

Ora. Pardon your servant; but the allotted
priest who attends the sacred banner has pro-
nounced that the Inca's blood once shed, no
blessing can await the day until he leave the
field.

Ata. Hard restraint! O! my poor brave sol-
diers!—Hard that I may no longer be a witness

of their valour. But haste you; return to your comrades: I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren. [*Exeunt Orano, Officers, and Soldiers.*] I will not repine; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear.

Old Man and Boy advance.

O. Man. Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate?—Who is it complains thus?

Ata. One almost by hope forsaken.

O. Man. Is the King alive?

Ata. The King still lives.

O. Man. Then thou art not forsaken! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ata. And who shall protect Ataliba?

O. Man. The immortal Powers, that protect the just. The virtues of our Monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of Heaven.

Ata. How impious, had I murmured! How wondrous, thou supreme Disposer, are thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love.

Boy. (*Turning forward.*) O, father!—Stranger, see those hideous men that rush upon us yonder!

Ata. Ha! Spaniards!—And I—Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive, without a sword even to try the ransom of a monarch life.

Enter

Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Spanish Soldiers.

Dav. 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the King!

Alm. Away! Follow with your royal prize. Avoid those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

[Exeunt Davilla, Almagro, and Soldiers, with Ataliba prisoner.]

O. Man. The King! Wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form!—Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords!

Boy. Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

O. Man. No—to the rescue of their King—they never will desert him. *(Alarms without.)*

Enter Peruvian Officers and Soldiers, flying across the stage; ORANO following.

Ora. Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

Officer. We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Hold, recreants! cowards!—What, fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the King?

Ora. From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy which you ob-

served so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him ; they are yet in fight.

Rol. And bear the Inca off a prisoner ?—Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout ! Look there ! The dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts your King, your father !—Ataliba in bondage. Now fly, and seek your own vile safety, if you can.

O. Man. Bless the voice of Rolla—and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale trembling wretches who dare not follow Rolla though to save their King !

Rol. Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe—and fall ye not at this rebuke ? Oh ! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this fightless veteran ! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now !—But do—alone I go—alone—to die with glory by my monarch's side !

Soldiers. Rolla ! we'll follow thee. (*Trumpets sound ; Rolla rushes out, followed by Orano, Officers, and Soldiers.*)

O. Man. O godlike Rolla !—And thou sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid !—Haste, my boy ; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

Boy. I can climb this rock, and the tree above. (*Ascends a rock, and from thence into the tree.*) O—now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

O. Man. Rolla follows them ?

Boy. He does—he does—he moves like an arrow !—now he waves his arm to our soldiers—

(*Report*

A TRAGIC PLAY.

31

(*Report of cannon heard.*) Now there is fire and smoke.

O. Man. Yes, fire is the weapon of those fiends.

Boy. The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

O. Man. Seest thou the King?

Boy. Yes—Rolla is near him! His sword sheds fire as he strikes!

O. Man. Bless thee, Rolla! Spare not the monsters.

Boy. Father! father! the Spaniards fly!—O—now I see the King embracing Rolla. (*Waving his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.*)

O. Man. (*Falls on his knees.*) Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life! My boy, come down, and let me kiss thee—My strength is gone! (*The Boy having run to the Old Man*)

Boy. Let me help you, father—You tremble so—

O. Man. 'Tis with transport, boy!

[*Boy leads the Old Man off.*]

Shouts, Flourish, &c.

Enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, and Peruvian Officers and Soldiers.

Ata. In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. (*Giving Rolla his sun of diamonds.*) The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

Rolla

Rol. It was the hand of Heaven, not mine,
that saved my King.

Enter ORANO, and Soldiers.

Rol. Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

Ora. Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic
which early broke our ranks; but I fear we
have to mourn Alonzo's loss; his eager spirit
urged him too far in the pursuit!

Ata. How! Alonzo slain?

1st Sol. I saw him fall.

2d Sol. Trust me I beheld him up again and
fighting—he was then surrounded and disarmed.

Ata. O! victory, dearly purchased!

Rol. O Cora! Who shall tell thee this?

Ata. Rolla, our friend is lost—our native
country saved! Our private sorrows must yield
to the public claim for triumph. Now go we
to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which
belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and
the orphaned tear of those whose brave protec-
tors have perished in their country's cause.

[Triumphant march, and exeunt.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A wild Retreat among stupendous Rocks.—CORA and her Child, with other Wives and Children of the Peruvian Warriors, are scattered about the scene in groups.—They sing alternately, Stanzas expressive of their situation, with a CHORUS, in which all join.

1st Peruvian Woman.

ZULUGA, see'st thou nothing yet?

Zul. Yes, two Peruvian soldiers, ~~on~~ on the hill; the other entering the thicket in the vale.

2d Per. Woman. One more has pass'd.—He comes—but pale and terrified.

Cora. My heart will start from my bosom.

Enter a Peruvian Soldier, panting for breath.

Wom. Well! joy or death?

Sold. The battle is against us. The King is wounded, and a prisoner.

Wom. Despair and misery!

Cora. (*In a faint voice.*) And Alonzo?

Sold. I have not seen him.

1st Wom. Oh! whither must we fly?

2d Wom. Deeper into the forest.

Cora. I shall not move.

Another Peruvian Soldier, (without.) Victory! victory!

He enters hastily.

Rejoice! Rejoice! We are victorious!

F

Wom.

Wom. (*Springing up.*) Welcome ! welcome !
thou messenger of joy : but the King !

Sold. He leads the brave warriors, who approach.

(*The triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance.—The Women and Children join in a strain expressive of anxiety and exultation.—The Warriors enter singing the Song of Victory, in which all join.—The King and ROLLA follow, and are met with rapturous and affectionate respect. CORA, during this scene, with her Child in her arms, runs through the ranks searching and inquiring for ALONZO.*)

Ata. Thanks, thanks, my children ! I am well : believe it ; the blood once stopp'd, my wound was nothing. (*Cora at length approaches ROLLA, who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.*) Where is Alonzo ?

(*Rolla turns away in silence.*)

Cora. (*Falling at the King's feet.*) Give me my husband, give this child his father.

Ata. I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

Cora. Hop'd you to find him ?

Ata. Most anxiously.

Cora. Ataliba ! is he not dead ?

Ata. No ! the Gods will have heard our prayers.

Cora. Is he not dead, Ataliba ?

Ata. He lives—in my heart.

Cora. Oh King ! torture me not thus ! speak out, is this child fatherless ?

Ata. Dearest Cora ! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

Cora. The little hope ! yet still there is hope ! Speak to me, Rolla : you are the friend of truth.

Rol. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found ! What mean you ? will not

you, Rolla, tell me truth? Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once.—Say not that he is not found: say at once that he is dead.

Rol. Then should I say false.

Cora. *False!* Blessings on thee for that word! But snatch me from this terrible suspense. Lift up thy little hands, my child; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner! and by the Spaniards? Pizarro's prisoner? Then is he dead.

Ata. Hope better--the richest ransom which our realm can yield, a herald shall this instant bear.

Per. Wom. Oh! for Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems!—all! all!—Here, dear Cora,—here! here!

(The Peruvian Women eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and run and take them from their children, to offer them to Cora.)

Ata. Yes, for Alonzo's ransom they would give all!—I thank thee, Father, who hast given me such hearts to rule over!

Cora. Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

Ata. Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too: hazard not your own honour, and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee.—Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

Cora. Teach me how to live till then.

Ata. Now we go to offer to the Gods, thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety.

[March and procession. Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.

*The Wood.**Enter CORA and Child.*

Cora. Mild innocence, what will become of thee ?

Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Cora, I attend thy summons at th' appointed spot.

Cora. Oh my child, my boy !—hast thou still a father ?

Rol. Cora, can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives ?

Cora. Will he not soon want a mother too ?—For canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss ?

Rol. Yes ! for his child's sake.—Yes, as thou didst love Alonzo, Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend.

Cora. You bid me listen to the world.—Who was not Alonzo's friend ?

Rol. His parting words——

Cora. His parting words ! (*Wildly.*) Oh, speak !

Rol. Consign'd to me two precious trusts—his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

Cora. His *last* request ! his *last* !—Oh, name it !

Rol. If I fall, said he—(and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke)—promise to take my Cora for thy wife ; be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him, and we parted.—Observe me, Cora, I repeat this only, as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo—for myself, I neither cherish claim or hope.

Cora. Ha ! does my reason fail me, or what
is

is this horrid light that presses on my brain? Oh, Alonzo! It may be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart—hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms——

Rol. Cora! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

Cora. Yes, yes, 'tis clear—his spirit was ensnar'd; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valour could not front a host of murderers—He fell—in vain did he exclaim for help to Rolla. At a distance you look'd on and smil'd—You could have saved him—could—but did not.

Rol. Oh, glorious fun! can I have deserved this? Cora, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

Cora. No! live! live for love! for that love thou seekest; whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betray'd and slaughter'd friend!—But thou hast borne to me the *last words* of my *Alonzo*! Now hear *mine*—Sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast—sooner would I link me to the pallid corse of the meanest wretch that perish'd with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father—than I call Rolla husband!

Rol. Yet call me what I am—thy friend, thy protector!

Cora. (Distractedly.) Away! I have no protector but my God!—With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of slaughter—There with these hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body—seeking, howe'er by death disfigur'd, the sweet smile of my Alonzo:—with fearful cries I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the
smallest

smallest spark of life remains, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look: But if we find him not—Oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp—that look of thine will win me passage through a thousand swords—They too are men.—Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprison'd father? No, no, my child, every where we shall be safe.—A wretched mother bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has Nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father. *[Exit with the Child.]*

Rob. (After a pause of agitation.) Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I should be the wretch—I think I was not formed to be.—HER safety must be my present purpose—then to convince her she has wronged me! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Pizarro's Tent.

PIZARRO, *traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation.*

Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true.—Yet ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

Enter ELVIRA.

Who's there? who dares intrude? Why does my guard neglect their duty?

Elv. Your guard did what they could—but they

they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

Piz. And what is it you desire?

Elv. To see how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thyself.

Piz. Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accurs'd Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers?

Elv. No!—I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm; still and sullen as the awful pause that precedes Nature's convulsion: yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

Piz. Woman! Elvira!—Why had not all my men hearts like thine?

Elv. Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

Piz. Oh! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

Elv. Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther: not now his courage, but his magnanimity—Alonzo is your prisoner.

Piz. How!

Elv. 'Tis certain; Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

Piz. Bless thee, Elvira, for the news!—Alonzo in my power!—then I am the conqueror—the victory is MINE!

Elv. Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valour, and whose genius, awe Pizarro; whose misfortunes
are

are Pizarro's triumph; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

Piz. Guard!—(*Enter Guard.*)—Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo!—Quick bring the traitor here. [*Exit Guard.*]

Elv. What shall be his fate?

Piz. Death! death! in lingering torments! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

Elv. Shame on thee! Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder?

Piz. Be it said—I care not. His fate is sealed.

Elv. Follow then thy will: but mark me; if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee for ever.

Piz. Why this interest for a stranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

Elv. His fate!—nothing!—thy glory, every thing!—Think'st thou I could love thee stript of fame, of honour, and a just renown?—Know me better.

Piz. Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provoked to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.—(*Alonzo is brought in, in chains, guarded. Elvira observes him with attention and admiration.*)—Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina; 'tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amid the toils and cares of war thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

Al. Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace still is here. (*Putting his hand to his heart.*)

Piz.

Piz. Sarcastic boy!

Elv. Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

Piz. And thou art wedded too, I hear; aye, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt, of all his father’s loyalty; of all his mother’s faith.

Al. The heir, I trust, of all his father’s scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother’s virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro’s hate.

Piz. Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow’s sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

Elv. Pizarro—no!

Piz. Hence—or dread my anger.

Elv. I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

Al. Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

Piz. Audacious rebel! Thou, a renegado from thy monarch and thy God!

Al. ’Tis false.

Piz. Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country’s legions—and, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

Al. No! Deserter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, THEY deserted ME. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my
country,

country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were Justice, Faith, and Mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot—I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

Piz. The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

Al. Where are my judges?

Piz. Thou wouldst appeal to the war council?

Al. If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes; if not, I appeal to Heaven!

Piz. And to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason?

Elv. The folly of Las-Casas!---Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom!---O! would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas!

Al. To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito; there, in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give chearful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, is my work! Next I should tell how hurtful customs, and superstitious strange and sullen, would often scatter and dismay the credulous minds of these deluded innocents; and then would I point out to him where now, in clustered villages, they live like brethren, social and confiding, while through the burning day Content sits basking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Pastime leads them to the hour of rest--this too is mine!--And prouder yet--

yet---at that still pause between exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labour, or to rest, but unto Him who sanctions and ordains them all, I would show him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God!--this too I could tell him is Alonzo's work!--Then would Las-Casas clasp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once *this* world's best proof, that I had acted rightly *here*, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward *hereafter*.

Elv. Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

Piz. Daring, obstinate enthusiast! But know the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee—like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope, is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death.

Elv. Hold!--Pizarro—hear me!--If not always *justly*, at least act always *greatly*. Name not thy country's wrongs---'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so—and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it—profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

G 2 *Piz.*

Piz. Officious advocate for treason—peace!
—Bear him hence—he knows his sentence.

Al. Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it—to me thy haste is mercy. For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon *savages*, as they are called, thou'dst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

Piz. Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

Al. Inhuman man! that pang at least might have been spared me; but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death---many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—Pizarro.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

Elv. Now by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened at the meanness of thy vengeance.

Piz. What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

Elv. He is in your power, and therefore is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue---I ask not from thee nobleness of mind---I require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired; be not the assassin of thine own renown. How often have you sworn that the sacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high report had won you from subdued Elvira, was the proudest triumph of your fame? Thou knowest I bear a mind not cast in the common mould---not formed for tame sequestered love---content amid household cares to prattle to an idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an obscure lover's kindness---no! my heart was

framed to look up with awe and homage to the object it adored; my ears to own no music but the thrilling records of his praise; my lips to scorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements; my brain to turn giddy with delight, reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's and his country's gratitude; my every faculty to throb with transport, while I heard the shouts of acclamation which announced the coming of my hero; my whole soul to love him with devotion! with enthusiasm! to see no other object---to own no other tie---but to make HIM my WORLD! Thus to love is at least no common weakness. ---Pizarro!---was not such my love for thee?

Piz. It *was*, Elvira!

Elv. Then do not make me hateful to myself, by tearing off the mask at once—barring the hideous imposture that has undone me!—Do not an act which, howe'er thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by posterity.

Piz. And should posterity applaud my deeds, think'st thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with transport in my tomb?—This is renown for visionary boys to dream of—I understand it not. The same I value shall uplift my living estimation—o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes—advance my purposes, and aid my power.

Elv. Each word thou speakest—each moment that I hear thee—dispels the fatal mist through which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty name, but little soul, I see thou wert not born to feel what genuine fame and glory are—yes, prefer the flattery of thy own fleeting day to the bright

bright circle of a deathless name—yes, prefer to stare upon the grain of sand on which you trample, to musing on the starred canopy above thee. Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worshipped so: who seeks alone for living homage, stands a mean canvasser in her temple's porch, wooing promiscuously from the fickle breath of every wretch that passes, the brittle tribute of his praise. He dares not approach the sacred altar—no noble sacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever shall his worship'd image, fix'd above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

Piz. Elvira, leave me.

Elv. Pizarro, you no longer love me.

Piz. It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect—this wondrous interest for a stranger!—Take back thy reproach.

Elv. No, Pizarro; as yet I am not lost to you—one string still remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you—do not for thine own sake, tear it asunder—shed not Alonzo's blood!

Piz. My resolution's fixed.

Elv. Even though that moment lost you Elvira for ever?

Piz. Even so.

Elv. Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk in rushing to thy arms to bury myself in the bosom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils, heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this
dreadful

dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

Piz. 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle—in war the soldier's pattern—and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

Elv. Convince me I possess the first—I exchange all title to the latter, for—mercy to Alonzo.

Piz. No more!—Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

Elv. Alonzo then at morn will die?

Piz. Think'st thou yon sun will set?—As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

Elv. Then be it done—the string is crack'd—fundered for ever.—But mark me—thou hast heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution, howe'er offended—but mark me now—the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm unshaken by its bloody purpose, which shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith!—Pizarro, scorn not my words—beware you slight them not!—I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts—who *could* not feel as I do, I condemn—who, feeling so, yet *would* not act as I *SHALL*, I despise!

Piz. (*After a pause, looking at her with an affected smile of contempt.*) I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which inspire.

inspire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cause!—
Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the
youth Alonzo!—He dies at sun-rise! [Exit.

Elv. 'Tis well! 'tis just I should be humbled
—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of in-
nocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit
I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall,
fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the
last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman
can love Pizarro, thou hast known too well—
how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes,
thou undaunted! Thou, whom yet no mortal
hazard has appalled! Thou, who on Panama's
brow didst make alliance with the raving ele-
ments, that tore the silence of that horrid night
—when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the
crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er the
trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the
red volcano's mouth! Thou, who when battling
on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to
splinters, wast seen—as thou didst bestride a
fragment of the smoking wreck—to wave thy
glittering sword above thy head—as thou wouldst
defy the world in that extremity!—Come,
fearless man—now meet the last and fellest peril
of thy life—meet! and survive—an injured wo-
man's fury, if thou canst. [Exit.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*A Dungeon in the Rock, near the Spanish Camp.—
ALONZO in Chains.—A Centinel walking near
the Entrance.*

Alonzo. **F**OR the last time, I have beheld the
shadow'd ocean close upon the light.—
For the last time, thro' my cleft dungeon's roof,
I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars.—
For the last time, O sun! (and soon the hour) I
shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams
melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-
drops.—Then comes my death, and in the morning
of my day, I fall, which---No, Alonzo, date not the
life which thou hast run, by the mean reck'ning of
the hours and days, which thou hast breath'd: A
life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler
line—by deeds—not years—Then woud'st thou
murmur not—but bless the Providence, which in so
short a span, made THEE the instrument of wide and
spreading blessings, to the helpless and oppress'd!—
Tho' sinking in decrepid age—HE prematurely
falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by
him on man: They only have lived long, who
have lived virtuously.

Enter a Soldier—shews the Centinel a Passport, who withdraws.

Alonzo. What bear you there?

Sol. These refreshments I was order'd to leave in your dungeon.

Al. By whom order'd?

Sol. By the lady Elvira; she will be here herself before the dawn.

Al. Bear back to her my humblest thanks; and take thou the refreshments, friend—I need them not.

Sol. I have served under you, Don Alonzo.—Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you.

[Exit.]

Al. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt requires forgiveness.—*(Looking out)* Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the East.—If so, my life is but one hour more.—I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child!—Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind—all else his worthless. *(Enters the Cavern.)*

Cent. Who's there? answer quickly! who's there?

Rol. A Friar, come to visit your prisoner.

ROLLA enters, disguised as a Monk.

Rol. Inform me, friend—Is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Cent. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Cent.

Cen. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Cen. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Cen. He dies at sun-rise.

Rol. Ha!—then I am come in time.

Cen. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier—I must speak with him.

Cen. Back,—back.—It is impossible!—

Rol. I do entreat you, but for one moment!

Cen. You entreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Cen. He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems.—In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine.—Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Cen. Away!—woud'st thou corrupt me?—Me!—an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier!—hast thou a wife?

Cen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Cen. Four—honest, lively boys.

Rol. Where did'st thou leave them?

Cen. In my native village—even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Do'st thou love thy children and thy wife?

Cen. Do I love them! God knows my heart,—I do.

Rol. Soldier! imagine thou wer't doom'd to die a cruel death in this strange land—What would be thy last request?

Cen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh ! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate—and should there be told—thy fellow soldier dies at sun-rise,—yet thou shalt not for a moment see him—nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife,—what would'st thou think of him, who thus cou'd drive thy comrade from the door ?

Cen. How !

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child—I am come but to receive for *her*, and for her *babe*, the last blessing of my friend.

Cen. Go in.—(*Retires.*)

Rol. Oh ! holy Nature ! thou do'st never plead in vain.—There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom, thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pennons borne—the blood-stain'd vulture, cleaves the storm—yet, is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the Cygnet's down, and o'er her unshell'd brood, the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently !—Yes—now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate ! Alonzo !—Alonzo !—my friend ! Ha !—in gentle sleep !—Alonzo—rise !

Al. How !—Is my hour elaps'd ?—Well, (*returning from the recess,*) I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo,—know me.

Al. What voice is that ?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

Al. Rolla !—my friend ! — (*Embraces him.*) Heavens ! how could'st thou pass the guard ? Did this habit—

Rol.

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words ;—this disguise I tore from the dead body of a Friar, as I pass'd our field of battle—it has gain'd me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me!—No!—Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo.—It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's—and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me ;—or, should it be otherwise—I am as a blighted Plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert—Nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter—Thou art a husband, and a father—The being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hang upon thy life—Go!—Go!—Alonzo!—Go—to save—not thyself—but Cora, and thy child!—

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend—I had prepar'd to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace!—devoting her you've sworn to live for,—to madness, misery, and death!—For, be assured—the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. Oh! God!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now heed me well.—I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledg'd his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment.—And, by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee,—no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence ;—and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph, of seeing Rolla perish by thy side,—with
the

the assur'd conviction, that Cora, and thy child, are lost for ever.

Al. Oh! Rolla!—you distract me!

Rol. A moment's further pause, and all is lost—The dawn approaches—Fear not for me—I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission;—I shall gain time, doubt not—while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, may'st at night return—release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph.—Yes—hasten—dear Alonzo!—Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee!—Haste!—Haste!—Haste!

Al. Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

Al. Oh! my preserver!—(*Embracing him.*)

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek—Go!—I am rewarded—(*Throws the Friar's garment over Alonzo.*)—There!—conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains—Now—God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again.—Then,—so aid me Heaven! I return to save—or—perish with thee! [*Exit.*]

Rol. (*alone.*) He has pass'd the outer porch—He is safe!—He will soon embrace his wife and child!—Now, Cora, did'st thou not wrong me? This is the first time throughout my life I ever deceived man—Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong—Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again—Yes—There! (*lifting his hands to heaven*) assuredly, we shall meet again:—there possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love, and friendship—on earth, imperfect, and embitter'd.—I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have pass'd their lines. [*Retires into the Recess.*]

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. No—not Pizarro's brutal taunts—not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in this harraß'd bosom which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant, who's death alone can save this land—yet, shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide, and valour guards.—Alonzo, come forth!

Enter ROLLA.

Ha!—who art thou?—Where is Alonzo?

Rol. Alonzo's fled.

Elv. Fled!

Rol. Yes—and he must not be pursued—Pardon this roughness, (*seizing her hand*)---but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

Elv. What if I call the guard?

Rol. Do so—Alonzo still gains time.

Elv. What if thus I free myself? (*Shews a dagger.*)

Rol. Strike it to my heart—Still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me—I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard, nor cause pursuit.

Rol. At once, I trust thy word—A feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name? Speak freely—By my order the guard is remov'd beyond the outer porch.

Rol. My name is Rolla.

Elv.

Elv. The Peruvian Leader?

Rol. I was so yesterday—To-day, the Spaniard's captive.

Elv. And friendship for Alonzo, moved thee to this act?

Rol. Alonzo is my friend—I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

Elv. One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

Rol. And that is ———

Elv. Love?

Rol. True!

Elv. Gallant!—ingenuous Rolla!—Know that my purpose here was thine; and were I to save thy friend ———

Rol. How!—a woman blest'd with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

Rol. Not so—you are worse and better than we are! ———

Elv. To save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance—restore thee to thy native land—and thy native land to peace—would'st thou not rank Elvira with the good?

Rol. To judge the action, I must know the means.

Elv. Take this dagger.

Rol. How to be used?

Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where so I Pizarro sleeps—The scourge of innocence—the terror of thy race—the fiend, that desolates thy afflicted country.

Rol. Have you not been injur'd by Pizarro?

Elv.

Elv. Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

Rol. And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep!

Elv. Would he not have murder'd Alonzo in his chains? He that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla—so may I prosper in this perilous act as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

Rol. The God of Justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

Elv. Then, Peruvian, since thou do'st feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, tho' it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

Rol. Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest!—Give me the dagger!

Elv. Now follow me;—but first—and dreadful is the hard necessity—you must strike down the guard.

Rol. The soldier who was on duty here?

Elv. Yes, him—else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

Rol. And I must stab that soldier as I pass?—Take back thy dagger.

Elv. Rolla!

Rol. That soldier, mark me, is a man.—All are not men that bear the human form. He refus'd my prayers—refus'd my gold—denying to admit me—till his own feelings brib'd him.—For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man!

Elv. Then he must with us—I will answer for his safety.

Rol. Be that plainly understood between us :—for, whate'er betide our enterprize, I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heartstrings from consuming fire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The inside of Pizarro's Tent.—Pizarro on a Couch, in disturbed sleep.

Piz. (in his sleep.) No mercy, traitor.—Now at his heart !—Stand off there, you—Let me see him bleed !—Ha ! ha ! ha !—Let me hear that groan again.

Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA.

Elv. There !—Now, lose not a moment.

Rol. You must leave me now.—This scene of blood is not for a woman's presence.

Elv. But a moment's pause may—

Rol. Go !—Retire to your own tent—and return not here—I will come to you—Be thou not known in this business, I implore you !

Elv. I will withdraw the guard that waits.

[*Exit Elvira.*]

Rol. Now have I in my power the accurs'd destroyer of my country's peace : yet tranquilly he rests.—God !—can this man sleep ?

Piz. (in his sleep.) Away ! away !—Hideous fiends !—Tear not my bosom thus !

Rol. No :—I was in error—the balm of sweet repose he never more can know.—Look here, ambition's fools !—Ye, by whose inhuman pride, the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing—behold the rest of the guilty !—He is at my mercy—and one blow !—No !—my heart and hand refuse the act : Rolla cannot be an assassin !—Yet
Elvira

Elvira must be saved! (*Approaches the Couch.*) Pizarro! awake!—

Piz. (*Starts up.*) Who?—Guard!—

Rol. Speak not—another word is thy death—
Call not for aid!—this arm will be swifter than thy guard.

Piz. Who art thou? and what is thy will?

Rol. I am thine enemy! Peruvian Rolla!—
Thy death is not my will, or I could have slain thee sleeping.

Piz. Speak, what else?

Rol. Now thou art at my mercy—answer me! Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Dd'st thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet shew mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now shalt thou feel—and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly!—a Peruvian's vengeance! (*Drops the dagger at his feet*) There!

Piz. Is it possible! (*Walks aside confounded.*)

Rol. Can Pizarro be surpris'd at this? I thought Forgiveness of Injuries had been the Christian's precept—Thou seest, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice.

Piz. Rolla—thou hast indeed surpris'd—subdued me. (*Walks again aside as in irresolute thought.*)

Re-enter ELVIRA, (not seeing Pizarro.)

Elv. Is it done? Is he dead? (*Sees Pizarro*)
How!—still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more!—
Oh! Rolla! treacherous, or cowardly?—

Piz. How can it be, that—

Rol. Away! Elvira speaks she knows not what!
Leave me (*to Elvira*) I conjure you, with Pizarro.

Elv. How!—Rolla, do'st thou think I shall re-

tract—or that I meanly will deny, that in thy hand I plac'd a poignard to be plung'd into that tyrant's heart? No:—my soleregret is, that I trust-ed to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself.---Too soon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to all thy race!

Piz. Guard! quick! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

Elv. Yes, a guard! I call them too! And soon I know they'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment!—Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injur'd heart, prompted me to this design—No! Had I been only influenced so;—thus failing--shame and remorse would weigh me down. But tho' defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose---to have rescued millions of innocents from the blood-thirsty tyranny of ONE---by ridding the insulted world of THREE.

Rol. Had the act been noble as the motive---Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

Enter Guards.

Piz. Seize this discover'd fiend, who sought to kill your Leader.

Elv. Touch me not, at the peril of your souls; -- I am your prisoner, and will follow you.---But thou, their triumphant Leader, shalt hear me. Yet, first--for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness: even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admir'd thee for it---But 'twas myself
pro-

provok'd my doom---Thou would'st have shielded me.---Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the spell-like arts, by which this hypocrite first undermin'd the virtue of a guileless heart! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud, he practis'd upon those in whom I most confided---till my distemper'd fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of—guilt——

Piz. Why am I not obey'd?---Tear her hence!

Elv. 'Tis past—but didst thou know my story, Rolla, thou would'st pity me.

Rol. From my soul I do pity thee!

Piz. Villains! drag her to the dungeon!---prepare the torture instantly.

Elv. Soldiers—but a moment more—'Tis to applaud your General—It is to tell the astonished world, that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of justice: Yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agoniz'd the human frame; it will be justice. Yes—bid the minions of thy fury—wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caress'd, and——even have defended thee! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so oft—oh, God!—have hung with love and homage on thy looks—then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonour'd bosom, which was once thy pillow!—Yet, will I bear it all; for it will be justice, all! And when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unshrinking ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan—but to the last gasp, my body's patience shall

shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

Piz. (*Endeavouring to conceal his agitation.*) Hear'st thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

Roll. Yes! And if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her: if true, thy barbarity cannot make *her* suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on *thee*.

Elv. And now, farewell, world!--Rolla, farewell!--Farewell, thou condemn'd of Heaven! (*to Pizarro.*) For repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart.--We shall meet again.--Ha! be it thy horror here, to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches---hark! to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then, will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloister'd faint from whom you stole me. Then, the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murder'd brother--murdered by thee, fell monster!--seeking atonement for his sister's ruin'd honour!--I hear them now! To me, the recollection's madness!--At such an hour,---what will it be to thee?

Piz. A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives---

Elv. I have spoken---and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past---And now, with an undaunted spirit, and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not *live* nobly, has been PIZARRO'S ACT. That I will *die* nobly, shall be my own. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Piz. Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant

valiant and renown'd, should'st credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury---O--a wanton passion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my prisoner.

Rol. Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Piz. How!

Rol. I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard—I have succeeded;—I remain thy prisoner.

Piz. Alonzo fled!—Is then the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

Rol. Dismiss such passions from thy heart; then thou'lt consult it's peace.

Piz. I can face all enemies that dare confront me---I cannot war against my nature.

Rol. Then, Pizarro, ask not to be deem'd a hero—To triumph o'er ourselves, is the only conquest, where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow—but in a contest with yourself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

Piz. Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to thee ungrateful, or ungenerous—Return to your countrymen—You are at liberty.

Rol. Thou do'st act in this, as honour, and as duty, bid thee.

Piz. I cannot but admire thee, Rolla; I wou'd we might be friends.

Rol. Farewell.—Pity Elvira!—Become the friend of virtue—and thou wilt be mine. [*Exit.*

Piz. Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have follow'd? where is the one delight which it has made my own? My fame is the mark of envy—my love the dupe of treachery—my glory eclips'd

eclips'd by the boy I taught—my revenge defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a savage foe—before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued! I would I cou'd retrace my steps—I cannot—Would I could evade my own reflections!---no living!---thought and memory are my Hell.

[Exit.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A thick Forest—In the back ground, a Hut almost covered by Boughs of Trees—A dreadful Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.—CORA has covered her Child on a Bed of Leaves and Moss—Her whole appearance is wild and distracted.

Cora. **O** NATURE! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march; my wearied, shivering frame, sinks under it. And, for thee, my boy—when faint beneath thy lovely burthen, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest! O my child! were I assured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side—but down—down for ever. (*Thunder and lightning.*) I ask thee not, unpitying storm! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers will I disturb my sleeping cherub. Though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds.

S O N G.

Yes, yes, be merciless, thou Tempest dire;
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave,
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to ALONZO's grave!

O'er his pale corse then while thy lightnings glare,
I'll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never!——
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,
 Oh! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart;
 He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest wild,
 Oh! sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking heart.

Alas! my babe, if thou would'st peaceful rest,
 Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet, thou wilt wake again, my boy,
 Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
 Thy father never!——
 Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
 Unconscious that eternal night
 Veils his for ever.

(Thunder and lightning.)

Cora. Still, still, implacable! unfeeling elements! yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent! O, death! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose? Sure I may shield thee better from the storm; my veil may ——

While she is wrapping her mantle and her veil over him, Alonzo's voice is heard at a great distance.

Al. Cora!

Cora. Hah!!! *(rises.)*

Al. (again) Cora!

Cora. O, my heart! Sweet Heaven deceive me not!—Is it not Alonzo's voice?

Al. (nearer) Cora!

Cora. It is—it is Alonzo!

Al. (nearer still) Cora! my beloved! ——

Cora. Alonzo!—Here!—here!—Alonzo!

[Runs out.]

Enter two Spanish Soldiers.

1st Sol. I tell you we are near our out-posts, and the word we heard just now was the counter-sign.

2d Sol.

2d Sol. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have discover'd their secret passage thro' the rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us—Pizarro will reward us.

1st Sol. This way—The sun, though clouded, is on our left. (*Perceives the child.*) What have we here?—A child!—as I'm a soldier.

2d Sol. 'Tis a sweet little babe. Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

1st Sol. It would so—I have one at home shall play with it.—Come along. [*Takes the child.*

Exeunt.

Re-enter CORA with ALONZO.

Cora. (speaking without) This way, dear Alonzo. Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot! Now will you look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking with his full blue laughing eyes to welcome you at once—Yes—yes.—Stand thou there—I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfum'd morn.

She runs up to the spot, and, finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the child gone, (sobs) and stands in speechless agony.

Al. (running to her) Cora!--my heart's beloved!

Cora. He is gone!

Al. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone!--my child! my child!

Al. Where did you leave him?

Cora. (Dashing herself on the spot.) Here!

Al. Be calm, beloved Cora—he has wak'd, and

crept to a little distance—we shall find him—Are you assured this was the spot you left him in?

Cora. Did not these hands make that bed, and shelter for him?—and is not this the veil that covered him?

Al. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha! yes, yes! there lives the savage that has rob'd me of my child—(*Beats at the door, exclaiming*) Give me back my child—restore to me my boy!

Enter LAS CASAS from the Hut.

Las C. Who calls me from my wretched solitude?

Cora. Give me back my child! (*Goes into the hut, and calls*) Fernando!

Al. Almighty powers! do my eyes deceive me! Las Casas!!!

Las C. Alonzo,—my belov'd young friend!

Al. My rever'd instructor. (*Embracing.*)

Cora. (*Return'd.*) Will you embrace this man before he restores my boy?

Al. Alas, my friend—in what a moment of misery do we meet!

Cora. Yet his look is goodness and humanity.—Good old man, have compassion on a wretched mother—and I will be your servant while I live.—But do not, for pity's sake—do not say, you have him not—do not say, you have not seen him.

(*Runs into the Wood.*)

Las C. What can this mean?

Al. She is my wife, just rescued from the Spaniards' prison.—I learn'd she had fled to this wild forest—Hearing my voice, she left the child, and flew to meet me—he was left sleeping under yonder tree.

Las.

Las. C. How! did you leave him?—(*Cora returns.*)

Cora. O, you are right!—right!—unnatural mother, that I was—I left my child—I forsook my innocent—but I will fling to the earth's brink, but I will find him (*Runs out.*)

Al. Forgive me, Las Casas, I must follow her: for at night, I must attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

Las. C. I will not leave thee, Alonzo—you must try to lead her to the right—that way lies your camp—Wait not my infirm steps,—I follow thee, my friend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Out-Post of the Spanish Camp.—The back ground wild and rocky, with a Torrent falling down the Precipice, over which a Bridge is formed. A fell'd Tree. [*Trumpets sound without.*]

Almagro. (Without.) Bear him along—his story must be false. (*Entering.*)

ROLLA (in Chains) brought in by Soldiers.

Rol. False!—Rolla, utter falsehood!—I would I had thee in a desert with thy troop around thee; ---and I, but with my sword in this unshackled hand!---(*Trumpets without.*)

Alm. Is it to be credited that Rolla, the renown'd Peruvian hero---shou'd be detected like a spy, skulking thro' our camp?

Rol. Skulking!

Alm. But answer to the General---he is here.

Enter

Enter PIZARRO.

Piz. What do I see! Rolla!

Rol. O! to thy surprise, no doubt.

Piz. And bound too!

Rol. So fast, thou need'st not fear approaching me.

Alm. The guards surpris'd him, passing our out-post.

Piz. Release him instantly.---Believe me, I regret this insult.

Rol. You feel then as you ought.

Piz. Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarm'd---Accept this, tho' it has been thy enemy's. *(Gives a sword.)* The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

Rol. And the Peruvian, how to forget offence.

Piz. May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

Rol. When the sea divides us; yes! --May I now depart?

Piz. Freely.

Rol. And shall I not again be intercepted?

Piz. No!--let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

Enter DAVILLA and Soldiers, with the Child.

Dav. Here are two soldiers, captured yesterday, who have escap'd from the Peruvian hold,---and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

Piz. Silence,---imprudent!---Seest thou not---? *(pointing to Rolla.)*

Dav. In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems---

Piz.

Piz. What is the imp to me?---Bid them toss it into the sea.

Rol. Gracious heaven! it is Alonzo's child!---give it to me.

Piz. Ha! Alonzo's child!--Welcome, thou pretty hostage.--Now Alonzo is again my prisoner!

Rol. Thou wilt not keep the infant from it's mother?

Piz. Will I not!--What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight--think'st thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

Rol. I do not understand you.

Piz. My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo!--and this pledge may help to settle the account.

Rol. Man! Man!--Art thou a man?--Could'st thou hurt that innocent?---By Heaven! it's smiling in thy face.

Piz. Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

Rol. Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire---If thou do'st harm that child---think not his blood will sink into the barren sand---No!---faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart---'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on it's accurs'd destroyer's head.

Piz. Be that peril mine.

Rol. (*Throwing himself at his feet*) Behold me at thy feet-- Me, Rolla!---Me, the preserver of thy life!---Me, that have never yet bent or bow'd before created man!---In humble agony I sue to you--prostrate I implore you--but spare that child, and I will be your slave.

Piz.

Piz. Rolla ! still art thou free to go---this boy remains with me.

Rol. Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine ! (*Seizes the Child*)---Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot.

[*Exit, with the Child.*]

Piz. Pursue him instantly---but spare his life. [*Exeunt Almagro and soldiers.*] With what fury he defends himself!-- Ha!-- he fells them to the ground---and now---

Enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life ; and if he once gains the thicket---

Piz. Spare him no longer. [*Exit Almagro.*] Their guns must reach him---he'll yet escape---hollow to those horse---the Peruvian sees them---and now he turns among the rocks---then is his retreat cut off.

(*Rolla crosses a wooden bridge over the cataract, pursued by the soldiers---they fire at him---a shot strikes him---Pizarro exclaims---*

Piz. Now ! quick ! quick ! seize the child!--- [*Rolla tears from the rock the tree which supports the bridge, and retreats by the back ground, bearing off the child.*]

Re-enter ALMAGRO.

Alm. By Hell ! he has escaped!---and with the child unhurt.

Dev. No---he bears his death with him--- Believe me, I saw him struck upon the side.

Piz. But the child is sav'd---Alonzo's child ! Oh ! the furies of disappointed vengeance !

Alm.

Alm. Away with the revenge of words---let us to deeds---Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret pass, which thro' the rocky cavern's gloom brings you at once to the strong hold, where are lodg'd their women, and their treasures.

Piz. Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought draw forth a daring and a chosen band---I will not wait for numbers.---Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day?

Val. He is---and one request alone she---

Piz. I'll hear of none.

Val. The boon is small---'tis but for the novice habit which you first beheld her in---she wishes not to suffer in the gaudy trappings, which remind her of her shame.

Piz. Well, do as thou wilt---but tell Valverde, that at our return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she is dead. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III.

Ataliba's Tent.

Enter ATALIBA, follow'd by CORA and ALONZO.

Cora. Oh! Avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom, but to her King, is the wretched mother to address her griefs?---The Gods refuse to hear my prayers! Did not my Alonzo fight for you?---and will not my sweet boy, if thou'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

Alon. Oh! my suffering love---my poor heart-broken Cora!---you but wound our Sovereign's feeling soul, and not relieve thy own.

Cora. Is he our Sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

Ata. When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a King---when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

(Voices behind) Rolla ! Rolla ! Rolla !

Enter ROLLA, bleeding, with the child, follow'd by Peruvian soldiers.

Rol. Thy child ! *(Gives the child into Cora's arms, and falls.)*

Cora. Oh God !---there's blood upon him !

Rol. 'Tis my blood, Cora !

Alon. Rolla, thou diest !

Rol. For thee, and Cora.---*(Dies.)*

Enter ORANO.

Orano. Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now the foe assails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

Alon. Lose not a moment !---Swords be quick !
—Your wives and children cry to you—Bear our lov'd hero's body in the van—'Twill raise the fury of our men to madness.---Now, fell Pizarro ! the death of one of us is near !---Away ! Be the word of assault, Revenge and Rolla !—*[Exeunt.*
(CHARGE.)

SCENE IV.

A romantic part of the Recess among the Rocks---
(Alarms) *Women are seen flying, pursued by the Spanish Soldiers.---The Peruvian Soldiers drive the Spaniards back from the Field.---The Fight is continued on the Heights.*

Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and Spanish Soldiers.

Piz. Well !---if surrounded, we must perish in
the

the centre of them---Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

Enter ALONZO, ORANO, and Peruvians.

Alon. Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

Piz. Thou know'st the advantage of thy numbers.---Thou dar'st not singly face Pizarro.

Alon. Peruvians, stir not a man!—Be this contest only our's.

Piz. Spaniards!—observe ye the same.

(Charge.)
They fight. Alonzo's shield is broken, and he is beat down.

Piz. Now, traitor, to thy heart!

At this moment Elvira enters, habited as when Pizarro first beheld her.---Pizarro, appalled, staggers back.---Alonzo renews the Fight, and slays him.
(Loud shouts from the Peruvians.)

ATALIBA enters, and embraces ALONZO.

Ata. My brave Alonzo!

Alm. Alonzo, we submit.---Spare us! we will embark, and leave the coast.

Val. Elvira will confess I sav'd her life; she has sav'd thine.

Alon. Fear not. You are safe. *(Spaniards lay down their arms.)*

Elv. Valverde speaks the truth;—nor could he think to meet me here.—An awful impulse which my soul could not resist, impell'd me hither.

Alon. Noble Elvira! my preserver! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee? If amid this grateful nation thou would'st remain——

Elv.

Elv. Alonzo, no!—the destination of my future life is fix'd. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors, which, however mask'd by shallow cheerfulness, have long consum'd my secret heart—When, by my sufferings purified, and penitence sincere, my soul shall dare address the Throne of Mercy in behalf of others,—for thee, Alonzo—for thy Cora, and thy child,—for thee, thou virtuous Monarch, and the innocent race you reign over, shall Elvira's prayers address the God of Nature.—Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity—avoid the foul examples thou hast view'd,---Spaniards returning to your native home, assure your rulers, they mistake the road to glory, or to power.---Tell them, that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.---(*Casts a look of agony on the dead body of Pizarro as she passes, and exit.*)

(*Flourish of Trumpets.*)

Valverde, Almagra, and Spanish Soldiers, exeunt, bearing off Pizarro's Body.---On a signal from Alonzo, flourish of Music.

Alon. Ataliba! think not I wish to check the voice of triumph --when I entreat we first may pay the tribute due to our lov'd Rolla's memory.

A solemn March---Procession of Peruvian Soldiers, bearing Rolla's Body on a Bier, surrounded by Military Trophies. The Priests and Priestesses attending, chaunt a Dirge over the Bier.---Alonzo and Cora kneel on either side of it, and kiss Rolla's hands in silent agony---In the looks of the King, and of all present, the Triumph of the Day is lost, in mourning for the fallen Hero.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

ERE yet Suspense has still'd its throbbing fear,
Or Melancholy wip'd the grateful tear,
While e'en the miseries of a sinking State,
A Monarch's danger, and a Nation's fate,
Command not now your eyes with grief to flow,
Lost in a trembling Mother's nearer woe;
What moral lay shall Poetry rehearse,
Or how shall Elocution pour the verse
So sweetly, that its music shall repay
The lov'd illusion, which it drives away?
Mine is the task, to rigid custom due,
To me ungrateful, as 'tis harsh to you,
To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,
To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought,
To scare Reflection, which, in absent dreams,
Still lingers musing on the recent themes;
Attention, ere with contemplation tir'd,
To turn from all that pleas'd, from all that fir'd;
To weaken lessons strongly now impress,
And chill the interest glowing in the breast—
Mine is the task; and be it mine to spare
The souls that pant, the griefs they see, to share;
Let me with no unhallow'd jest deride
The sigh, that sweet Compassion owns with pride—
The sigh of Comfort, to Affliction dear,
That Kindness heaves, and Virtue loves to hear.

E'en

EPILOGUE.

E'en gay *THALIA* will not now refuse
This gentle homage to her Sister-Muse.

O ye, who listen to the plaintive strain,
With strange enjoyment, and with rapturous pain,
Who erst have felt the *Stranger's* lone despair,

And *Haller's* settled, sad, remorseful care,

Does *Rolla's* pure affection less excite

The inexpressive anguish of delight?

Do *Cora's* fears, which beat without control,

With less solicitude engross the soul?

Ah, no! your minds with kindred zeal approve

Maternal feeling, and heroic love.

You must approve; where Man exists below,

In temperate climes, or 'midst drear wastes of snow,

Or where the solar fires incessant flame,

Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the same:

Vainly the Sophist boasts, he can explain

The causes of thy universal reign—

More vainly would his cold presumptuous art

Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart:

A voice proclaims thee, that we must believe,

A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive;

That voice poor *Cora* heard, and closely prest

Her darling infant to her fearful breast;

Distracted dar'd the bloody field to tread,

And sought *Alonzo* through the heaps of dead,

Eager to catch the music of his breath,

Though faltering in the agonies of death,

To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once more,

And clasp his bosom, though it stream'd with gore;

That voice too *Rolla* heard, and, greatly brave,

His *Cora's* dearest treasure died to save,

Gave

EPILOGUE.

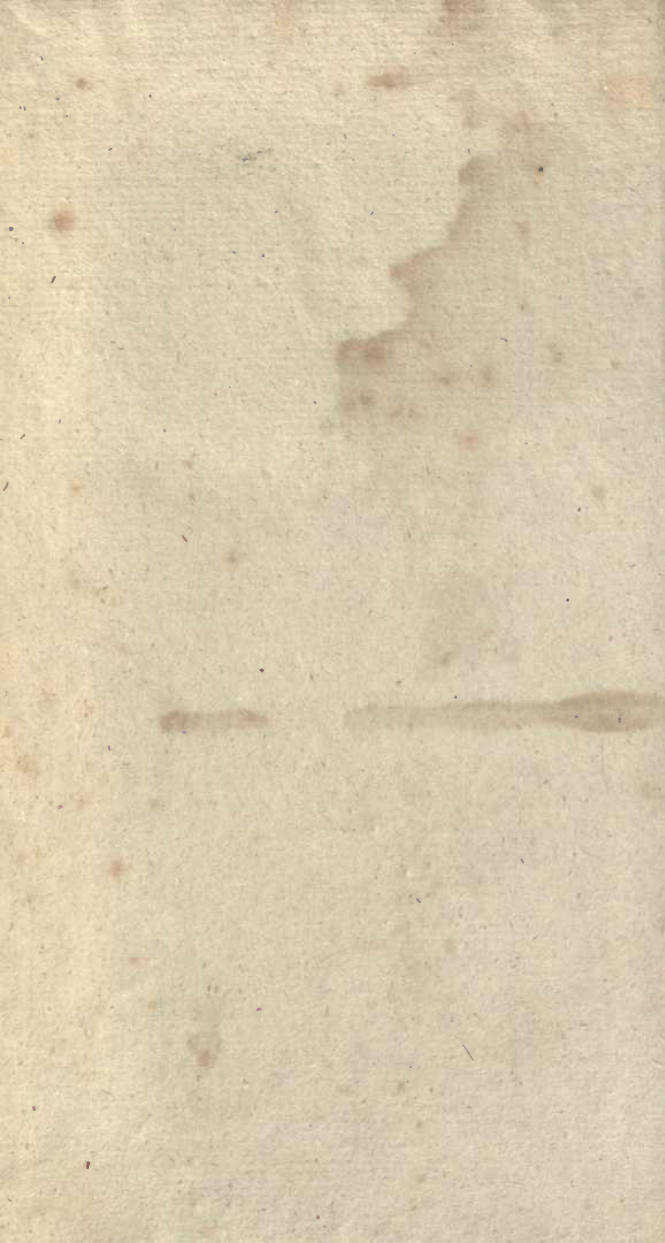
Gave to the hopeless Parent's arms her child,
Beheld her transports, and expiring smil'd.
That voice ye hear—Oh! be its will obey'd!
'Tis Valour's impulse and 'tis Virtue's aid—
It prompts to all Benevolence admires,
To all that heav'nly Piety inspires,
To all that Praise repeats through lengthen'd years,
That Honour sanctifies, and Time reveres.

THE END.

ERBORGUE.

• 17 •







University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

2



3 1158 00818 2148

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 007 986 3



UN
RE